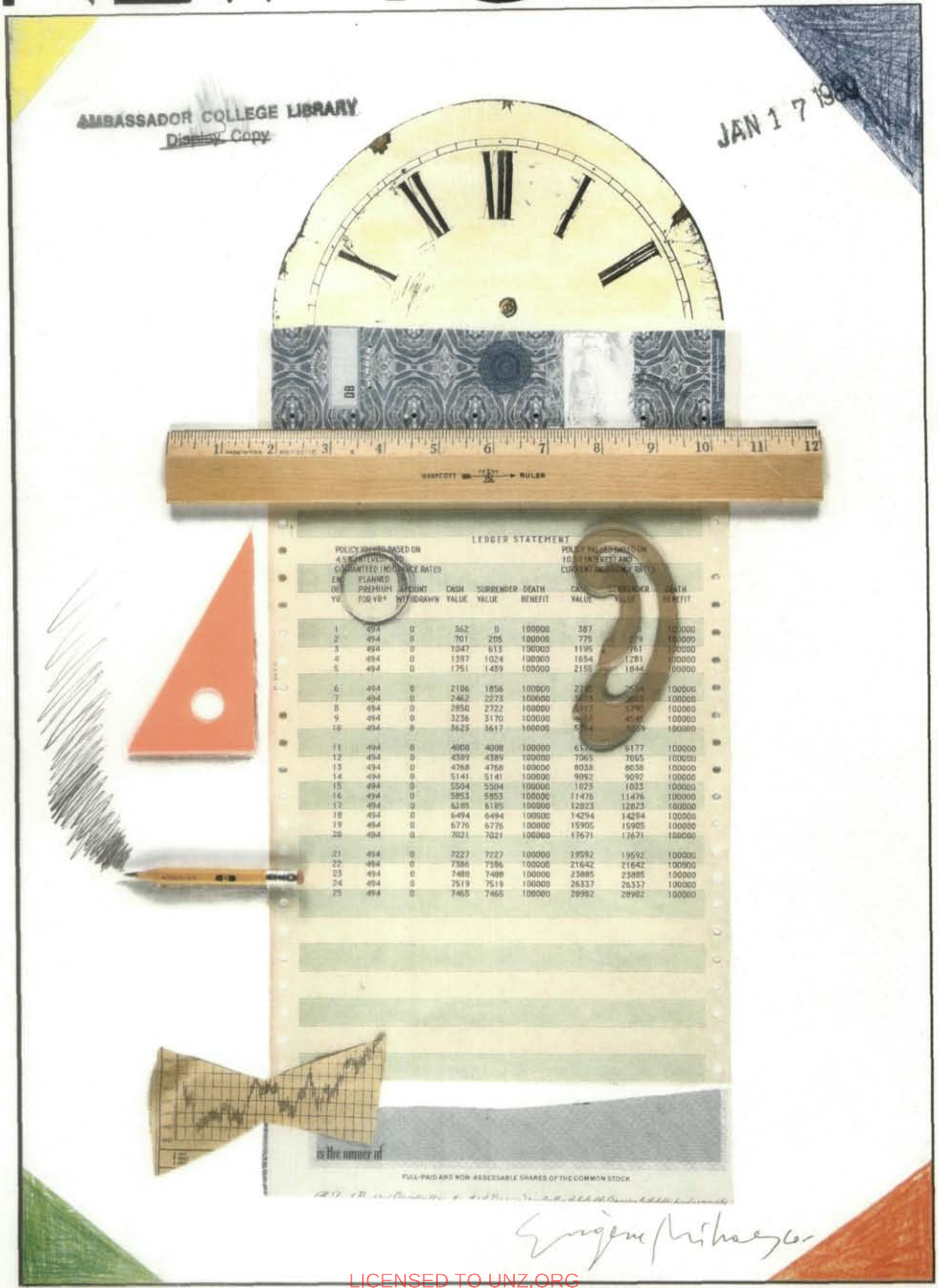
Jan. 16, 1989

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy

JAN 17 1989


LEDGER STATEMENT
WESTCOTT RULER
is the owner of
FULL-PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE SHARES OF THE COMMON STOCK

TOYOTA CRESSIDA

THE 1989 CRESSIDA. THE PRIDE OF TOYOTA.

The king of luxury performance sedans is all-new for 1989. Cressida has uncaged a 6-cylinder, 24-valve engine that delivers 190 lionhearted horsepower. Complementing this power is Cressida's graceful new styling and an ergonomically designed interior of majestic luxury. There is also the reassurance of knowing that Toyota Quality has made Cressida the most trouble-free new car sold in America for the past two years.*

The 1989 Cressida. The pride of Toyota is the new master of the asphalt jungle.

A **36-month/36,000-mile** basic new vehicle limited warranty with no deductible and no transfer fee applies to all components other than normal wear and maintenance items.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for more information and the location of your nearest dealer. Get More From Life... Buckle Up!

TOYOTA QUALITY
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

*Based on problems encountered in first 90 days of ownership — J.D. Power & Associates 1987, 1988 New Car Initial Quality Surveys.

© 1988 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christofle
FRANCE

Introducing Atlantide. A New Wave in French Couture pour la Table.

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris
CHRISTOFLE, 680 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10021

Is Paris Burning?
Yes, with a brilliant discovery!
Imported, prepared and bottled by La Maison Delain et Cie, Phila., Pa., 16.5% Alc. Vol.
CHAMBORD

Chambord & Cognac & Heat!

Sophisticates in the City of Light have made a brilliant discovery: Chambord & Cognac.

When heated together, the delectable taste of Chambord fuses with the spirit of the cognac to penetrate the senses and excite the mind.

Easy to make; simply place one-half oz. of each in a snifter glass and heat in a microwave for 25 seconds. (Or 2 minutes in a saucepan on high.) The steamy blend is extraordinary, Chambord & Cognac.

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JANUARY 16, 1989

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
"A MAN WHO CAN'T LOVE" . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 29
"IN AND OUT" . . . . *Ursula K. Le Guin* 30
"BALANCE BROUGHT FORWARD" (POEM) . . . . *Eleanor Ross Taylor* 32
PROFILES (PAUL SHAFFER) . . . . *James Kaplan* 36
"PERENNIALS" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 38
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 61
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 65
"SAVANNAH" (POEM) . . . . *Amy Clampitt* 70
A CRITIC AT LARGE (MEMOIRS OF THE REAGAN ERA) . . . . . *Frances FitzGerald* 71

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

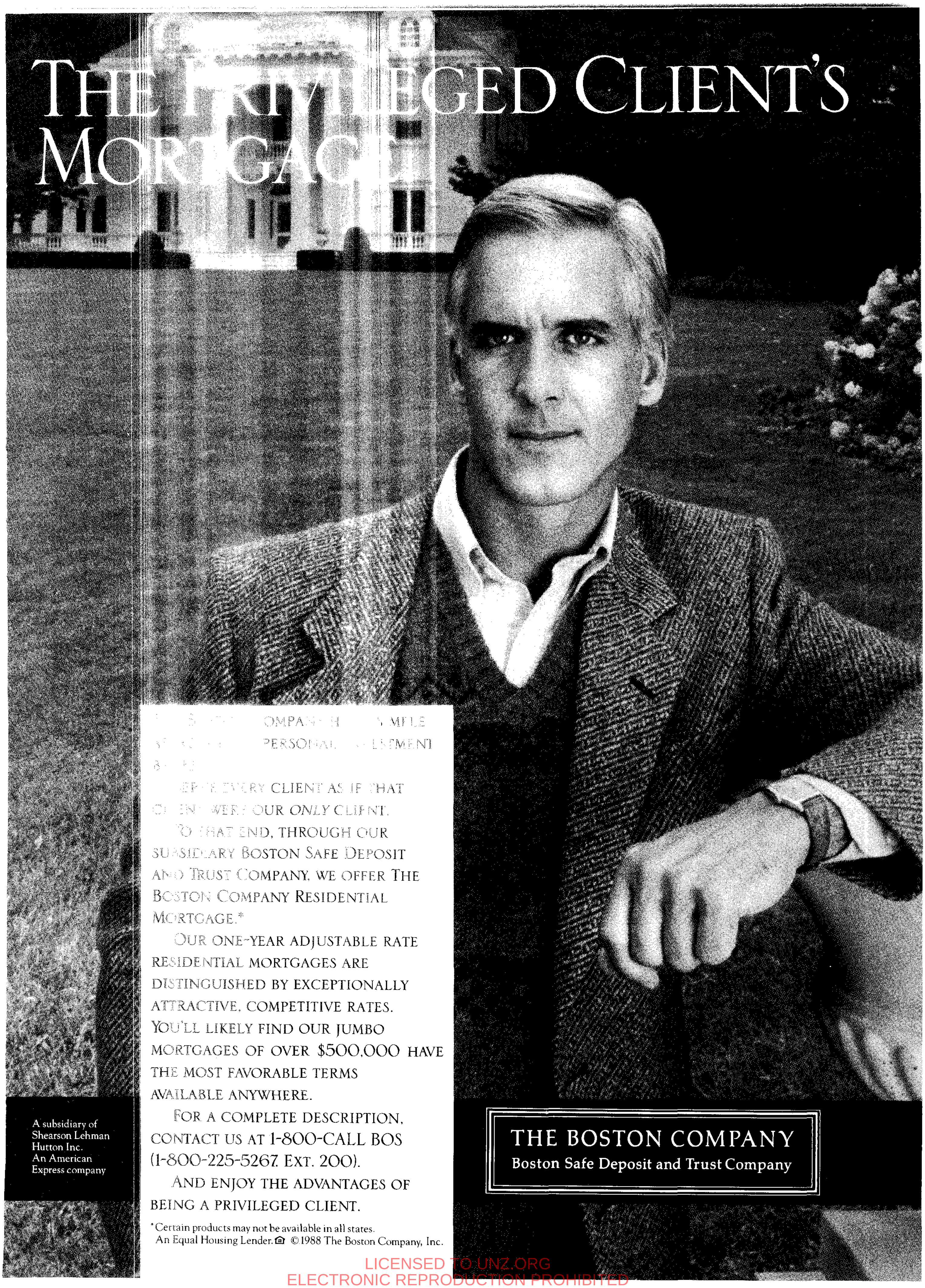
DRAWINGS: *Jack Ziegler, Mort Gerberg, Edward Frascino, Roz Chast, Bernard Schoenbaum, Mick Stevens, Frank Modell, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Laurie Rosenwald, Donald Reilly, Sidney Harris, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, William Hamilton, Tom Bloom, Henry Martin, Warren Miller, Leo Cullum*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 525-0643 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 48, January 16, 1989. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1989 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.



THE PRIVILEGED CLIENT'S MORTGAGE.

[illegible] COMPANY [illegible] PERSONAL [illegible]EMENT [illegible] EVERY CLIENT AS IF THAT CLIENT WERE OUR *ONLY* CLIENT.

TO THAT END, THROUGH OUR SUBSIDIARY BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, WE OFFER THE BOSTON COMPANY RESIDENTIAL MORTGAGE.*

OUR ONE-YEAR ADJUSTABLE RATE RESIDENTIAL MORTGAGES ARE DISTINGUISHED BY EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE, COMPETITIVE RATES. YOU'LL LIKELY FIND OUR JUMBO MORTGAGES OF OVER $500,000 HAVE THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS AVAILABLE ANYWHERE.

FOR A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION, CONTACT US AT 1-800-CALL BOS (1-800-225-5267. EXT. 200).

AND ENJOY THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A PRIVILEGED CLIENT.

*Certain products may not be available in all states.
An Equal Housing Lender. ⌂ ©1988 The Boston Company, Inc.

A subsidiary of
Shearson Lehman
Hutton Inc.
An American
Express company

THE BOSTON COMPANY
Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. With Patti Austin, Jackie Lowe, Ken Prymus, Eric Riley, and Terri White. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Monday through Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 15.)

Black and Blue—A revue of black-American music and dance, with a company of forty-one singers, dancers, and musicians. Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith are among the singers, and the dancers include Bunny Briggs, Ralph Brown, Lon Chaney, and Jimmy Slyde. Previews through Jan. 14. Opens officially on Jan. 15. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Coriolanus—Irene Worth is magnificent as Volumnia in this highly stylized but simple-minded version of Shakespeare's last tragedy. Steven Berkoff has directed Christopher Walken so as to turn the title character into a heavy-handed comment on Rambo-loving America, but the production is seductive, mostly because the acting is so good almost across the board. (12/12/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 15.)

The Devil's Disciple—A tame production of Shaw's dashing melodrama. (11/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. Seen recently at Manhattan Theatre Club, the show has now moved to Broadway. (11/14/88) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **TOMFOOLERY,** the 1980 revue of Tom Lehrer songs, is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Jan. 29. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Faith, Hope, and Charity—Three related one-act comedies by Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi. With Marilyn Sokol and Claiborne Cary. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

For Dear Life—Laila Robbins and Tony Shalhoub in a romantic comedy by Susan Miller. Norman René is the director. Opens Jan. 10 at 6:45. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's new play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

H.M.S. Pinafore—Presented by the New Sadler's Wells Opera, a British company in its American début. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Jan. 17 at 7:30, and Jan. 18 at 8. Through Jan. 29.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly, this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Legs Diamond—A musical built around Peter Allen, the only man in America less charismatic than George Bush. Mr. Allen put this show together like a leveraged buyout, and it has no book, no lyrics, and no good songs or dance numbers. The best that can be said of his co-star, Julie Wilson, is that she seems completely out of context. (Warning: This one isn't even a hoot.) (1/9/89) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Majestic Kid—A new play by Mark Medoff. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 307-7171. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Jan. 15.)

Negro Ensemble Company—"We" is the umbrella title for a pair of plays by Charles Fuller—"Sally" and "Prince"—about recently freed slaves during the Civil War, some of them at loose ends and others in the Union Army. The plays are probably non-vintage Fuller, but they're interesting all the same. The acting is of N.E.C.'s usual high quality. With Michele Shay and Samuel L. Jackson in the title roles. Douglas Turner Ward directed. The plays will alternate weekly, with both scheduled on Sundays. "Prince": Jan. 11-15; "Sally": Jan. 15 and 18-22. (1/9/89) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Our Town—Spalding Gray's monotonous and cynical performance as the Stage Manager almost blights this revival of Thornton Wilder's masterpiece, but there is good work by Roberta Maxwell, Peter Maloney, Frances Conroy, Penelope Ann Miller, and Eric Stoltz, among other members of the company. (12/19/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Phaedra Britannica—Anyone with an interest in classical drama (or just good classical acting) will want to catch this fascinating adaptation of Racine's "Phèdre" by the poet Tony Harrison. The play, first produced at London's National Theatre, and never before seen in this country, partly recasts the Hippolytus myth as a political allegory about the British colonials in India, a device that sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. Carey Perloff's elegant production, though marred by poor lighting and indifferent music (by Elizabeth Swados), is impeccably cast; the company includes Bob Gunton, Caroline Lagerfelt, and a number of first-rate Indian actors. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Jan. 15.)

Phantasie—A play by Sybille Pearson, directed by John Rubinstein. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

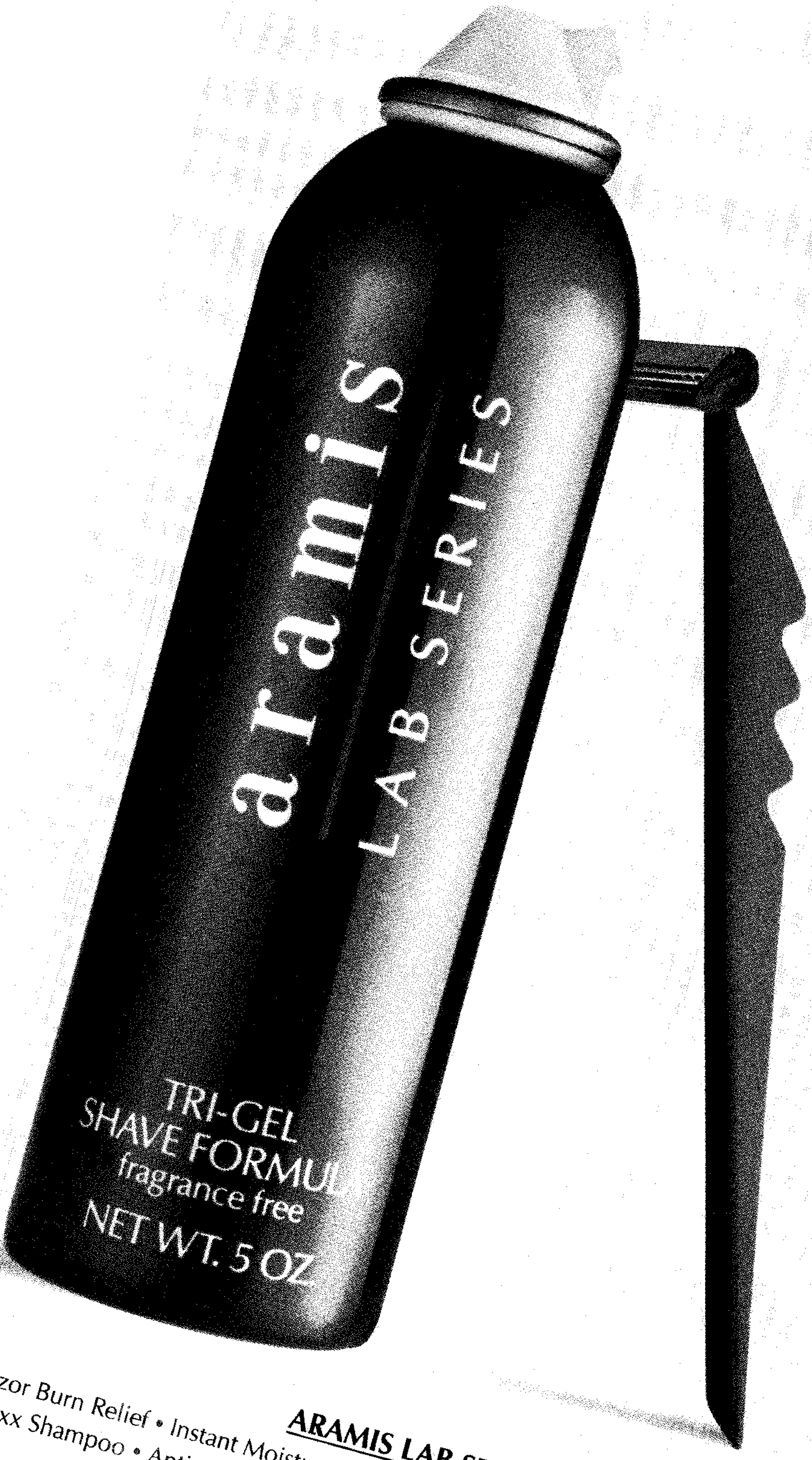
Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweethearts—Antoinette Mille and Walter Adkins in a musical tribute to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANYTHING GOES:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Patti LuPone, Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, and Anthony Heald, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black

ARAMIS ANNOUNCES
FRAGRANCE FREE

TRI-GEL SHAVE FORMULA


aramis
LAB SERIES
TRI-GEL
SHAVE FORMULA
fragrance free
NET WT. 5 OZ.

© 1988 Aramis, Inc.

FACTS: Lets you shave extra-close; minimizes irritation. Creates a comfort zone between skin and the razor. Continues to hydrate after shaving. Lab tests show that, with regular use, your shave gets even closer, your skin feels even smoother.

ARAMIS LAB SERIES • FRAGRANCE FREE

Razor Burn Relief • Instant Moisture Complex • Active Treatment Scrub • Nutriplexx Thinning Hair Supplement
Nutriplexx Shampoo • Anti-Aging Supplement • Tri-Gel Shave Formula • Dual Action Face Soap • Skin-Clearing Solution

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

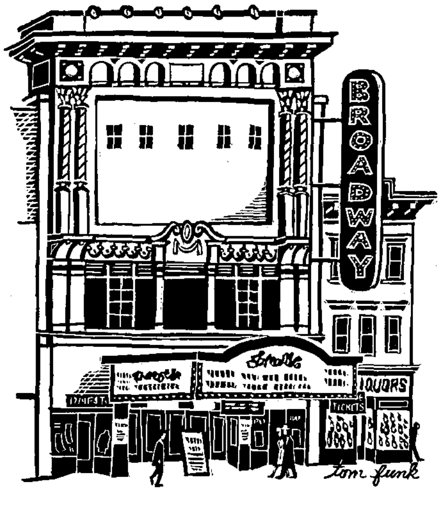
chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Kathy Bates and Tony Campisi in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with David Dukes and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

SKIN: A STATE OF BEING—A new theatre piece conceived and directed by Ping Chong. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Jan. 22.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Jan. 10 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "The Unanswered Question," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "Apollo," "The Cage," "Tarantella," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2: "Apollo," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8, and Jan. 15 at 1: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Unanswered Question," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

"WOMAN WORKS"—Nine contemporary dance companies and two soloists in a two-week series. **YOSHIKO CHUMA'S** and **SALLY SILVERS'** groups: Jan. 10 at 7; Jan. 11 at 8; and Jan. 15 at 7:30. . . . ¶ The companies of **SALLY GROSS** and **RUBY SHANG:** Jan. 12-13 and Jan. 18, all at 8. . . . **BEVERLY BLOSSOM, MAEDÉE DUPRÈS,** and **ANNABELLE GAMSON** and her ensemble: Jan. 14 at 8, and Jan. 15 at 2. . . . **MONICA LEVY** and **RISA JAROSLOW,** with their companies: Jan. 17 at 8. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 22.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Three dancer-choreographers—Molissa Fenley, Elizabeth Streb, and Wendy Perron—in a program of their own works. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 11-14 at 8, and Jan. 15 at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a twenty-one-year-old New Orleans-born pianist and singer who likes to wear bop-era suits and wide, splashy ties and to refashion old songs in the style of T. Monk, has taken up residence in the starchy old Oak Room. He plays and sings (he has a languid, behind-the-beat kind of voice) at nine-fifteen Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Thursdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **HELEN SCHNEIDER,** a rock singer turned cabaret chanteuse, does an all-Kurt Weill show at nine Wednesdays and Thursdays and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, some trees, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, and some nice-looking neon wading birds. **JOHNNY COLES,** a sixty-one-year-old trumpeter who has worked with everyone from Gil Evans to Ray Charles and who sounds a little like early-period Miles Davis, leads a quartet Jan. 13-14. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. Grover Washington, Jr., a saxophonist who plays fluid, easy-listening, best-selling pop-jazz, leads a combo Jan. 10-15. The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET,** an ensemble that has flourished since the early fifties by carefully balancing opposing forces (the flowing vibraharp of **MILT JACKSON** and the concise piano of **JOHN LEWIS**), begins a week-long run on Jan. 17. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. On Jan. 14, a flock of string bands, including the **NASHVILLE BLUEGRASS BAND,** evoke Saturday night in the hills. The **COWBOY JUNKIES,** a much ballyhooed neo-country group from Toronto, perform on Jan. 17. On their new record, "The Trinity Session," the Cowboy Junkies rework numbers by Hank Williams and Patsy Cline and black-hearted New York cowpoke Lou Reed as well as do original material; the instrumentation is spare (not one more pedal-steel twang than necessary), the singing (by Margo Timmins) is exceedingly quiet, and the results are drab. The Cowboy Junkies treat country music with High Church solemnity, and just about succeed in taking the joy out of it. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. **HANK JONES,** whose piano is a model of delicate swing, works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Jan. 14. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **RANDY WESTON,** a rumbling, percussive, Monk-inspired pianist who once ran a night club in Rabat, heads up a quartet Jan. 10-15; **KENNY BURRELL** brings in his three-guitar quintet on Jan. 17. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **GEORGE SHEARING** until late February. He lays his hands lightly on the piano and sings a little at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly, and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band breaks into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." **SPANKY DAVIS,** a trumpeter who led the house band at Jimmy Ryan's (1940-83) during that club's last years, will be here Jan. 15 with an octet that includes such old Ryan's regulars as **JOE MURANYI** (clarinet), **BOBBY PRATT** (trombone), and **EDDIE LOCKE** (drums). Music from eight to midnight.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the collection of hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, zydeco on Thursdays, and country on Saturdays. **CHARLOTTE BROWNE,** a young Harlem-born singer who favors skintight leopard-spotted dresses and saucy blues by Helen Humes and Alberta Hunter, holds forth on Jan. 10. **NED SUBLETTE,** a downtown New Yorker who wears ten-gallon hats and has been photographed by Robert Mapplethorpe and writes antic country songs about cattle slashing and hangover medications, will be here with his band on Jan. 13. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room, trimmed with seaworthy things, has traditional Hibernian sounds on Fridays and native string-band music on Saturdays. Brian Conway (fiddle), Joanie Madden (flute and tin whistle), and Felix Dolan (piano) collaborate on Jan. 13. Gene Yellin leads a Noo Yawk bluegrass sextet on Jan. 16.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled lair that will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people (who may want to remove their homburgs before entering). Two high-spirited former Mingus hands—tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN,** whose percussive playing always seems on the verge of going haywire—co-pilot a quartet Jan. 10-15. (Mr. Pullen will be elsewhere Jan. 11-12.) Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** comes in with his quartet on Jan. 17. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two nice things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—can be found in this handsome room, from which is visible (it has a greenhouse roof) some expensive real estate and decorative patches of sky. **STEVE KUHN** presides at the Steinway Jan. 10-15; bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER** help out. **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano flies under the flag of Charlie Parker and Bud Powell, commences a six-night visit on Jan. 17. Music from eight-thirty on Mondays, from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight Fridays and Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **MARTY GROSZ,** a guitarist, singer, and devotee of jazz from the twenties and thirties, leads a trio on Jan. 11; **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** a young guitarist and crooner whose tastes run from Nat Cole to Michael Franks, directs a threesome on Jan. 12; a quartet led by clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI** plays on Jan. 13. A number of J's regulars and a few irregulars—singers **CHRIS CONNOR** and **CAROL SLOANE;** flugelhornist **ART FARMER;** the husband-and-wife vocal team of **JACKIE & ROY;** drummer-singer **GRADY TATE;** Messrs. Pizzarelli and Peplowski—perform on Jan. 15. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, from nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from seven on Jan. 15. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. Friday nights this month are in the hands of **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** a genial guide to show tunes (many of them in need of dusting off) from before Sondheim. Saturdays belong to **BARBARA LEA,** a pippin of a singer. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays and Jan. 17.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** are on duty Jan. 10-15. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for singer-pianist-hot-patootie **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE.** Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. In January, most everything here revolves around the piano—a rented Weber grand—as pianists from outlying territories and closer in come and go. **CARLA BLEY,** who is at her madcap best when she's working with a big band, will be here with bassist **STEVE SWALLOW** on Jan. 9; on Jan. 10 and 17, **MARILYN CRISPELL** is the pianist in an ensemble run by former Coltrane bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN; DON PULLEN** leads a trio Jan. 11-12; Jan. 13-14, **GERI ALLEN,** a young Detroit-born pianist steeped in Monk and post-bop styles, will be flanked by bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** and drummer **PAUL MOTIAN; JOANNE BRACKEEN** holds forth on Jan. 15; and Jan. 18-19, **STEVE NIEVE,** who has long served as Elvis Costello's keyboard man, can be heard on his own (a few years ago, he made an LP of quasi-classical bagatelles with titles like "Outline of a Hairdo"). Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A cramped Yankee version of a Texas bar. It's draped with flags and banners, and plastered with signs and stickers ("Don't Mess with Texas," "Western Swing Ain't Dead, It's Asleep at the Wheel," "Waitress Station Only: Do Not Stand Here," "Visit the Lone Star Store"), and its denizens include guys who like to wave their longneck beers around and say things like "Woo-weee" and "I need an I.V. to rock and roll." Blue is the color of most of the music right now. **JOHNNY COPELAND,** a gritty-voiced Texas bluesman, has the floor on Jan. 13; **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a brassy Rhode Island band that leans toward jump tunes, sounds off Jan. 14; and three veterans of the Chicago blues scene—pianist **PINETOP PERKINS** and guitarists **JIMMY ROGERS** and **HUBERT SUMLIN**—perform on Jan. 16. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to hear the music or the jokes (there's a comedian in the house now) above all the yakety-yak, but you can try, if you want. Larry Miller is the comedian. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and occasionally of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. **JOOLS HOLLAND,** the keyboardist in the fab English pop group Squeeze, will be here with a big band on Jan. 12; **JOEY RAMONE,** one of punkdom's really big guys, is in charge of a gala musicale on Jan. 13. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. **GIL SCOTT-HERON,** a birdlike man with a long, Lincolnesque face who was born in Chicago and grew up in New York, makes records that end up (as he puts it) in the Miscellaneous bin. Which is not to say that his music is exotic; it's breezy, low-key funk, for the most part, and it serves as background for his protest verse and funny monologues. He performs Jan. 15 at nine and eleven-thirty. **WILLIE COLÓN,** a Bronx-born trombonist and singer, leads a salsa band Jan. 18-19. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays and Jan. 10.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. **LEN CHANDLER,** a black pre-Dylan folksinger who recorded for Columbia under John Hammond's auspices, has the floor on Jan. 12; **DAVID MASSENGILL,** a talented Tennessee-born folksinger in search of a Hammond, performs Jan. 13-14. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **MC COY TYNER,** a pianist who gives you a lot of bang (and some dizzying glissandi) for your buck, will be here Jan. 10-15 with his boon companions, bassist **AVERY SHARPE** and drummer **LOUIS HAYES.** A three-star trio—pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**—begins a two-week visit on Jan. 17. First set at ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, veteran Chicago bluesman **OTIS RUSH** gives the lowdown on his aches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

and pains. Sets at nine and eleven Jan. 13-15. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, the Boston piano-bass team of John Medeski and Dan O'Brien hold forth Jan. 10-15. On Tuesday, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **RICHARD DAVIS,** *an all-around post-bop bassist* who has played with everyone from Sarah Vaughan to Bo Diddley to Eric Dolphy, leads a quintet Jan. 10-15. Starting Jan. 17, **MINGUS DYNASTY,** a ghost band overseen by the bassist's widow and led by trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER,** performs the Master's "Pithecanthropus Erectus" (a tone poem in which, as Knepper once described it, you can see man arising from, and sinking back into, the slime), "E's Flat Ah's Flat Too," and other works. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **TAL FARLOW** and **GARY MAZZAROPPI** play guitar-bass duets through Jan. 14. Sundays are in the good hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from eight weeknights and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Badal Roy Quartet—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Jan. 13 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Martha and Fontella Bass and David Peaston—With Hamiet Bluiett. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Jan. 14 at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.)

Geri Allen, Denise Delapenha, Leroy Jenkins, and Hannibal Marvin Peterson—St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Jan. 17-18 at 8. Through Feb. 4.

P.S. 122—Jan. 12-15 at 9:30: John O'Keefe. . . . ¶ Jan. 13-15 at 9: Jennifer Monson. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr.—With Phoebe Snow, Elbernita (Twinkie) Clark, three gospel choirs, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Jan. 14 at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932) / **Darryl Hughto**—Cubist paintings. Through Feb. 27. / Paintings from the past thirteen years, ranging in style from abstract to figurative. Through Jan. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Avner Moriah—A series of paintings based on the Garden of Eden, as well as the artist's more familiar canvases documenting violence in the Middle East. Through Feb. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Karel Appel—Sculptures that incorporate Polaroid prints, wood, rope, mirrors, and paint, and represent the faces of the artist's dealer, friends, and critics. Through Feb. 4. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Figure studies of the artist's wife and daughter in oils and watercolors. Through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ronni Bogaev—Realist paintings of flower arrangements and interiors. Through Jan. 28. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Figurative sculptures in stainless steel; the copper-colored patina on some of them was done with a torch. Through Jan. 31. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Roger Winter—Floral watercolors. / Playgrounds in Central Park are one of the subjects of this painter, who uses a Pointillist technique. Through Feb. 1. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—New paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey (1903-88)—Still-lifes. Through Jan. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eva Hesse (1936-70) / **Joan Nelson**—Reliefs. / Oil paintings on wood. Through Jan. 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gerome Kamrowski—Surrealist and Abstract Expressionist works from the forties. Through Feb. 4. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—New allegorical paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Moore—Trompe-l'oeil compositions that pair objects with wrinkled linen. Through Jan. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Malcolm Morley—New paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Jan. 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Prints, and a few drawings. Through Jan. 21. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Pastel drawings of amorphous figures in surreal landscapes, mostly; the works were done between 1961 and this year. Through Jan. 28. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marianne Schnell—Semi-abstract paintings derived from leaf and plant configurations. Through Jan. 21. (Gallery 84, at 50 W. 57th St.)

Harriet Shorr—New large-scale still-lifes. Through Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Esphyr Slobodkina—Paintings, constructions, and sculptures spanning this abstractionist's career. Through Feb. 1. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Conrad Atkinson—New "front-page" paintings, in which the artist offers his version of such publications as the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Village Voice.* Also, sculptures. Through Feb. 4. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Walter Darby Bannard—New abstract paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Robert Barry—Three shows of new paintings: through Jan. 28 at Castelli (578 Broadway) and Pretto (251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St.; opens at 1), and through Feb. 4 at Holly Solomon (724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; open Mondays).

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—A memorial exhibition of paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Rosemarie Beck—Recent figurative paintings based on themes from Yeats and Ovid. Through Feb. 4. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Arthur Cohen—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. Through Feb. 11. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Lithographs. Through Jan. 31. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Norris Embry (1921-81)—Expressionist paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 28. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Nonobjective paintings and works on paper. Through Feb. 2. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Richard Haas—Drawings, models, maquettes, and prints documenting trompe-l'oeil murals the artist has undertaken during the last seven years. Through Feb. 4. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Jacques Halbert—New paintings of fruit, by an artist whose father was a fruit vender in France. Through Jan. 13. (Penson, 149 Wooster St.)

Nancy Haynes—New abstract paintings on wood and linen. Through Feb. 4. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

James Hayward—Thickly painted canvases, many of which are divided up into three or four solid fields of color. Through Feb. 4. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Michael Hurson—Paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Per Kirkeby—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through Feb. 8. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Barbara Kruger—New photographic works. Through Jan. 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Ronnie Landfield—Abstract paintings vaguely suggestive of landscapes. Through Feb. 8. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Jeanne Miles—Geometric paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Dennis Oppenheim—New constructions and installations. Through Feb. 4. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Keith Sonnier—Two shows. Late-sixties constructions incorporating such materials as cheesecloth, rubber, and wire mesh at Gladstone, 99 Greene St. . . . ¶ New aluminum-and-neon pieces at Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Both shows through Jan. 28.

Julie Wachtel—New multipanel works by an artist who juxtaposes oil paintings of cartoon characters with silk screens of celebrities. The cartoon characters are borrowed from greeting cards and the celebrities are out of the pages of *People.* Through Feb. 8. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

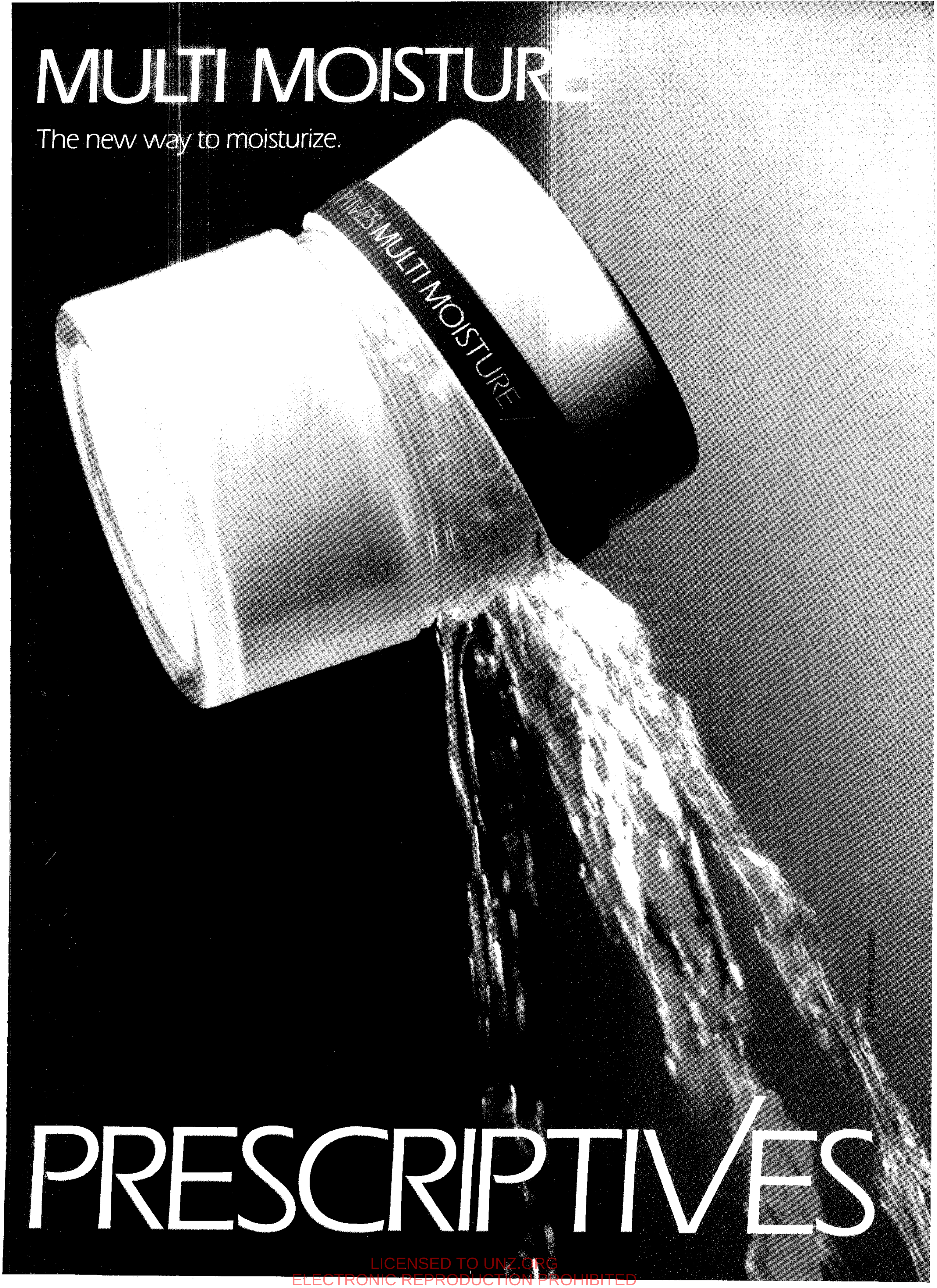
Group Material—"AIDS and Democracy" is the fourth and final installation in a series that has taken a roundhouse look at our country's political system. This segment—incorporating works by Louise Lawler, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Jannis Kounellis, among many others—considers sorrow, rage, and fear (and art, of course) as political tools. Group Material is a collaborative made up of Doug Ashford, Julie Ault, and Felix Gonzalez-Torres. Through Jan. 14. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **RUGGIERO-HENIS,** 415 West Broadway: Works on paper by Milton Resnick, Catherine Lee, and Louise Bourgeois, among others. Through Jan. 28. . . . **SONNABEND,** 420 West Broadway: Jannis Kounellis, Robert Morris, and Robert Rauschenberg are showing new pieces. Through Jan. 28. . . . **STARK,** 568 Broadway: Three artists who use slate: Nancy Haynes, Winston Roeth, and Merrill Wagner. Through Jan. 21. (Opens at noon.)

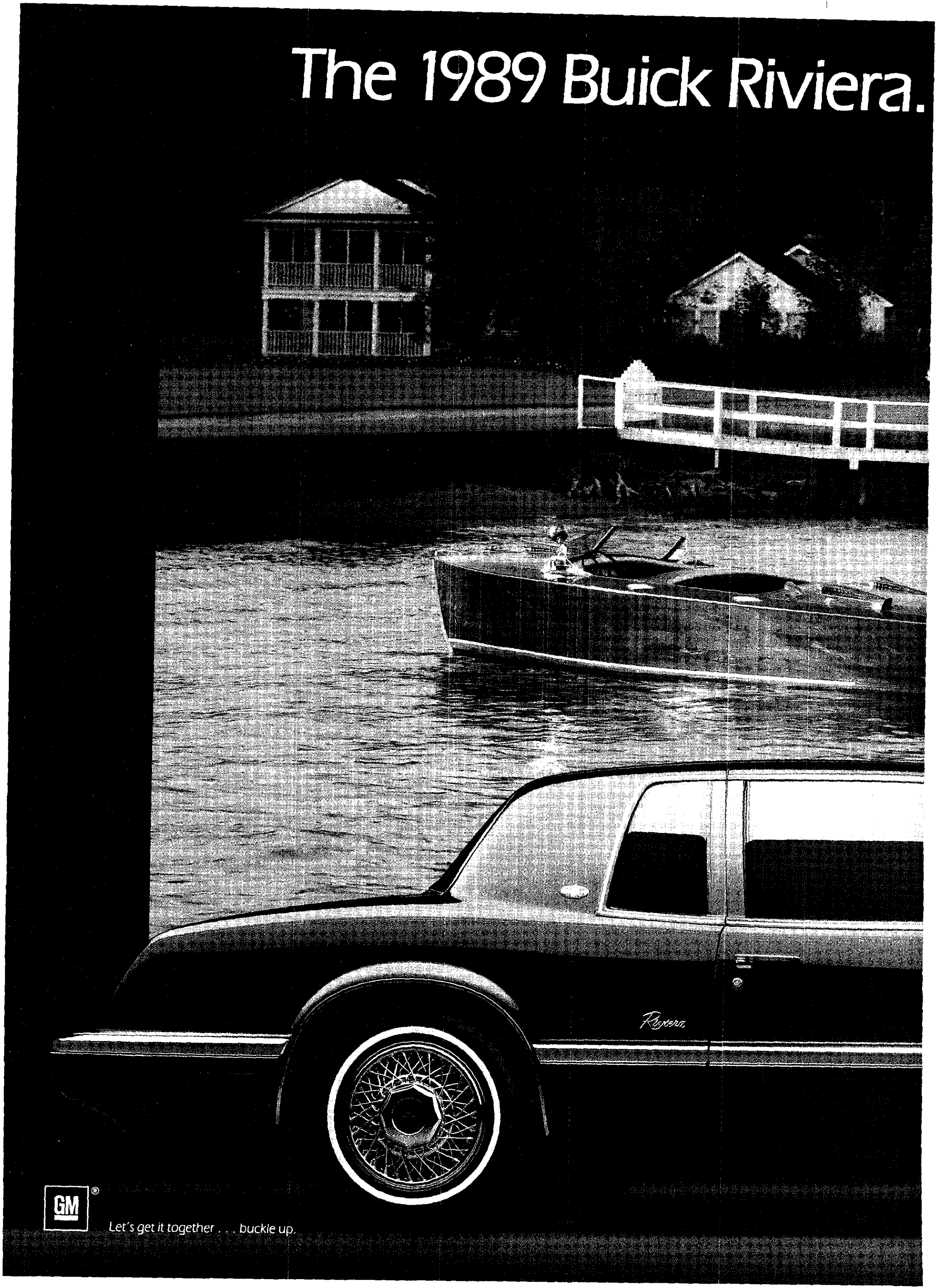
OTHER GALLERIES

Power Boothe—Recent abstract canvases by an artist who creates a blizzard of strokes by scratching through the paint with the handle of a brush. Through Jan. 28. (Souyun Yi, 249 Centre St.)

Mia Westerlund Roosen—Two floor sculptures


MULTI MOISTURE
The new way to moisturize.
PRESCRIPTIVES MULTI MOISTURE
PRESCRIPTIVES
1988 Prescriptives

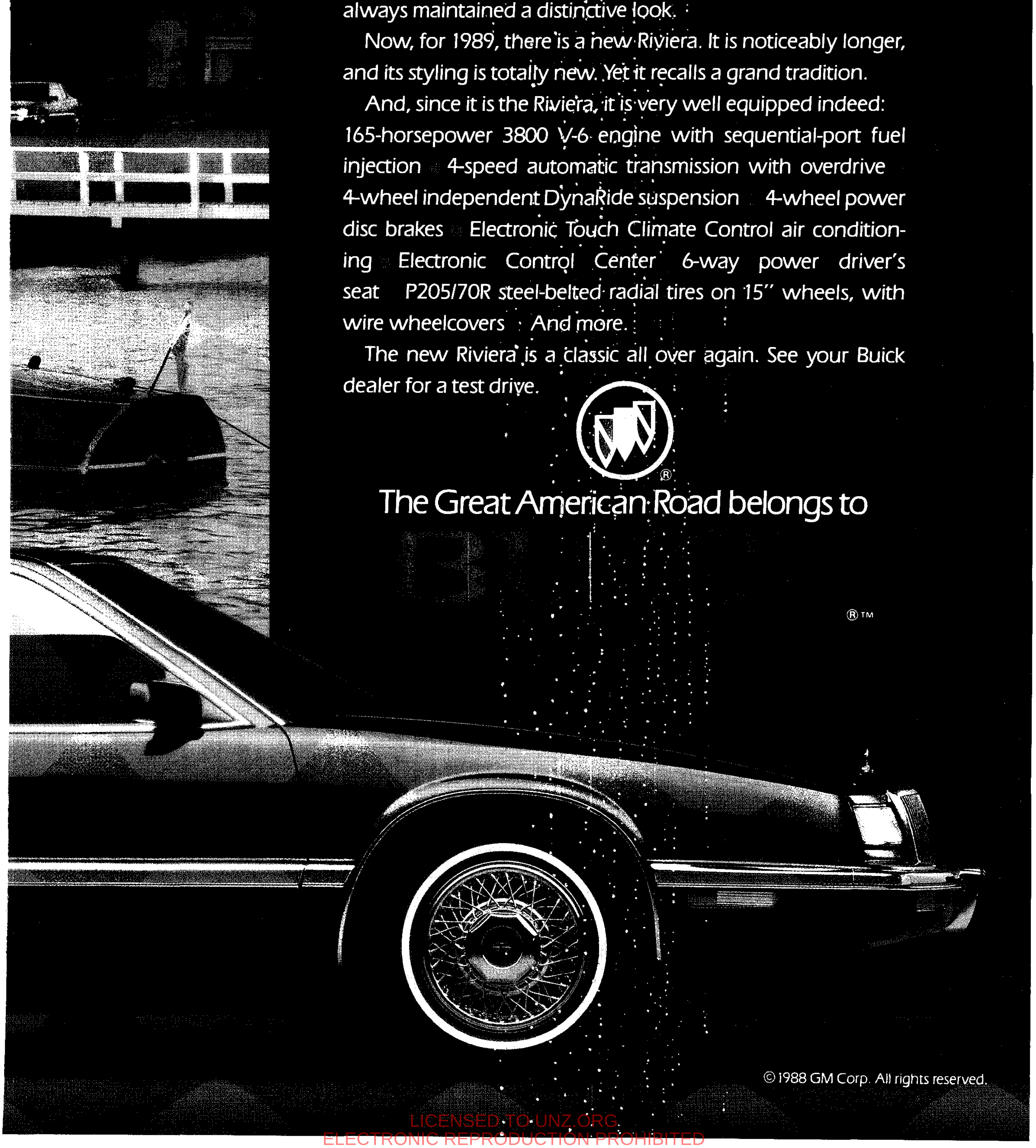
The 1989 Buick Riviera.



GM®

Let's get it together . . . buckle up.

It's a classic all over again.



Riviera was an instant success when it was first introduced 25 years ago—and soon became a classic. And though it has been redesigned and re-engineered through the years, it has always maintained a distinctive look.

Now, for 1989, there is a new Riviera. It is noticeably longer, and its styling is totally new. Yet it recalls a grand tradition.

And, since it is the Riviera, it is very well equipped indeed: 165-horsepower 3800 V-6 engine with sequential-port fuel injection • 4-speed automatic transmission with overdrive • 4-wheel independent DynaRide suspension • 4-wheel power disc brakes • Electronic Touch Climate Control air conditioning • Electronic Control Center • 6-way power driver's seat • P205/70R steel-belted radial tires on 15" wheels, with wire wheelcovers • And more.

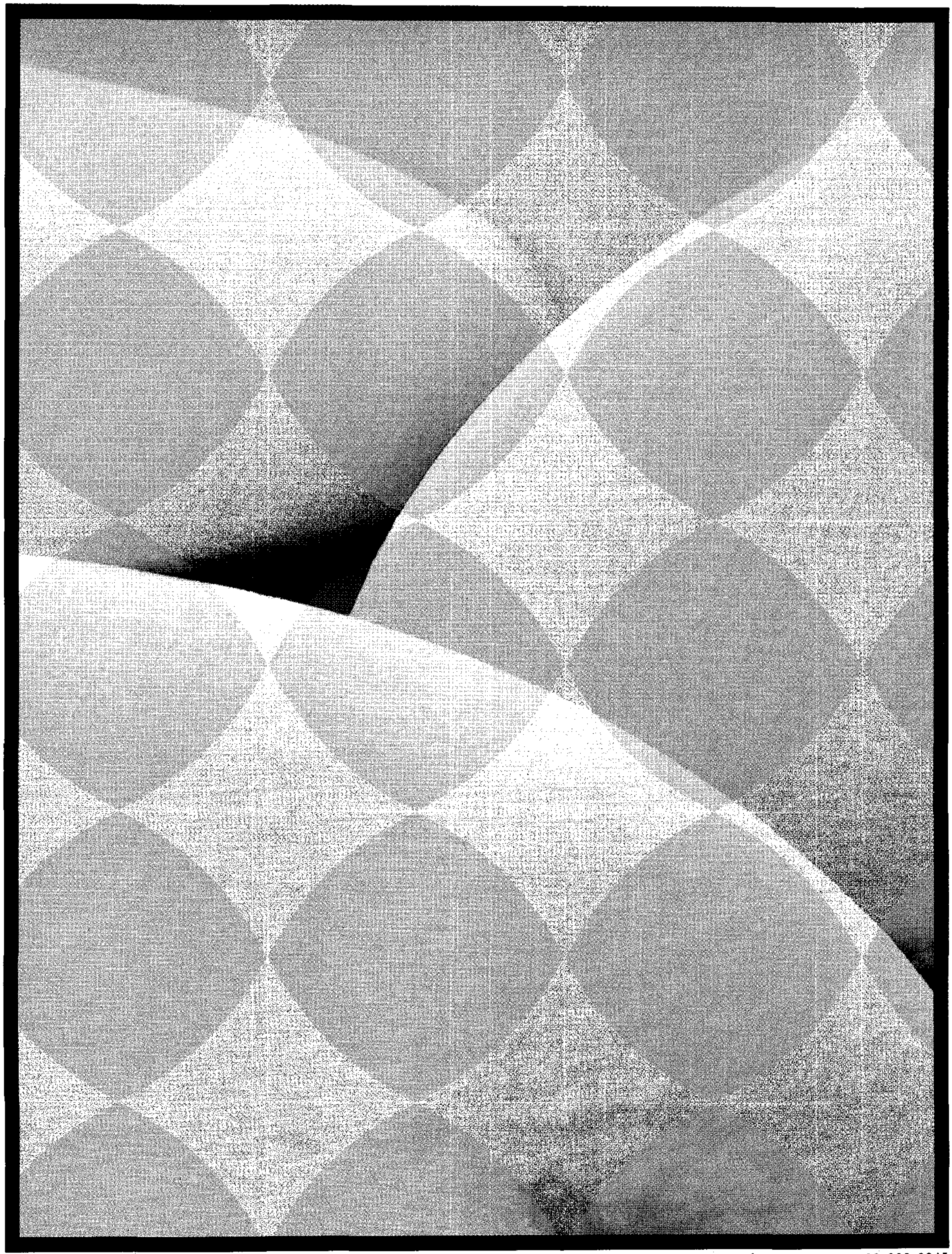
The new Riviera is a classic all over again. See your Buick dealer for a test drive.

®

The Great American Road belongs to

®™

© 1988 GM Corp. All rights reserved.



Aspen Skiing Company Reservations 1·800·525·6200 Aspen Central Reservations 1·800·262·7736 Snowmass Central Reservations 1·800·332·3245

Last year, people came from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Austria, the Netherlands, Denmark, Finland, Monaco, Saudi Arabia, Russia, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Brazil, Argentina, Ecuador, the Cayman Islands, Barbados, Chile, Mexico, and Canada.

[*And some people still think The Aspens are difficult to get to.*]

THE ASPENS
SNOWMASS • BUTTERMILK
ASPEN MOUNTAIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

made of concrete disks wrapped in sheets of lead. Through Feb. 2. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Stephen Sprouse—Silk screens of Iggy Pop on cruciform-shaped canvases. Through Jan. 21. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Group Show—Paintings and photographs, including works by William Wegman, Ellen Carey, and Anselm Kiefer. Through Feb. 4. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Patrick Bailly-Maître-Grand and Irving Pobboravsky—Works by two contemporary daguerreotypists. Through Feb. 2. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Oliver Gagliani—A retrospective. Through Feb. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Larry Johnson—Large photographic works incorporating texts. Through Feb. 4. (303 Gallery, temporarily at 127 Spring St.)

David LaChapelle—Cibachromes of nudes. Through Jan. 28. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

Herbert List (1903-75)—Surrealist-influenced prints spanning the artist's career. Through Jan. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Irving Penn—Photographs of animal skulls. Through Jan. 14. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Eve Sonneman—Polaroid photograms. Through Feb. 2. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St.)

Group Show—Vintage prints of "New York City in all its glory." About half the photographs were taken by Weegee; the remainder are the work of Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

The Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Georgia O'Keeffe exhibit. Through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ A show of Sienese Renaissance paintings and manuscript illuminations, including sets of narrative panel paintings which were split up long ago. Among the reunited works are six panels from the altarpiece commissioned from Sassetta by the wool merchants' guild. Through March 19. . . . ¶ All the Ingres works in the collections (ten paintings, twenty-two drawings, and seven prints) have been put on view. Through March 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era, a period when some women made a career out of appearing in elaborate attire. The Queen herself made career moves in two of these dresses: at a Crystal Palace exhibit in 1851 and at her state entry into Paris in 1855. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—By combining works in the permanent collections with strategic loans, the museum has pulled together a show of paintings and sculptures which represents all the major art movements since the forties, from Abstract Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism. Some of the borrowed works are by Jenny Holzer and Susan Rothenberg; some of the acquired are by James Turrell, Peter Halley, Jannis Kounellis, and Donald Sultan. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, *noon to 6.)*

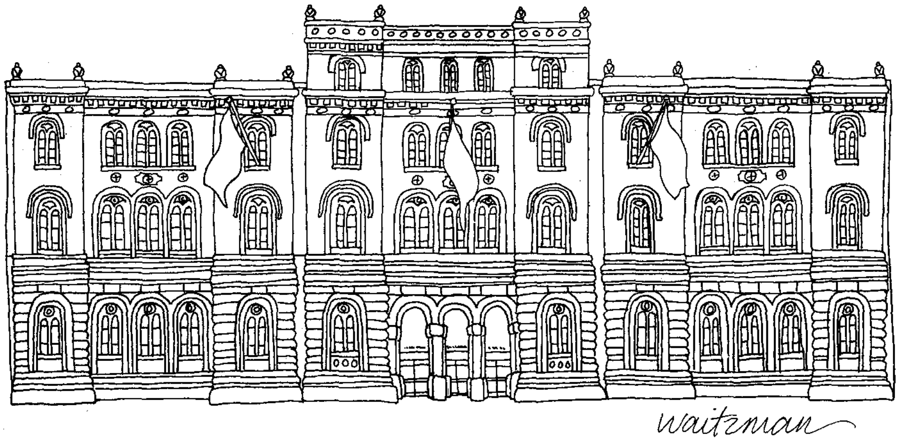
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from numerous collections, chiefly those of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the Winterthur Museum. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Celebrated in art circles in nineteenth-century France, François-Marius Granet—painter, curator at Versailles and the Louvre, subject of a famous portrait by Ingres—is just now receiving his first one-man show in this country. It contains sixty landscape watercolors, plus an oil painting that is a version of his "Choir of the Capuchin Church, Rome," a work so popular that the artist made sixteen copies. The Ingres portrait and two portrait studies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—When William and Mary ascended the British throne, a certain five-foot vellum scroll called "Declaration of Rights" was first unrolled. That scroll has wound up here—along with books, maps, microscopes, and silver—in a show detailing the cultural and political climate of their reign. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The golem—a figure in Jewish folklore comparable to Frankenstein's monster—has appealed to artists and writers since at least the sixteenth century and, as this survey makes clear, continues to fascinate today's painters, sculptors, and illustrators, among them Saul Steinberg, Charles Simonds, and Louise Fishman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscapes, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Freidrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A survey of works by Christian Boltanski, a French artist whose sculptures are like time capsules from childhood. Some of the installations are mounted in darkened galleries, evoking the dimness of the past; one is lighted only by six small clamp-on lamps, which focus directly on photographic portraits of high-school students at the Lycée Chases in 1931. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor,* and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews, dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Jan. 9 at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Haddon, Hilda Harris, and Janis Martin; conducted by Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Hendricks, Susanne Mentzer, Natale De Carolis, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Erie Mills, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Rosenshein, and Håkan Hagegård; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8: "Aida," with Aprile Millo, Stefania Toczyska, Vladimir Popov, and Alain Fondary; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Hendricks, Susanne Mentzer, Natale De Carolis, and Thomas Hampson; Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 1:30: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Erie Mills, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Rosenshein, and Håkan Hagegård; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Janis Martin; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: A nonsubscription concert that includes Bartók's "Bluebeard's Castle" *(in English), on* a double bill with a new production of Schoenberg's "Erwartung." Jessye Norman will sing in both works and James Levine will conduct. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Aprile Millo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Aida," with Leona Mitchell, Stefania Toczyska, Vladimir Popov, and Alain Fondary; Christian Badea.

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Presenting the première of "Desire Under the Elms," an opera based on the O'Neill play, with music by Edward Thomas and a libretto by Joe Masteroff. Conducted by Leigh Gibbs Gore. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Jan. 11 and Jan. 13 at 8, and Jan. 15 at 3.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances, in English, of Smetana's "The Secret." Michael Spierman will conduct a full orchestra and vocal soloists. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Jan. 13-14 at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-1356.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Felix Kruglikov conducting a Brahms-Schumann-Prokofiev program, with Ivan Moravec, piano. (Jan. 12 at 8, Jan. 13 at 2, Jan. 14 at 8, and Jan. 17 at 7:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting the 1890 version of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting Haydn's Sixth Symphony and Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 15 at 3.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Julius Rudel conducting a few French arias and music by Poulenc and Schubert. With Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 12 at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Marian McPartland and Walt Levinsky and the Great American Swing Band. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 13 at 8.)

Music from Japan Chamber Orchestra—Paul Zukofsky conducting contemporary Japanese music, with Aki Takahashi, piano. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Jan. 14 at 5.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Peter Maag conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin. (92nd Street Y. Jan. 14 at 8 and Jan. 15 at 3.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and a twenty-member orchestra in Purcell's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" and Handel's work for the same occasion. With vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 13 at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—In a program of works by Debussy, Louise Talmas, William Billings, Elie Siegmeister, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Jan. 14 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 9 at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Performing works by Ushio Torikai and John King. The composers will play in their own compositions. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Jan. 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-0766.)

Dmitry Rachmanov—Piano, in a recital of Russian music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

Rony Rogoff—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 10 at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano, in a Brahms-Liszt-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Cynthia Raim, piano, in a Mozart-Janáček-Franck program. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

Lev Natochenny—Piano, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Toby Hoffman, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

Mitsuko Uchida—Piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 14 at 8.)

Classical Quartet—In a program of seventeenth-century works for strings. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Jan. 14 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—With Sarah Rothenburg, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 14 at 8.)

New Sounds—Presenting music performed by the Tibetan Singing Bowl Ensemble, the Women of the Calabash, and Marc Ribot, guitar. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 15 at 3.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 15 at 3.)

Eliot Fisk—Classical guitarist, playing, among other works, the American première of Luciano Berio's "Sequenza XI." (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 15 at 7:30.)

Saturday Brass Quintet—New works by Danielpour, Stark, and Harbison. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 15 at 8.)

Elie Siegmeister Birthday Tribute—A chamber ensemble performing old and new works by this eighty-year-old composer, and three compositions written in his honor. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Jan. 15 at 8:30.)

Ruth Laredo—Playing and talking about the piano music of Ravel. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 16 at 8.)

Manhattan Marimba Quartet—With the Chelsea Percussion Ensemble, performing new works by Daniel Levitan and Bill Ruyle, as well as Steve Reich's "Six Marimbas." With assisting artists. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 16 at 8.)

American String Quartet—Playing Mozart and Brahms, and the première of George Tsontakis's Quartet No. 4. (92nd Street Y. Jan. 17 at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—Instrumentalists and vocalists performing, alone and together, works by John Adams, Josef Alexander, Barbara Jazwinski, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 17 at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, performing works by Liszt and Schubert, as well as Liszt transcriptions of works by Schubert and Wagner. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 18 at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Playing quartets by Haydn, Elliott Carter, and Beethoven, in a concert postponed from Oct. 18. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Jan. 18 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Borodin Trio—In a Haydn-Shostakovich-Tchaikovsky program. (92nd Street Y. Jan. 18 at 8.)

Paul Green—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 18 at 8.)

Art of the Early Keyboard—Gwendolyn Toth, harpsichord, and guest artists in the first in a series of three concerts, this one featuring the music of Bach and Telemann. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Jan. 18 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Charlotte Hornets, Jan. 12 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta Hawks, Jan. 14 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio Spurs, Jan. 16 at 1. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Boston Celtics, Jan. 12 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio Spurs, Jan. 17 at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Devils, Jan. 9 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 15 at 1:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Islanders, Jan. 13 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Jan. 15 at 5:05. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Jan. 14 at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 17 at 8:05.

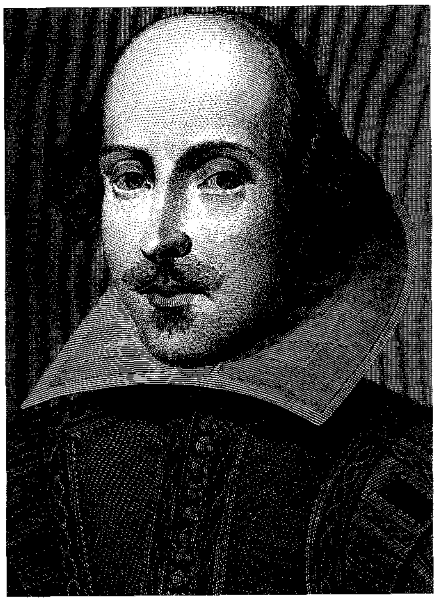
Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8. . . . **meadowlands:** Nightly at 7:30.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee reading from the works of Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Jan. 16 at 8.) . . . ¶ David Lehman, Patricia Storace, and Anne Winters reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Jan. 17 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

National Boat Show—Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Saturdays, Jan. 14 and Jan. 21, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 15 and Jan. 22, from 11 to 7; Monday, Jan. 16, from 11 to 9; and Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 17-20, from noon to 9.)



The greatest apartment salesman of our time

To most of us, William Shakespeare is the quintessential playwright.

But when the Ballard Realty Company of Montgomery, Alabama, needed tenants for a new apartment complex, Mr. Shakespeare proved to be a top-notch salesman as well. With every signed lease, Ballard Realty offered free membership subscriptions to the nearby Alabama Shakespeare Festival. In no time, over 80% of the company's units were leased before construction was even completed.

Throughout the country, small and medium-sized businesses, like Ballard Realty, are discovering what blue-chippers have known for years: that the arts can help create a positive public image, increase visibility and improve sales. All this while reducing taxable income.

If you would like information on how your company—no matter what its size—can benefit through a partnership with the arts, contact the Business Committee for the Arts, Inc., 1775 Broadway, Suite 510, New York, New York 10019, (212) 664-0600.

It may just be the factor that decides whether this year's sales goals are to be or not to be.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS, INC.

Prepared as a public service by Ogilvy & Mather.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 12: A program of short films on the subject of sex.
Jan. 13: "Comrades" (directed by Bill Douglas).
Jan. 14 at 4:30: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The seven-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission.
From Jan. 15: "Comrades."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Torch Song Trilogy" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Twins" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
"The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Mississippi Burning (†).
Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Working Girl" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Burning Secret" (Andrew Birkin), with Faye Dunaway, Klaus Maria Brandauer, and David Eberts.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Things Change" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "Twins" (†). From Jan. 13: "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Wayans, Bernie Casey, and Antonio Fargas.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger. From Jan. 13: "The January Man" (Pat O'Connor), with Kevin Kline.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Boost" (Harold Becker), with James Woods and Sean Young.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.
Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.
Theatre 3: "The Accidental Tourist."

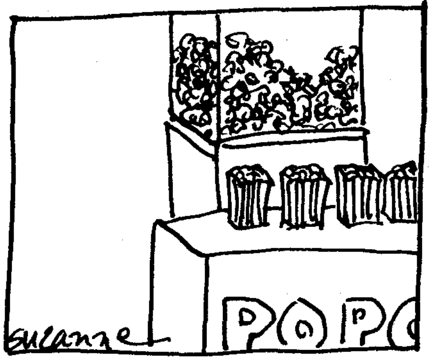
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Torch Song Trilogy" (†). From Jan. 13 (tentative): "Deepstar Six" (Sean S. Cunningham).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Talk Radio" (Oliver Stone), with Eric Bogosian.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Mississippi Burning" (†).



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Twins" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "A Hungarian Fairy Tale" (1987; directed by Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian). From Jan. 11: A two-week program of six new films from Russia, Europe, and Taiwan. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre for titles and times.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560).
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: (Separate admissions) "Babette's Feast" (†); and "A Forgotten Tune for the Flute" (1987; Eldar Ryazanov; in Russian). From Jan. 13: "Friendship's Death" (Peter Wollen).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Woman" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Tequila Sunrise" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Law of Desire" (†) and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel). From Jan. 13: "The January Man" (Pat O'Connor), with Kevin Kline.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 12: "Twins" (†). From Jan. 13: "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Wayans, Bernie Casey, and Antonio Fargas.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 12: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
From Jan. 13 (tentative): "Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Torch Song Trilogy" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Another Woman" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Dressmaker" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Rain Man" (Barry Levinson), with Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair, in Hindi).
Theatre 3: "36 Fillette" (Catherine Breillat; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Working Girl" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "Tequila Sunrise" (†). From Jan. 13 (tentative): "The January Man" (Pat O'Connor), with Kevin Kline.
Theatre 2: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Naked Gun" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.
Theatre 6: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel). From Jan. 13: "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Wayans, Bernie Casey, and Antonio Fargas.
Theatre 2: "Another Woman" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Twins" (†). From Jan. 13: "Deepstar Six" (Sean S. Cunningham).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Boost" (directed by Harold Becker), with James Woods and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (†).
Theatre 3: "Purgatory."
Theatre 4: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 12: "Purgatory." From Jan. 13 (tentative): "Deepstar Six" (Sean S. Cunningham).
Theatre 6: "Night of the Demons" (Kevin S. Tenney).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Mississippi Burning" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

The ultimate in sound... The ultimate in savings...

GET 6 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
...with nothing more to buy ever!
RATTLE AND HUM
U2
RCA

And...take advantage of our INSTANT HALF-PRICE Bonus Plan!

SAVE 50% Unlike other clubs, you get 50%-off Bonus Savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices, effective with *your first* full-price purchase!

200583. John Lennon: Imagine/Soundtrack. Jealous Guy, Mother, more. (Capitol)

174328. George Harrison—Cloud Nine. Got My Mind Set On You, more. (Dark Horse)

134347. Huey Lewis: Small World. Latest good time rockers include Perfect World, more. (Chrysalis)

115356. Vivaldi, The 4 Seasons—Trevor Pinnock. (Archiv *DIGITAL*)

180187. Bruce Hornsby & The Range: Scenes From The Southside. The Valley Road, more. (RCA)

100008. Randy Travis: Old 8x10. Honky Tonk Moon, Deeper Than The Holler, more. (Warner-Bros.)

125179. Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Nutcracker Suite; more—Solti. (London *DIGITAL*)

163629. Whitesnake. Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, more. (Geffen)

100517

200596. U2: Rattle & Hum. Live set includes I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For, Desire, more. (Island)

182522. *Dirty Dancing*/ Original Soundtrack. (I've Had) The Time Of My Life, more. (RCA)

200478. Metallica: And Justice For All. One, Blackened, title song, more. (Elektra)

100603. Kenny G: Silhouette. We've Saved The Best For Last, more. (Arista)

154404. Chicago 19. Don't Wanna Live Without Your Love, Heart In Pieces, etc. (Reprise)

115457. Itzhak Perlman: French Violin Showpieces: Carmen-Fantasy, Havanaise, more. (DG *DIGITAL*)

144578. The Judds: Greatest Hits. Give A Little Love, Mama He's Crazy, etc. RCA

223559. Beach Boys: Endless Summer. 20 Greatest Hits.

115306. Handel, Water Music—Trevor Pinnock. (Archiv *DIGITAL*)

100601. Squeeze: Classics. Take Me I'm Yours, Striking Matches, Tough Love, more. (A&M)

104898. Cream: Disraeli Gears. Sunshine Of Your Love, more. (Polydor)

173233. James Galway: Greatest Hits. (RCA)

154633. Steve Winwood: Roll With It. Don't You Know What *The Night Can Do?*, Holding On, etc. (Virgin)

100470. Vangelis: Direct. (Arista)

153582. Tracy Chapman: Fast Car, Talkin' Bout A Revolution, Baby Can I Hold You, etc. (Elektra)

115436

152854. Whitney Houston: Whitney. Didn't We Almost Have It All, etc. (Arista)

150913. Van Halen: OU812. (Warner Bros.)

134073. Richard Marx—Hold On To The Nights, Endless Summer Nights, Should've Known Better, etc. (EMI)

163579. Segovia Plays Ponce, Rodrigo & Torroba (MCA)

100579. K.T. Oslin: This Woman. Money, title song, Hey Bobby, etc. (RCA)

100035. Robert Palmer: Heavy Nova. Simply *Irresistible*, etc. (EMI-Manhattan)

120768. 20 Greatest Love Songs Of The 50s & 60s. (Laurie)

123721. Jimmy Page: Outrider. (Geffen)

134321. Led Zeppelin. Houses Of The Holy—The Song Remains The Same, more. (Atlantic)

105392. Pops In Space—Boston Pops/Williams: Star Wars, Superman, more. (Philips *DIGITAL*)

173406. Jazz CD Sampler. 15 performances from Louis Armstrong, others! (PolyGram)

123790. James Taylor's Greatest Hits. Fire And Rain, Sweet Baby James, more. (Warner Bros.)

154537. Carly Simon: Greatest Hits Live Anticipation, You're So Vain, more. (Arista)

115541. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos 1-3—Pinnock. (Archiv *DIGITAL*)

172190. Elvis Presley: 18 No. 1 Hits (RCA)

134267. Mozart, Overtures. Marriner. (Angel *DIGITAL*)

100591. Steve Miller: Born To Be Blue. Ya, Ya, more. (Capitol)

273965. Sting: Nothing Like The Sun. We'll Be Together, more. (A&M)

134647. J. R. Baker: Rhapsody In Electric Blue. *Gershwin on* synthesizer! (Newport Classic *DIGITAL*)

244006. Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park. [1 disc] (Warner Bros.)

124705. Jethro Tull: Aqualung. (Chrysalis)

134408. David Sanborn: Close-Up. Slam, You Are Everything, Way, etc. (Warner Bros.)

153606. INXS: Kick. Need You Tonight, New Sensation, etc. DIGITAL (Atlantic)

153621. Beethoven, Symphony No. 7; *more*. Royal Phil. Previn. (RCA *DIGITAL*)

164165. Bobby McFerrin: Simple Pleasures. *Don't Worry Be Happy*, All I Want, etc. (EMI)

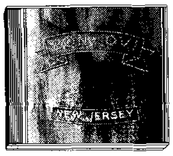
125264. Horowitz in Moscow—Scarlatti, Mozart, Rachmaninov, others. (DG *DIGITAL*)

144313. Classic Rock: Vol. 1. Elton John: Bennie & The Jets, more. (MCA)

170348. Guns 'N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction. Welcome To The Jungle, It's So Easy, etc. (Geffen)

163322. Elton John: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1. Your Song, Daniel, others. (MCA)

160027. Alabama: "Live". Love In The First Degree, There's No Way, Dixieland Delight, etc. (RCA)



100516

130230. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: So Far (Greatest Hits). Suite: Judy Blue Eyes, more. (Atlantic)

124546. The Moody Blues: Sur La Mer. I Know You're Out There Somewhere, No Lies, etc. (Threshold)

143293. Glenn Miller Orchestra: In The Digital Mood. (GRP)

114780. Cinderella: Long Cold Winter. Gypsy Road, Don't Know What You Got (Till It's Gone), etc. (Mercury)

154358. Slatkin Conducts Pictures At An Exhibition, more—(RCA *DIGITAL*)

144659. The Best Of The Spencer Davis Group. Steve Winwood & Co. on Gimme Some Lovin, etc. (EMI)

100352. Diane Schuur: Talkin' 'Bout You. Title song, Funny (But I Still Love You), etc. (GRP)

104857. Benny Goodman: Sing, Sing, Sing. Title song, more. (RCA)

START NOW WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS!

Yes, pick any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just one selection at regular Club prices (usually $14.98–$15.98).. and take up to one full year to do it. Then you can choose another CD free as a bonus. That's 6 compact discs for the price of 1 and there's nothing more to buy...ever! (Shipping & handling added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You select from hundreds of exciting compact discs described in the Club's magazine and mailed to you approximately every 3 weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide, or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your membership agreement, simply by writing to us.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

BMG Compact Disc Club
6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194.

CD688 COMPACT DISC DIGITAL AUDIO

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

YOUR SAVINGS START HERE

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club
P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46219

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send me the four Compact Discs I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which I can choose a FREE bonus CD! That's 6 for the price of 1...with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs (Indicate by number):

D	D	D	D

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I may always feel free to choose from any (check one only):
1 ☐ EASY LISTENING (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)
2 ☐ COUNTRY
3 ☐ HARD ROCK
4 ☐ POP/SOFT ROCK
5 ☐ CLASSICAL

☐ MR.
☐ MRS.
☐ MISS First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Telephone ( ) Area Code

Signature

YATAN BU

Limited to new members, continental USA only. Current CD Club members not eligible for this offer. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "The Naked Gun" (†). From Jan. 13: "Beaches" (Garry Marshall), with Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 12: (Matinées only) "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent. From Jan. 13: "The Naked Gun" (†).

Theatre 4: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Scrooged" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (Tony Randel).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Twins" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Twins" (†). From Jan. 13: "The January Man" (Pat O'Connor), with Kevin Kline.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Jan. 12: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. between 47th and 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "The Accidental Tourist" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis.
Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Jan. 9: "My Gal Sal" (1942; directed by Irving Cummings), with Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature; and "Broadway Melody of 1936" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, Buddy Ebsen, and Jack Benny.

Jan. 10-11: "Sweethearts" (1938; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and "You Can't Have Everything" (1937; Norman Taurog), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Cesar Romero, and the Ritz Brothers.

Jan. 12: "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945; Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith; and "Delicious" (1931; David Butler), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

Jan. 13-14: "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd; and "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine.

Jan. 15-16: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935; Frank Lloyd), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "Rembrandt" (1936; Alexander Korda), with Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence.

Jan. 17-18: "Payment Deferred" (1932; Lothar Mendes), with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Ray Milland; and "Sidewalks of London" (1938; Tim Whelan), with Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 10: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Jan. 11-12: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, Mildred Dunnock, and Lonny Chapman.

Jan. 13-14: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Jan. 15: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Jan. 16-17: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"; 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

From Jan. 18: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Jan. 9: "Counsellor-at-Law" (1933; William Wyler), with John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, and Melvyn Douglas; "Love Is a Racket" (1932; William Wellman), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Frances Dee, and Ann Dvorak; and "Night World" (1932; Hobart Hensley), with Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke.

Jan. 10: "Wake Up and Live" (1937; Sidney Lanfield), with Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Alice Faye, and Patsy Kelly; and "Thanks a Million" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Dick Powell, Fred Allen, and Ann Dvorak.

Jan. 11: "The Man Who Dared" (1933; Hamilton MacFadden), with Preston Foster; and "Six Hours to Live" (1933; William Dieterle), with Warner Baxter.

Jan. 12: "Our Daily Bread" (1934; King Vidor), with Karen Morley and Tom Keene; and "Black Fury" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Paul Muni, Karen Morley, William Gargan, and Barton MacLane.

Jan. 13-14: "Dr. X" (†) and "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (†).

Jan. 15: "The Three Musketeers" (1939; Allan Dwan), with the Ritz Brothers; and "Sing, Baby, Sing" (1936; Sidney Lanfield), with Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou.

Jan. 16: "Jewel Robbery" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell and Kay Francis; "Remember Last Night?" (1935; James Whale), with Robert Young and Edward Arnold; and "The Worst Woman in Paris?" (1933; Monta Bell), with Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, and Harvey Stephens.

Jan. 17: "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (†); and "Central Park" (1932; John G. Adolfi), with Joan Blondell, Wallace Ford, and Guy Kibbee.

Jan. 18: "Platinum Blonde" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes; and "Three Wise Girls" (1932; William Beaudine), with Jean Harlow and Mae Clarke.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Jan. 9: "Sally, Irene, and Mary" (1938; William A. Seiter), with Alice Faye, Fred Allen, and Tony Martin; and "Thin Ice" (1937; Sidney Lanfield), with Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power.

Jan. 10: "The Untouchables" (1987; Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner, Robert De Niro, Sean Connery, Andy Garcia, and Charles Martin Smith; and "House of Games" (1987; David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Jan. 11: "The Face Behind the Mask" (1941; Robert Florey), with Peter Lorre, Evelyn Keyes, and Don Beddoe; "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

Jan. 12: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart; and "Lady in the Lake" (†).

Jan. 13-14: "Moonstruck" (1987; Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage; and "Five Corners" (1988; Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.

Jan. 15: "Gertrud" (1965; Carl Dreyer; in Danish), with Nina Pens Rode; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish).

Jan. 16: "You Can't Have Everything" (1937; Norman Taurog), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Cesar Romero, and the Ritz Brothers; and "My Gal Sal" (1942; Irving Cummings), with Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature.

Jan. 17: "Killer's Kiss" (1955; Stanley Kubrick), with Frank Silvera; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.

Jan. 18: "All Through the Night" (†); and "The Chase" (1946; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Cummings, Michèle Morgan, and Peter Lorre.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 9: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.

Jan. 10: "The Browning Version" (1951; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, and Nigel Patrick; and "The Winslow Boy" (1950; Anthony Asquith), with Robert Donat, Cedric Hardwicke, Francis L. Sullivan, and Margaret Leighton.

Jan. 11: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

Jan. 12: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1955; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa, and Leo Genn.

Jan. 13-14: "The Man Who Never Was" (1956; Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame, and Robert Flemyng; and "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton and Claire Bloom.

Jan. 15: "I Could Go On Singing" (1963;

Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon; and "The Star" (1953; Stuart Heisler), with Bette Davis and Sterling Hayden.

Jan. 16: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Jan. 17: "Whistle Down the Wind" (†); and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).

Jan. 18: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood; and "Greenwich Village" (1944; Walter Lang), with Carmen Miranda, Don Ameche, and William Bendix.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Jan. 9 at 2:30: "The Hooligans" (1959, directed by Carlos Saura; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Manuel Zarzo. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "The Executioner" (1963; Luis G. Berlanga; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "The Good Love" (1963; Francisco Regueiro; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Simon Andreu. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "With the East Wind" (1965; Mario Camus; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Antonio Gades. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "The Burnt City" (1976; Antoni Ribas; in Catalan, with English subtitles), with Angelina Molina. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "The Search" (1966; Angelino Fons; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Jacques Perrin. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "With the East Wind." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 6: "Diamond Plaza" (1982; Francesco Betriu; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Sylvia Munt. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2: "Peppermint Frappe" (1967; Carlos Saura; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Geraldine Chaplin. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 5 and Jan. 15 at 2: "The Heart of the Forest" (1978; Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Norman Briski. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5: "Berta's Motives" (1985; José Luis Guerin; in Spanish, with English subtitles), with Sylvia Garcia. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "The Search." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Peppermint Frappe." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Diamond Plaza." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: "The Burnt City."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 9 at 6:30: A program of short films by Fred Worden, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 3 and 6: "Losing Ground" (1988; James Rutenbeck), a documentary.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: A program of films by Cecil B. De Mille. Jan. 11 at 2:30: "The Girl of the Golden West" (1915); and "The Warrens of Virginia" (1915), with Blanche Sweet. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "The Unafraid" (1915); and "The Captive" (1915), with Blanche Sweet. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 7:30: "Carmen" (1915), with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid; and "Chimmie Fadden Out West" (1915), with Victor Moore. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 1: "The Cheat" (1915), with Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Golden Chance" (1915), with Wallace Reid. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 4: "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1916) and "The Heart of Nora Flynn" (1916). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 7:30: "Joan the Woman" (1917), with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 1: "Romance of the Redwoods" (1917), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 4: "The Little American" (1917), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: "Carmen" and "Chimmie Fadden Out West."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (Wednesdays through Sundays, continuous showings): The last two in a series of six programs of video art, television commercials, and short films, all dealing with feminist issues.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Jan. 10 at 6: "Orphée" (1950; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8 and 10: "Wild 90" (1968; Norman Mailer). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "Le Testament d'Orphée" (1960; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8 and 10: "Beyond the Law" (1968; Norman Mailer). . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "The Navigator" (1924; Buster Keaton; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8 and 10: "Maidstone" (1974; Norman Mailer). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 6: "The Iron Horse" (1924; John Ford; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8 and 10: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (1987; Norman Mailer). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8:30: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 7: "Narcissus" (1956), "Orgia" (1967), and "Excited Turkeys" (1967), all directed by Willard Maas. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: "Point of Order" (1964; Emile De Antonio). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 10: "Wild 90." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924; Raoul Walsh; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 7: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971; Emile De Antonio). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 9: "Beyond the Law." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 7: "Painters Painting" (1972; Emile De Antonio). . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: A program of films by Douglass Crockwell. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "Zvenigora" (1928; Alexander Dovzhenko; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Tough Guys Don't Dance." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 10: "Point of Order."

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Jan. 9 at 8: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Cemil" (1985; Johannes Schafer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8: "Kiss Daddy Goodnight" (1988; Peter Ily Huemer), with Uma Thurman, Paul Dillon, and Steve Buscemi. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: A program of films by Greta Schiller and Andrea Weiss. Miss Schiller will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 10:30: A program of four short animated films by the Brothers Quay. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: A program of films by Mike Kuchar, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 10:30: A program of four short animated films by the Brothers Quay. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8: A program of five new films by new filmmakers. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Cemil." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: A program of cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer and Otto Messmer, and two episodes each of Bosko and Krazy Kat cartoons.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Jan. 13 at 6:30: "Osaka Elegy" (1936; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Isuzu Yamada. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8:30: "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Isuzu Yamada, Toshiro Mifune, and Takashi Shimura.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

All Through the Night (1942)—This Humphrey Bogart picture is a sugar-coated anti-Nazi message comedy, concocted by Leonard Spigelgass and Edwin Gilbert from a rattlebrained screen story by Spigelgass and Leonard Ross, and directed (ineptly) by Vincent Sherman. It's set in New York (a studio version) during the Second World War. Bogart is Gloves Donohue, a Broadway gambler-promoter, and he and his bunch of meant-to-be-lovable Damon Runyonesque demi-racketeers (among them Frank McHugh, William Demarest, and Jackie Gleason) rout an entire Nazi Fifth Column organization, headed by the supersuave Conrad Veidt, dachshund-loving Judith Anderson, and baby-face hit-man Peter Lorre, who operate under cover of an antiques-auction business. This movie oozes sentimentality, and the coy, frolicsome music is like a TV laugh track. With Jane Darwell at her folksy phoniest as Bogart's Irish ma, Phil Silvers as a nearsighted waiter, and Kaaren Verne as the heroine. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 18.)

Another Woman—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Waverly, Carnegie Screening Room, and Metro Cinema.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Jan. 12.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

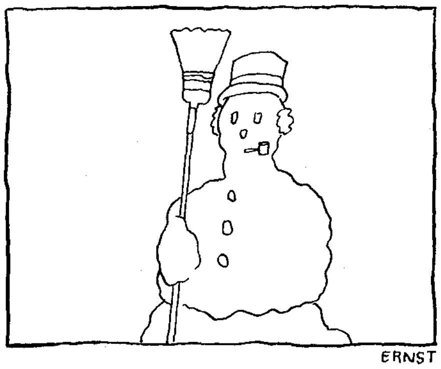
Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot. Filmed in France. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 68th St. Playhouse, Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dr. X (1932)—A famous chiller about a series of murders committed during the full moon in the vicinity of a medical college. It's the source of many of the most delirious clichés of the mad-scientist genre, and the first of Fay Wray's horror films (she gets to scream in her very first scene). But the pacing is very deliberate and it's a little tedious, especially in the wisecracking comedy-relief scenes with Lee Tracy as the reporter-hero; Tracy's vocal tricks and stylized gestures fall flat here. The title role, Dr. Xavier, is played by Lionel Atwill, an expert at polished menace; his suavity is heavy, though, and he weighs this picture down a bit. And the director, Michael Curtiz, plays things too straight. With Preston Foster, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Willard Robertson, Robert Warwick, and Mae Busch. The script, by Earl Baldwin and Robert Tasker, is adapted from the play by Howard Comstock and Allen C. Miller. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 13-14.)

The Dressmaker—The whole cast rises to the occasion—a chance to appear in John McGrath's fine adaptation of the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass"). Joan Plowright as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker, and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when sallow, skinny Rita (Jane Horrocks), the seventeen-year-old niece they have raised, falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. She's frightened of his hands on her and keeps slapping him away. There's a tinge of comedy in the situation, but there's also a tinge of queasy horror. This good, inexpensive British movie is about morbid respectability, and the director, Jim O'Brien, makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. It's doubtful if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen; Whitelaw's sky-blue eyes stab you—she seems to have become the nakedest of performers. With Peter Postlethwaite, Pippa Hinchley, and Rosemary Martin. (12/12/88) (Paris.)

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum (1933)—This graceful romantic comedy, shot in sepia tones in imaginative Art Deco sets, and with a Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart score, failed when it came out, and it has never attracted much of an audience. Maybe that's because its star is Al Jolson, and people just didn't expect him to be in a stylized, sophisticated, lyrical movie. He's very good in it, though; he doesn't wear blackface or get on his knees to sing. Directed by Lewis Milestone, he just takes it easy, and we can enjoy his finesse. The whimsical script was written by S. N. Behrman and Ben Hecht, and Rodgers and Hart provided a recitative in rhyming couplets. The film is uneven, but it has some of the rhythm and charm of the early-thirties René Clair musicals (especially "À Nous la Liberté"), and it has the lovely song "You Are Too Beautiful." With Madge Evans, Harry Langdon, Frank Morgan, Chester Conklin, and Edgar Connor. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 17.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star; the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. With Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 12.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Cinema 3.)

Law of Desire (1987)—One of the rare movies that's sensually exciting and at the same time funny. This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina, Manuela Velasco, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is, arguably, MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair; she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Plaza.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cobo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Mississippi Burning—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, Stephen Tobolowsky, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it). (12/26/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Mystery of the Wax Museum (1933)—Marvellously grisly chiller, directed by Michael Curtiz and shot in an early Technicolor process, with the color contributing to the general creepiness. Lionel Atwill is the murderous curator who pours hot wax over his manacled, still-living victims and then exhibits them as sculpture. With Glenda Farrell, Fay Wray, Gavin Gordon, Frank McHugh, Edwin Maxwell, and Arthur Edmund Carewe. From a play by Charles S. Belden. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 13-14.)

The Naked Gun—An explosion of sixth-grade humor: terrible puns, broad slapstick, crushingly obvious sexual innuendo, a strategically detonated fart . . . The filmmakers (most of whom were also involved in "Airplane!") are low-comedy purists. The movie could be dopier only if it were longer: its stupidity has a relentlessness and a formal rigor that are practically French. (The scrupulous aesthetic consistency also extends to the cinematography and the editing, which are sixth-grade quality, too.) With Leslie Nielsen, Priscilla Presley, Ricardo Montalban, George Kennedy, O. J. Simpson, John Houseman, and Jeannette Charles as Queen Elizabeth. Written by David and Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Pat Proft, and directed by David Zucker.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexø, isn't as deadly as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jørgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexø's material which August can't transcend. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Scrooged—Bill Murray, in a striking, outsize entertainment based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Murray's Frank Cross, who's the youngest network president in history, is the meanest man in television. (That's the same as meanest man in the world.) The performance is a triumphant parody of yuppie callousness. And it's much more: Murray's free-wheeling, screwy generosity is what makes the huge contraption of a movie work. The picture keeps popping surprises: David Johansen (also known as the lounge singer Buster Poindexter) is the grinning cabbie whose identification card reads "Ghost of Christmas Past." John Glover, who sports a collegiate "Tennis, anyone?" haircut, is the new executive who's bucking to replace Frank. Carol Kane, as the Ghost of Christmas Present, is a weirdly dainty Sugar Plum witch. Also with Robert Mitchum, John Forsythe, Alfre Woodard, Michael J. Pollard, Karen Allen, and many other famous performers. Directed by Richard Donner; the script is credited to Mitch Glazer and Michael O'Donoghue. (Elaine May and others also worked on it.) (12/12/88) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Tequila Sunrise—You have to be able to enjoy trashy shamelessness to enjoy old Hollywood and to enjoy this picture. Robert Towne, who wrote and directed, is soaked in the perfume of thirties and forties Hollywood romanticism. This is a lusciously silly movie; it has an amorous shine. The three talented stars are smashing: Mel Gibson is a former drug dealer who longs for a decent, respectable life; Kurt Russell is his friend who's the head of the narcotics squad in L.A. County; and Michelle Pfeiffer is the woman they both love. The crime plot often seems to be stalled, and by rational standards the stars' triangular shuffle is flimsy and stupid, but by romantic standards the whole thing is delectable. With Raul Julia, who has a big, likable, rumbling presence as a scoundrel, J. T. Walsh as a quintessential flatfoot, and Ann Magnuson. The golden cinematography is by Conrad Hall. (12/26/88) (Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Jan. 12.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Quad Cinema.)

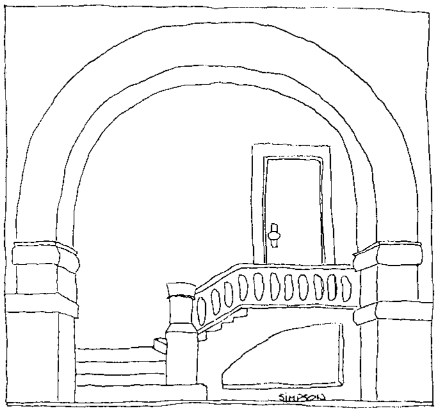
Things Change—A modernist version of a sentimental fable: David Mamet, who directed and was the co-writer (with Shel Silverstein), gives you the blueprint but not the feeling. The story is essentially a heart-warmer: Sicilian-born Gino (Don Ameche), a dignified old Chicago shoeshine man who gets mixed up with mobsters and is mistaken for a Mafia don, emerges unscathed because of his simple goodness—his humanity. The one most affected by it is the blundering mafioso Jerry (Joe Mantegna); there's nothing to look at except Gino and Jerry's mummified skits, which are directed at a deliberate and unvarying pace. The result is like a Frank Capra–Damon Runyon comic fairy tale of the thirties in slow motion. With Robert Prosky and W. H. Macy. (11/14/88) (Gotham Cinema.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Harvey Fierstein's adaptation of his much-honored play means to be funny and touching, but the mixture doesn't come out quite right. This chronicle of the life and loves of a New York drag queen named Arnold Beckoff (played by Fierstein) isn't a very rigorous dramatic construction: it alternates sitcom farce with tragedy, soap opera with cabaret, maudlin speechifying about self-respect with snappy one-liners. It has a sloppy, expansive spirit. Unfortunately, the lighter elements don't play very well in this film version, so the pathos dominates. Paul Bogart's direction relies heavily on closeups, and brings out the worst in Fierstein as a performer: watching this movie often feels like sitting in a room full of paintings of sad-eyed clowns. As Arnold's mother, Anne Bancroft does some of the grisliest overacting in memory. Also with Matthew Broderick, Brian Kerwin, Ken Page, and, in a small role, the famous female impersonator Charles Pierce.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Jan. 12.)

Twins—High Concept at its deadliest. A botched experiment in genetic engineering produces a wildly mismatched set of twins: Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito. They meet for the first time as adults in their thirties; high jinks ensue. It's actually worse than you'd expect. The screenplay is credited to four guys, and can't even claim one good joke per writer. The stars are charmless and predictable in their brain-dead-ringers roles. And the direction, by Ivan Reitman, is so inert that you'd swear the movie was a sequel to something. Also with Chloe Webb, Kelly Preston, and, too briefly, Trey Wilson. The muddy, dispiriting cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak.—T.R. (Bay Cinema, Baronet, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through Jan. 12.)

What Have I Done to Deserve This! (1984)—This film by Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects—huge block buildings of dinky, cramped apartments. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. You'll probably never see a woozier treatment of the breakdown of the family and the decay of society. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema.)

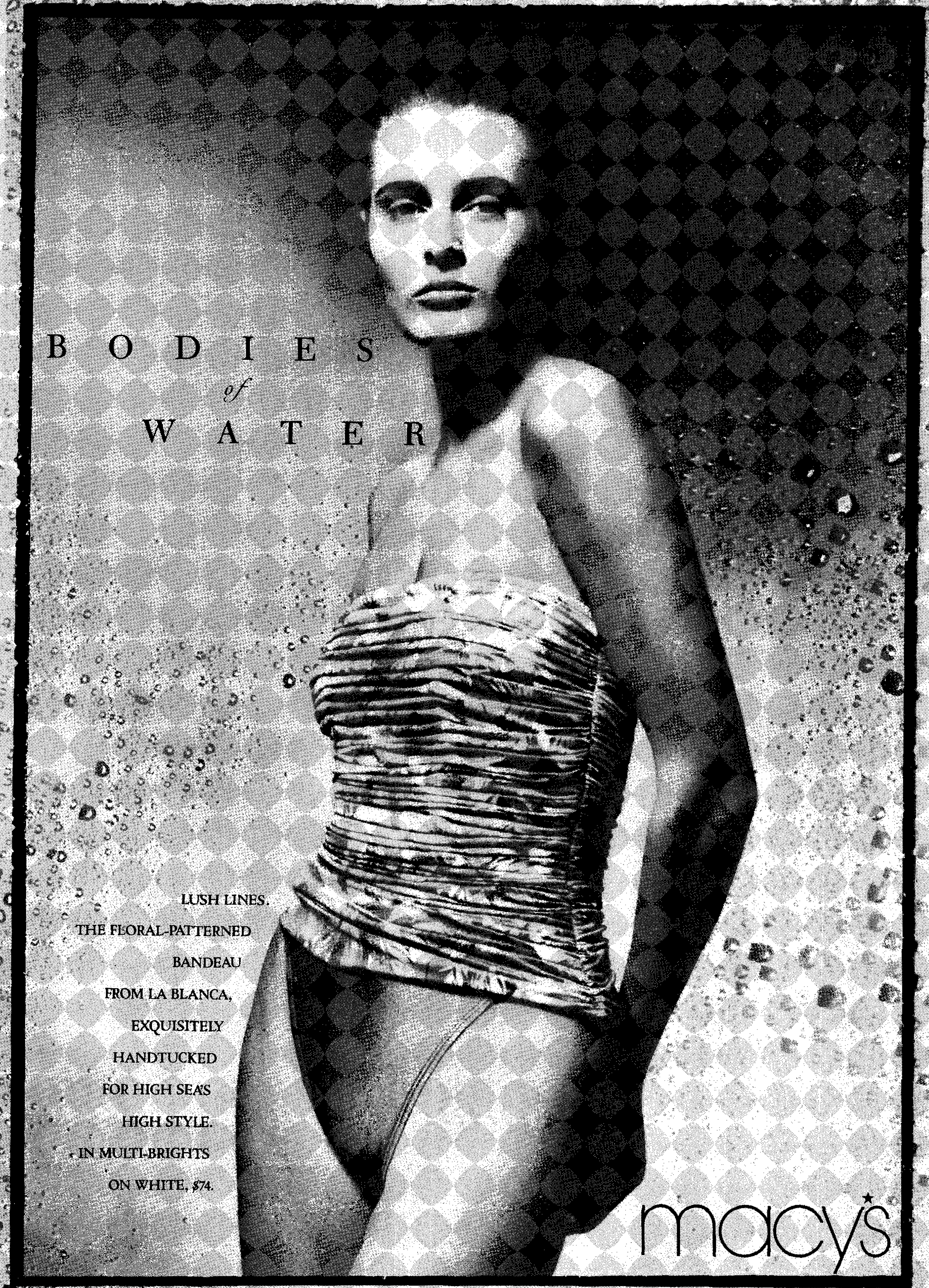
Whistle Down the Wind (1961)—Although the story about a group of children who discover a murderer hiding in their barn and take him for Jesus Christ is a modern parallel of Christ's progress to the cross, this English film isn't nearly as embarrassing and sickly as that sounds. The directing, writing, and acting are all better than the basic idea. In some peculiar double-edged way, the movie is both satirical and straight; Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, who adapted Mary Hayley Bell's novel, kidded the idea in a way that almost makes it work. The pleasures of the film relate to the ancient-looking Alan Barnes, and to Diane Holgate, who has unbelievably old, all-seeing, beautiful eyes, and to the dozens of amazing unchildish children who keep filling the screen. They're already wearing the faces they'll be wearing for the rest of their lives, and the startlingly sensible lines they speak are as good as just about anything in English movies of the period. The director, Bryan Forbes, makes them perhaps the least sentimental collection of children you've ever seen in a film. With Hayley Mills, Alan Bates, and Bernard Lee. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)



Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment: she makes it into the world of mergers and acquisitions, and Carly Simon's choral music soars exultantly. Nichols may have been planning to let in a little bit of funk and tackiness, and then backed off; that might explain the double-entendre of the title and some of the plot details. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. The lines have a lot of surprise, but the situations (and digressions) are moldy. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, Kevin Spacey, Nora Dunn, Alec Baldwin, Philip Bosco, and Olympia Dukakis. The script is credited to Kevin Wade; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus. (1/9/89) (34th St. East, Coronet, 86th Street East Twin, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Regency, and Criterion Center.)



BODIES *of* WATER

LUSH LINES.
THE FLORAL-PATTERNED
BANDEAU
FROM LA BLANCA,
EXQUISITELY
HANDTUCKED
FOR HIGH SEAS
HIGH STYLE.
IN MULTI-BRIGHTS
ON WHITE, $74.

macy's

NYLON/LYCRA® SPANDEX. USA. SIZES 6-14. (D.293) TO ORDER, CALL 1-800-44-MACYS. USE YOUR MACY'S CHARGE.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

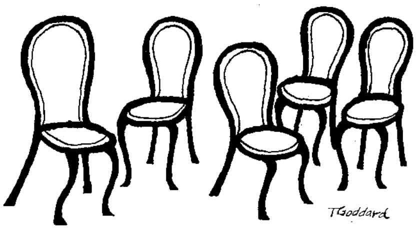
Notes and Comment

THE art of speechmaking has declined precipitously in recent years, and so has interest in it as an activity with any usefulness to the world at large. So there was something odd and old-fashioned about the hoopla that surrounded Mikhail Gorbachev's speech at the United Nations last month—the speech in which he asserted that the Soviet Union would take further steps toward freedom of emigration and of political and religious expression, would reduce the number of its troops by half a million, would withdraw fifty thousand soldiers from East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, would put ten thousand tanks out of commission, and would "totally rule out any outward-oriented use of force." "Gorbachev Offers to Scrap Rules of Postwar Relations: 'Human Values' Would Replace Struggle" was how the Washington *Post* summed up the speech, and the "response stories" that appeared in the *Post* and elsewhere contained a surprising amount of talk (some of it from people to whom it did not come naturally) about a slowing of the arms race, or even "an end to the Cold War." But the first wave of reaction was quickly followed by another: a wave of alarm and scorn.

The alarm centered on the expectation that Gorbachev's speech, and the unilateral steps announced in it, would weaken support for essential arms spending in the United States and Western Europe. The scorn was founded on the notion that the dismal state of the Soviet economy had left Gorbachev with "no choice but to cut military spending," as William Safire wrote in the *Times*, and that since he *had* to do the things he had done they did not merit serious respect, or reciprocity. Safire's opinion (shared, according to some news accounts, by President-elect Bush) seems to rest on the same thinking—only reversed—as the principle of self-defense, or the law's inclination to be lenient with people who are forced into what would normally be considered criminal conduct. This is an interesting standard for judging political leaders, and we have been wondering how some of our own would measure up—Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt, for example. Each of them was elected President at a moment of grave national peril, and proceeded to adopt policies that (it seems in retrospect) the circumstances demanded. Is that a reason to value their achievements less? Historians have tended to do the opposite. If Lincoln and Roosevelt deserve the respect with which they have been treated, it's because of a long list of leaders who, at other dark hours in history, have failed to do what they "had to."

Political necessity, it seems, is a shifty concept. It depends on whose interests and what time frame are being considered, and on the wisdom of the people doing the considering. The fact is that the power to help define public perceptions of what has to be done is one of the important powers that leaders have, as Gorbachev is evidently quite aware. Thus, while hard-nosed American journalists and geopolitical analysts have been proudly "exposing" the economic necessity of recent Soviet initiatives, Gorbachev and his supporters have made no attempt to conceal it. In his United Nations address Gorbachev used several turns of phrase suggesting compulsion or inevitability. There was not a hint of idealism in, for example, his explanation of the decision to end the jamming of Western radio broadcasts; he merely noted that "the preservation of any kind of closed society is hardly possible."

Gorbachev's tendency to talk this way is, we suspect, a reflection of the failure of many Soviet citizens to see the need for his policies. Four years ago, when he came to power, the idea of a major overhaul of the Soviet economy was in the air. But the sudden embrace of a host of freedoms that had been abused and denigrated for generations was not in the air. Gorbachev, or someone else in his shoes, might well have decided on a program of economic reforms unconnected to political reforms. He could even have opted for *less* political freedom. During the Brezhnev years, after all, many internal critics of the Soviet government focussed their attention not on its cruelty but on the laxness of its efforts to combat laziness and corruption. If Gorbachev's actual policies now strike most Americans as necessary, it is largely because he has made them seem so.



During the month since Gorbachev's speech, many an Op-Ed-page article has decried the excesses of "Gorbomania" and called for what Jim Hoagland, in the Washington *Post*, described as "a little less breathlessness and misting over of the eyes among working journalists." It's certainly possible to exaggerate the independence, and the power, of a single leader, and the press may now be overemphasizing Gorbachev's boldness and the contrasting stubbornness of "the bureaucrats." As manias go, however, Gorbomania strikes us as making a certain sense. It may even be a constructive emotion in the context of current American politics. Of late, the leaders of this country have been encouraging Americans (as Soviet citizens were encouraged in the Brezhnev era) to bask in our accomplishments, and not to worry much about our problems. Because many of the problems—the environment, the budget deficit, homelessness, and the urban underclass, for example—are invisible to many of us, that message has gone over well. Gorbachev's brief visit, coming right after a Presidential election in which the winning candidate's sense of mission seemed to be stuck on "no new taxes," may have aroused a latent yearning among Americans for leadership that stretches, rather than narrows, our sense of what has to be done.

• •

Untapped Market

THE epicure in Palm Beach is generally a happy person. The Florentine Dining Room of the Breakers does a lovely job with venison. Lobster is popular in the dining room of the Brazilian Court Hotel. In the restaurant of the Colony Hotel, the frogs' legs are large and tender. But for the epicure Robert Abrams, the New York State Attorney General, these dishes have no appeal, for neither the venison nor the lobster nor the frogs' legs are kosher. So, during a vacation in Palm Beach between Christmas and New Year's, Mr. Abrams, together with his wife, his two children, his father-in-law, and his mother-in-law, ate a dinner at Joseph Schlang's Palm Beach Plaza Hotel. On the Plaza's prix-fixe dinner menu Mr. Schlang lists "gefilterfish" as an appetizer. His restaurant is the lone kosher restaurant in town.

"I've had kosher food in a ghetto in Venice," Mr. Abrams said, taking a large slice of seven-layer cake. "I've had kosher food in Paris and in Nice. But to find a kosher restaurant in Palm Beach—this is a delightful surprise."

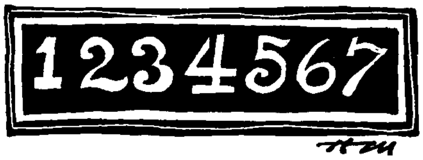
It was the Attorney General's mother-in-law, Hilda Schulder, of Palm Beach and Manhattan, who found the place. She knew Joe Schlang years ago, when they both lived in Bensonhurst, and she recently heard from a friend that Mr. Schlang had taken over the Plaza, a forty-year-old Art Deco hotel in the heart of Palm Beach, and had made its fifty-seat restaurant kosher. The other night, she tried his lamb chops.

"I serve a very nice lamb chop," Mr. Schlang, who is seventy-seven and was in too much of a hurry to bother with false modesty, told us. "But my roast chicken, brisket, and stuffed cabbage are very nice, too."

Mr. Schlang has been a hotelier and restaurateur for just over a year now. Before that, he worked on Wall Street, as a real-estate agent, arbitrageur, and entrepreneur. He was also, during the seventies, the sponsor and host of two WNYC radio programs, "Opera Stars of Tomorrow" and "One Hundred and More Ways to Improve New York." In 1981, thinking that he might like to slow down, he began to spend the entire winter in Palm Beach, with his wife, Bernice. In the autumn of 1987, he found himself dabbling in business again, acting as a broker on a proposed sale of the Plaza, and he wound up signing an eight-month lease for the place himself. He had the old kitchen redone and two bedrooms converted into pantries—one for dairy food, the other for meat. "I made the kitchen kosher because I'm kosher, I believe in kosher, and I know that Palm Beach has an untapped market for kosher," Mr. Schlang said.

On Christmas Day, his place was packed. The Abrams *mishpokah* went to the Plaza later in the week, on an evening that was warm and breezy and humid. Festive strings of tiny lights were wrapped around the trunks of two palm trees on the Plaza's shallow front lawn. In the lobby, among comfortable chintz sofas that were new a long time ago, were a menorah and also a Christmas tree, which had been decorated by the Schlangs. "Ninety-nine per cent of the hotel clientele is Gentile," Mrs. Schlang said. "We don't want to chase them off just because the restaurant serves ethnic food."

The ethnic food was stored in what Mr. Schlang called "the commissary," and he gave us a brief tour. In the pantry, some of the shelves were marked with blue tape, for the *milchidic* breakfast bowls and plates; others were marked with red tape, for the *fleishidic* dinner china. On a doorjamb was a mezuzah, attached with blue thumbtacks. Not long ago, Mr. Schlang told us, a waitress still learning the kosher ropes took an order from a diner for a cheeseburger. "I went over, explained a few things, and, *bing, bing, bing*, he got a plain hamburger and he ate every bit of it," Mr. Schlang said.



While Mr. Schlang and some friends of his sipped after-dinner coffee (served with "non-dairy creamer"), the conversation turned to kosher food and to Mr. Schlang's kosher experiment.

"I happen to be very fond of kosher food," said Frank Wright, a native Floridian with a genteel Southern accent, who is the chairman of a discussion group called the Palm Beach Round Table. "I'm particularly fond of that soup, that particular soup. The name escapes me just now."

"Matzo-ball soup," Mr. Schlang prompted.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Wright. "Matzo-ball soup. Very fond of that."

"Joe has picked up this hotel from nothing and is making a middle-class Jewish Riviera out of it," said Frank Flower, who is the president of the Round Table and an owner of several Florida hotels. The two hoteliers then compared their ties. Mr. Flower's tie was patterned with little golfers; Mr. Schlang's was embroidered with the names of Puccini operas—"La Bohème," "Tosca," "Butterfly." The two men agreed that Mr. Schlang had the superior tie.

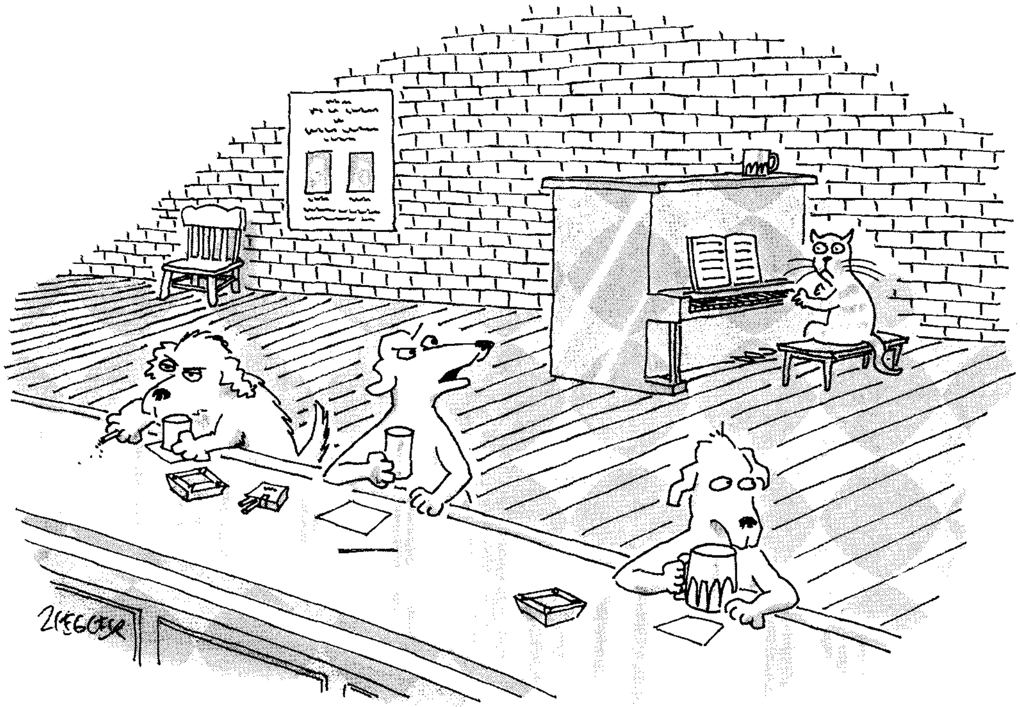
The Abrams family, sitting one table over, concluded their dinner and bade good night to Mr. and Mrs. Schlang. "I'm happy Palm Beach has a kosher restaurant," Mrs. Schulder said. "I remember when Jews weren't welcome at many of the places here."

"Society is becoming more open," Mr. Abrams said.

In the dining room, Mr. Wright was saying, "A lot of Palm Beachers would say that Palm Beach doesn't need a kosher restaurant. And those are the people that would enjoy eating here the most. They would try the gefilte fish, and it would be a new experience for them, and they would love it!"

Loft Tenants

ONE of the more banal things you can do to an artist is to ask him for a description of his work. We slipped and did just that the other Saturday as we stood in front of Deborah Masters' sculpture-in-progress "Circle," a group of several bulky, earth-colored plaster female figures, which has since become part of a group show at the Whitney Museum's outpost at Philip Morris, on Forty-second Street.



"Hey, pal, let's hear 'Doggie in the Window' again, and this time play it like you mean it!"

Deborah had called us the night before. "I'll be getting ready for my show—they're coming to pick up my work on Monday—so I might be a little distracted, but why don't you stop by? Bill will be here, and we'll bring you up to date on the Loft Tenants." She meant Bill Nogosek, an artist who works with paper, paint, and Rhoplex, and who has been keeping us abreast of what's happening with the Brooklyn Loft Tenants, an association of about five hundred loft-dwelling artists.

Deborah—a petite woman with large green eyes—has a huge loft, with the usual chairs, tables, stove, and coats-on-pegs, and also with some oversized plastic garbage pails full of soft red clay, a skylight fifteen feet overhead, and a complicated rig of chain falls suspended from the ceiling. At the moment we arrived, she was flipping over a cassette tape (Jessye Norman singing Richard Strauss), Bill was carrying in a six-pack of Brooklyn Lager, and Ellen Druart, a small, spry woman, who is Deborah's assistant, was painting some thick clear liquid on the inside of a seven-foot plaster mold of a female figure's back. "She's using tincture of green soap—it's been around for centuries," Deborah told us. "Michelangelo probably used it. It acts as a separating agent, putting a coat of oil between the plaster mold and the hydrocal—that's a harder kind of plaster. Next, we'll mix a bowl of hydrocal up and paint it in. After that, we dip strips of burlap into hydrocal and stick them onto the mold. Then the hydrocal will harden, and we'll break the mold off. All that can take hours. At some point tomorrow afternoon, Ellen will be lowering the front of the legs onto the sculpture and I'll be pressing burlap into the seams and putting in tie rods to hold the halves together. To do that, I'll have to crawl up inside the torso."

After watching the process get under way, we wandered into an adjoining room. There four completed female figures towered over us, and that's when we asked Deborah, who had followed us in, "So how would you describe your work?"

She thought for a minute. "Well, I can't describe it, but I'll tell you why I did it," she said. "We had a child who lived next door—Adrian, who was seven. He was the first child born to any of the artists in this neighborhood. I don't know if my life will ever be organized enough for me to have children, so I was very close to Adrian. And a year and a half ago he died in an accident. His father is from Sweden, and his mother is from Texas, and relatives came from all over. All of us women began working together really intensely, while the men sat around like vegetables. It wasn't something I would have expected. We were just as upset as the men, but we were reacting in a different way. This sculpture is about the women who came together. It's first a piece about grief, but ultimately it's about hope—about people continuing. The women are supposed to be close to the wall, so that when you enter you feel as if you were intruding a bit."

As Deborah walked back into her workroom, she said, "When we all arrived here, ten and fifteen years ago, these huge places were advertised in the newspaper, and we got residential leases. Most of us were from out of town, and it seemed legitimate. Then the city started evicting people from commercial buildings."

Bill—a methodical young man with spiked dark hair and round wire-rimmed glasses—picked up the story. "In 1982, Article 7C of the State Multiple Dwelling Law, or the Loft Law, was passed, to legalize living in buildings previously used for manufacturing, commercial, or warehouse purposes—places where it used to be illegal to live, in other words," he said. "If there were three or more residential units in the building during what they called the 'window period'—between April 1, 1980, and December 1, 1981—you're supposed to be protected by the Loft Law. But then the city took our protection away. It got complicated. There's zoning. You have to live on the right block. We're in a manufacturing zone that for a few years was designated a study zone. During that time, we were protected from being evicted. But in 1985 the city dropped the study areas. Now what we have is grandfatherability. Is that a word? Anyway, that could get us back under the Loft Law and grant us residential-tenant status. The landlords would have to bring the buildings up to code. They'd have to provide heat, hot water, garbage collection. We wouldn't have to take our garbage to the F train, for example."

"You still do that?" Deborah asked.

"Yeah, I guess it's habit—you know, make it look as if people weren't living here," Bill said, with a shrug.

"Can you imagine living in a little apartment in the East Village and doing this work?" Deborah asked us, twirling around and swinging her paintbrush in a hundred-and-eighty-degree arc.

"You have to be a zoning expert to live in a loft," Bill went on. "I haven't told you how we'd be eligible for grandfathering. That's a good story. At a 1985 Board of Estimate meeting, the city decided at three in the morning that if forty-five per cent of the floor space of a building that falls within certain manufacturing zones was occupied for residential use on June 4, 1981, then it could be grandfathered."

Deborah said, "In this building, we've calculated and calculated and we're still not sure. It depends on whether they count the hallways. Then, there's the worst-case scenario: even if the building was a hundred per cent residentially occupied, they might count only the living space, and count our art spaces as manufacturing. So in the spring of last year we went to Albany and told the legislators our story—that this forty-five-per-cent stuff had never come up before in the Loft Law, that it was arbitrary and capricious. They said we were right. They passed an amendment to the Loft Law, a hundred and fifty-seven to one, that said, Forget the manufacturing zone, it doesn't matter where you live. The legislators were all really friendly; they asked us to send them photographs of our work." She laughed, and bent down and started to apply dipped burlap to the mold.

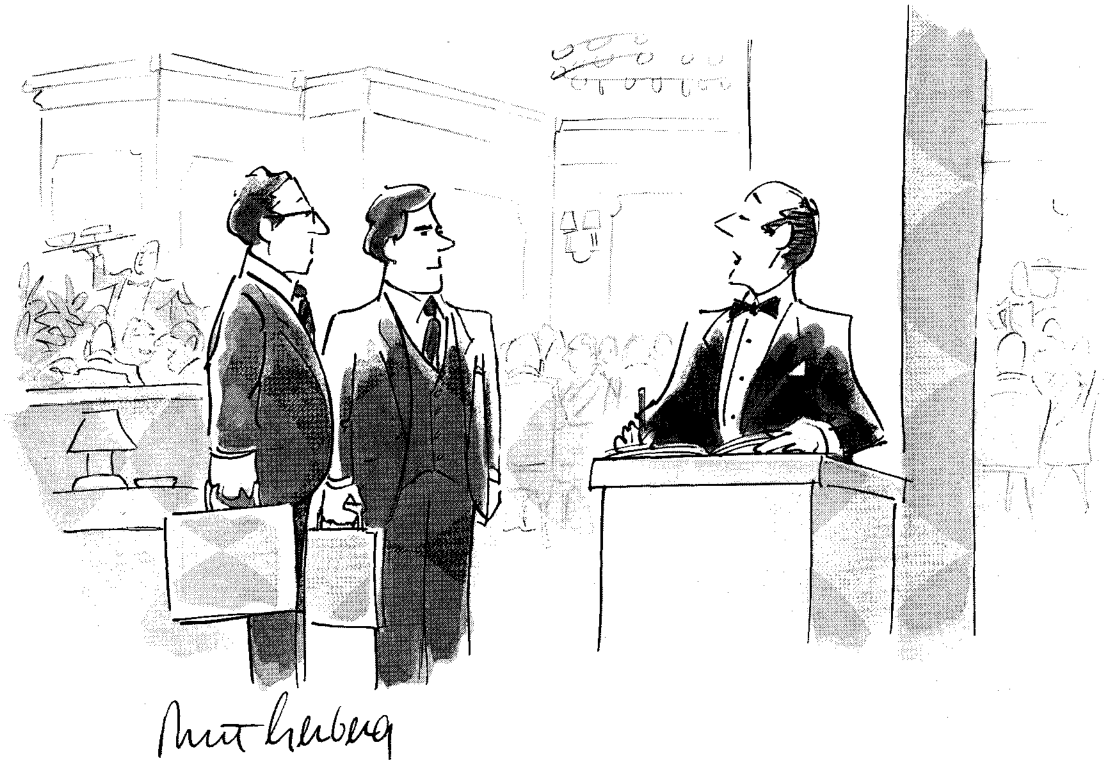
"So we thought we were O.K.," Bill said. "But now the city is suing the state to prevent the amendment from being enforced. And nothing is happening."

"It's starting to harden," Deborah said, looking up and pushing a lock of plaster-speckled hair off her face with the inside of her arm. "Can you imagine the anxiety of living in a place with tons of sculpture and not being sure how long you can stay?"

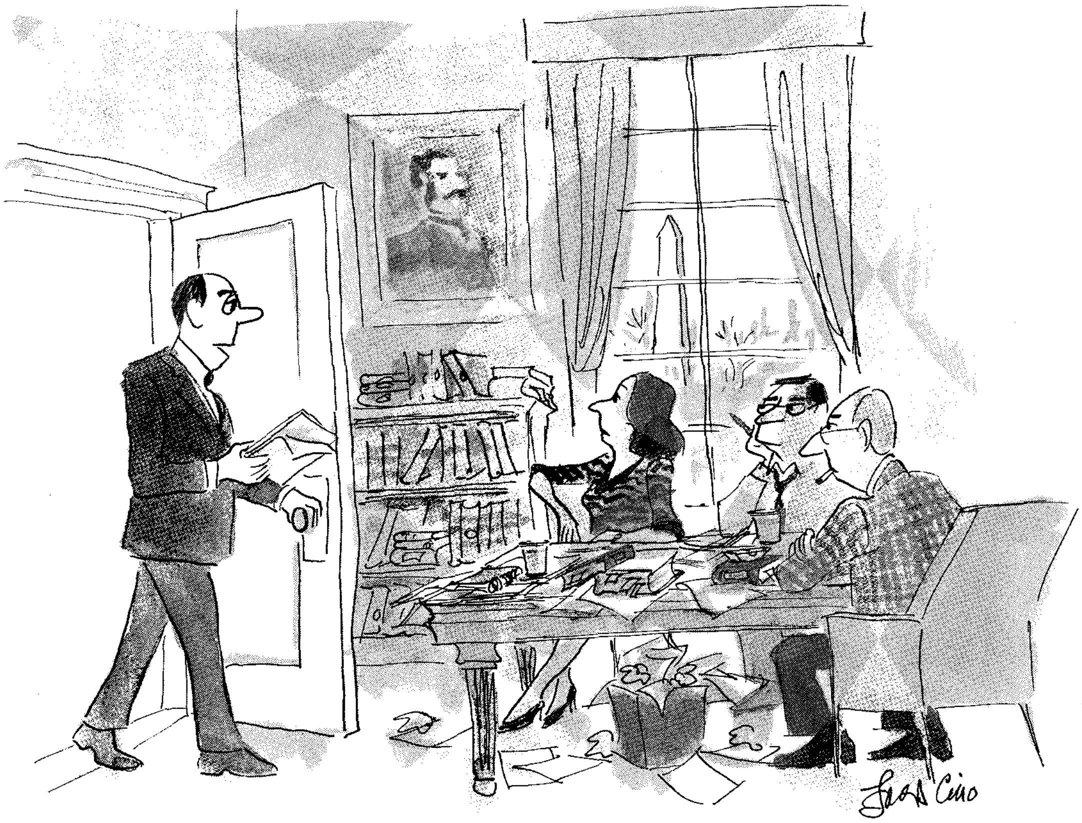
Attitude

Willie Leake used to have his own house (the House of Ninja), but it has closed; now he's with the House of Field. He's a lank man in his twenties, as lithe as a yogi, with wide doe eyes, a sliver of a mustache, and a wavy mane of black hair that grazes his shoulders in intricate shiny curls. Recently, he directed the Voguing segment of "An Evening Devoted to House Music and Voguing" at El Museo del Barrio, uptown.

"Voguing," the program notes explained, "is an underground club form of entertainment which appropriates and subverts the images, fashion and music prevalent in mainstream culture. Voguing, which is manifested in competition between alternative social clubs who take their names from Paris fashion design houses, is an imitation of fashion shows, performed by men who strive for best form, movement, and appearance. The standards for these competitions come from the fashion dictates and models' poses featured in *Vogue* magazine." And, just to make the picture a little clearer, the evening started off with an explanatory video, "Voguing: The Message." Next came some female fashion models, to demonstrate the vocabulary of the mannequin: poise, insouciance, charm, disdain, humor, hauteur—in a word, attitude. (Willie had trained them.) And, finally, the Voguers themselves: Willie, Sean, Lamar, Lance, D'Juan, David, Jose, Cesar, Fidel. Singly or in pairs, and to the insistent Latin and African rhythms of d.j.-mixed music, they slithered, skittered, or lunged across the small space left



"And would the gentlemen like a table with a fax or without?"



"The main body of this Inaugural Address is great, but he wants a happier ending."

them—the room was packed—in a highly stylized series of stop-action contortions and expressions caricaturing the stock images of the fashion magazine.

Willie told us later, "You could say that Voguing is the gay form of breaking. Or a challenge dance. Instead of a rival gang, maybe there might be a rival person—in a club, say. Someone you didn't particularly care for. Through the dance you could throw shade—you could let that person know you didn't care for him. And if that person knew it he would come back at you to see who was better. Body-language communication. You make a statement. Or maybe you tell a story. It's always improv. It's not a dance you choreograph. You can choreograph breaking, because it's set moves. With this, the hand movements change, the arm movements, the leg movements. You might come up with something new right then and there. There are many different forms: pantomime; gymnastics; in my case, T'ai Chi and the animal forms of kung fu. At first, it was too black for the clubs. Too black, and maybe too Hispanic. And then white people started to take an interest, because they saw a new format—something to liven up their parties. But Voguing was before breaking ever was, I know that. How far back it goes I don't know, but I believe it's been twenty years, because I've been doing it for eight, and it was out for years before I even knew about it. It was a gay underground dance, and it was so far underground nobody really knew it existed.

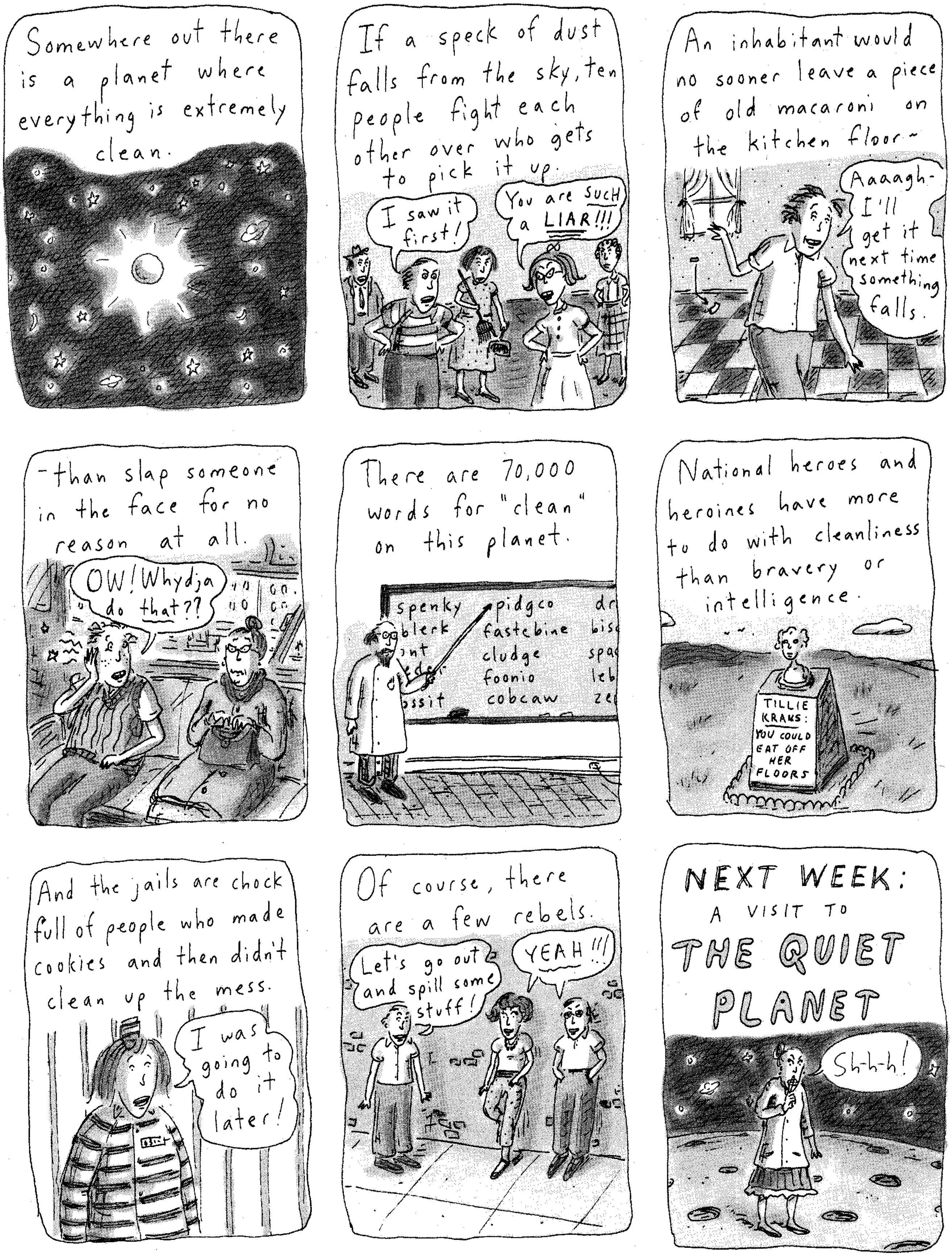
"Voguing—or Performance—is just one of many competition categories you'll find at a ball, which every month or so one of the houses will throw. Another category might be Runway Models Effect: 'Mary McFadden versus Norma Kamali' or 'Yohji Yamamoto versus Issey Miyake.' And you've got to come up with the actual designer's garment. You *cannot* take the label out and stitch it into something of your own. The *actual* garment, or the judges will know. Categories, they just pop into mind. From TV, from the street, or from just out of your mind.

"A house is almost like a chic form of a gang. But it's also just like what they have in Paris. Like the House of Chanel, run by Karl Lagerfeld. It's a gang, a fashion house, and a family, all in one unit—close friends that take care of each other and look out for each other. Each house has a mother and a father—they're like the heads of the household—and all the members of the house are like family members.

"Last month, the House of Extravaganza and the House of Africa, a new house, threw balls on the same night—a political discrepancy. You should come to Dupree's ball next month—the Paris Is Burning Ball. One year, their grand-prize trophy was twelve feet tall. Paris is the mother of the House of Dupree, one of the oldest houses around, along with the Ebonys, the Saint Laurents. Dupree always hosts the first ball of the year, and they've got categories for your *nerves*. You have to go there with a breakfast, lunch, and dinner platter, *and* a cot. You know, everybody tries to be the Grace Jones or Diana Ross of being *beyond* fashionably late. Everybody's *done*, head to toe, and wants to make a grand entrance. And so the ball never starts on time. It's supposed to start at four in the afternoon, say. But nobody shows up until seven. And then everybody decides to walk whatever category is going on at that moment. So it takes *forever*, because you've got contestant upon contestant. Especially in the Face category—that's always the longest category, because everybody thinks he's got a beautiful face."

Willy put on a black baseball cap with large mirrored-plastic block letters spelling "OVER" across the front. We asked what that meant, and he said, " 'Over'? It's slang for—for it's so hot I can't stand it! It can't be stopped! It's like, it's *ohhh-vahhh* for me, child! You know. It means I'm doing great. I've *said* it. It's me, it's me, it's all about me."

TRAVELOGUE


Somewhere out there is a planet where everything is extremely clean.
If a speck of dust falls from the sky, ten people fight each other over who gets to pick it up.
I saw it first!
You are SUCH a LIAR!!!
An inhabitant would no sooner leave a piece of old macaroni on the kitchen floor—
Aaaagh- I'll get it next time something falls.
-than slap someone in the face for no reason at all.
OW! Whydja do that??
There are 70,000 words for "clean" on this planet.
spenky
blerk
pidgco
fastcbine
cludge
foonio
cobcaw
National heroes and heroines have more to do with cleanliness than bravery or intelligence.
TILLIE KRAUS: YOU COULD EAT OFF HER FLOORS
And the jails are chock full of people who made cookies and then didn't clean up the mess.
I was going to do it later!
Of course, there are a few rebels.
Let's go out and spill some stuff!
YEAH!!!
NEXT WEEK: A VISIT TO THE QUIET PLANET
Sh-h-h!

R. Chast

A MAN WHO CAN'T LOVE

(Dedicated to Women Who Love Too Much)

TODAY, instead of going through the usual routine, which, frankly, none of you seem to be getting that well, I thought I'd focus on these failed candidates, point out why they flunked, have a good time with their flaws. Let's look at what they did wrong.

1. Claire

Claire is an attractive film reviewer in her early thirties. A stunning brunette, she's been in and out of a dozen "relationships" but is now "available" again. When I met her, she had just been through a painful and extremely self-destructive relationship with "Fred." "Fred," a ravishing film editor in his late thirties, was married and insisted on meeting her in obscure resorts on holidays *only*. (His wife belonged to a violent religious group, quite beyond animal sacrifice, self-flagellation, etc., which did not permit outsiders to participate in their festive seasons.) Claire, who was, as I say, a wildly attractive film reviewer, the graduate of a topnotch Eastern school, the daughter of attractive, highly educated people (her father was provost of a major interdenominational religious restaurant; her mother, an attractive, well-educated woman in her mid-fifties, doled out anabolic steroids and had corrupted many of the nation's finest athletes—in Canada, too), was beginning to wonder if she would ever have a happy, sustained relationship.

The answer is: *Not with me she can't.* Claire is making one simple, basic error, like many other attractive film reviewers; however often she changes the *externals* of her situation, basically the underlying problem remains untouched. The fact is, I don't date film reviewers. I date film *critics*. Claire came on with a clumsy "thumbs up, thumbs down" routine, which was, frankly, an embarrassment. One and a half stars for that one, Claire. I thought the plot was kind of contrived, and we've seen these characters before.

2. Mary

Mary is one of those women who can't seem to get a handle on life. She just drifts from day to day, unable to concentrate on her real ambition, which is to torment her daughter. We'll be hearing more about Mary later.

3. Susan

Susan cannot learn to classify men. In fact, she can't tell one from another. The subway, where there are hundreds of men, is a particular problem for her. So let's give it one more try for Susan. Sit down and listen. There are *three kinds of men:*

1. The Wheedler

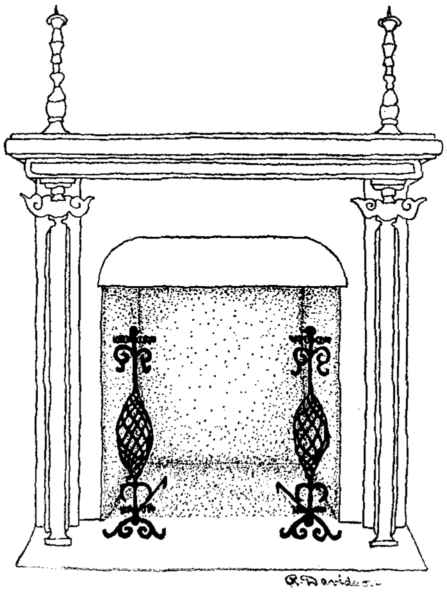
At first he's all attention. She can't get enough of him, he can't get enough of her (so *she* thinks), but all the time she's putting garnishes on the dish of love, he's getting ready to move out.

2. The Tomcat

She's in heaven: she's finally met "The One." The trouble is just that—*trouble*. The reason he's so crazy about *her* is that he's crazy about every girl. He can't get enough! He's an absolute raving maniac! He's ready to go again! He's out the door! He's back!

Mary, above, was an amazing example of putting up with this. Mary's case was extreme. Frankly, I'd never heard of anything quite like it. This is what she told me:

> My husband admitted to me on our wedding night that he had "a secret ambition" and it was to populate an entire state. He said that he would be a "good husband" to me as long as I would "turn a blind eye" to the fact that he would be having thousands of children by other women. The code word for our deal was "Nebraska." It got so I couldn't bear to hear the name of any Midwestern state. Breakfast, lunchtime, dinner, it was always time to "go to Nebraska," or "see the Cornhuskers," or some similar term. Conventions and business trips were a strain for me—and apparently for him. And I'd be expected to nurse him back to health! But then he'd turn "sweet" and tell me I was the "only one," and I'd believe him! I can't believe what a fool I was! As soon as he had his strength again, he'd be back "in Omaha," or "going to Grand Island." It was a nightmare! It went on for over thirty years, and I believe that a high percentage of that state are his children. I have met some of his "other women"—how could I *not* meet them? There were hundreds, thousands of them—and they all swear by my husband, but to me it was a living daydream or unreality, and it's still going on! I'm out of my mind to put up with it!



3. The No-Goodnik

Frankly, this guy's just a heel. Don't expect him to change—*you* change. You take the crucial creative steps toward self-involvement with yourself and other women like yourself who have come to terms with coming to understand that he's not going to change, and realize that, unlike you, he's condemned to the nightmare of constantly looking at and desiring women. You have to face the fact that he's just no good. The fact is that if you deny it you just stay in the same patterns, which seem to change but don't. If you catch yourself talking to one of these men—at a bar or cocktail lounge is where they are—tell him, *I'm going to change*, and have the satisfaction of watching him walk right into that same old pattern of watching and desiring women who are unable or unwilling to see that *he won't change*. See that guy over there? Watch him. Think he's going to change? Uh-uh. I'm glad I'm with a person who is able to watch that striking upscale brunette begin to go through the *same patterns*, participating in the delusion that *he's* going to change. Can I buy you a drink while we wait? —George W. S. Trow

•

The Greater Pittsburgh Christian Temple, 250 S. Pacific Ave., recently announced several activities for the upcoming holiday season.

A Christmas musical, "The Mall and the Night Visitor," will be presented on Friday, Dec. 16.—*Pittsburgh Bloomfield-Garfield Bulletin.*

The tender story of a break-in at K mart.

IN AND OUT

FROM the quarter-inch-thick sheet of clay Jilly cut the side walls and the square, peaked front and back walls. The texture of the clay was like butter when you're working sugar into it, stiff and grainy, or like boiled tongue. The clay knife looked small in her fat fingers. It moved with a satisfying clean cut along right angles—exact, exacting, but not hard.

With the point of a paring knife she cut out a window low in one side wall, a small window high in the back wall, and the front door. She pinched and pressed a piece of clay to make it into a bit of uneven ground, the base on which she erected the walls one by one, joining the corners after running a water-dipped finger along each edge and sealing the join the same way. The front wall went on last, fitting the edges of the side walls precisely. On the clay-daubed turntable now stood a roofless house three inches long and two inches high.

Her nieces had left some modelling clay, the oily kind, in a desk drawer. She had pinched out little animals, grotesque heads, from the greasy stuff and then mashed them back into the lump. She felt ashamed of playing like a child, of making ugly childish shapes. She hated sewing and got sick of reading. She kept thinking about some tiny houses she had seen once in Chinatown, made of brown clay, very delicate.

Kaye Forrest came in to sit with Mother one day, and after shopping at Hambleton's Jilly went by Bill Weisler's and asked him what kind of clay she could buy to just fool around with. Bill gave her an incredibly heavy little paper sack of dry dust. He gave her two clay knives and an old turntable, and told her he'd bake whatever she made in his kiln, which he called "kill," so long as she'd hollow out the thick pieces so that they wouldn't explode in the heat in the kiln. She kept trying to get away and he kept telling her how to mix the clay and how to make slip and what to use it for and that she should cover the clay and the pieces with damp cloths at night, and when she drove off he was yelling that if she wanted to try bringing pots up on his wheel she could come over any evening, which left her really wishing she was at the office, where she could tell somebody. "He said, 'Come over and bring pots up on my wheel'!"

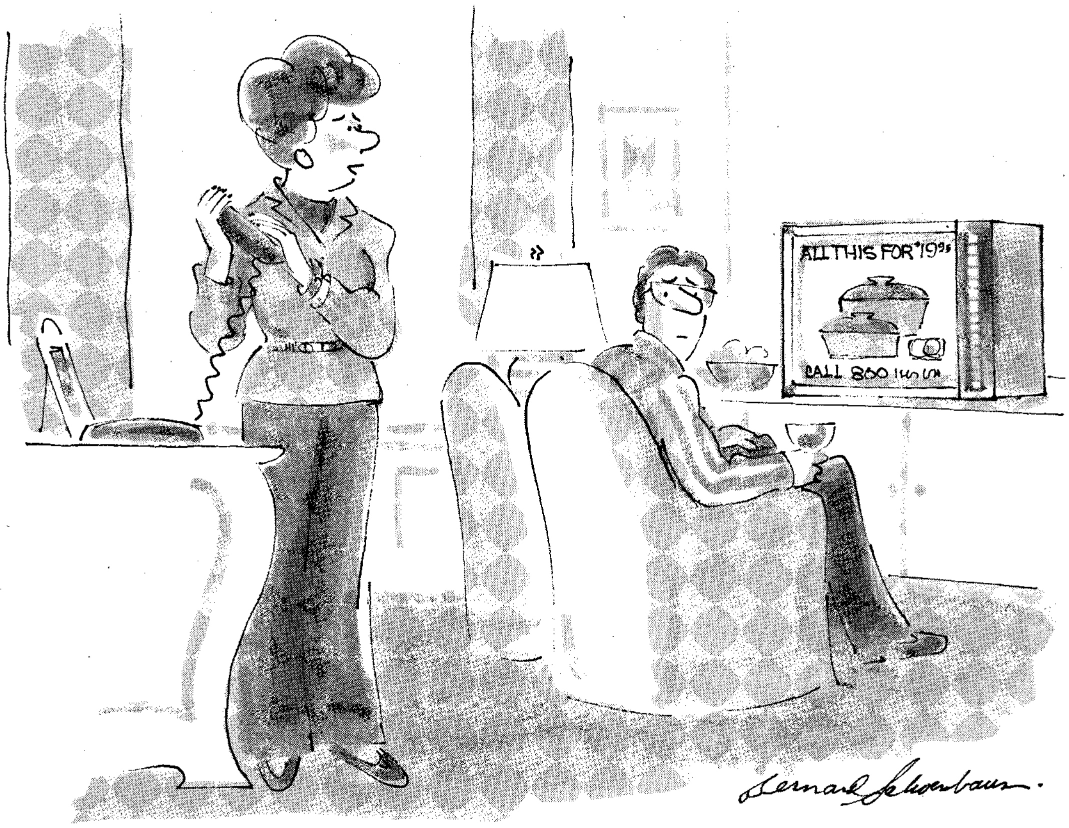
Mother wouldn't enjoy it. Men were allowed to make innuendo sort of jokes, but women did not understand them.

The idea of doing anything with old Bill Weisler was too dismaying to be very funny, actually, but it had been interesting to see the inside of his cabin—shelves and shelves with rows and rows of the bowls and pots and vases he sold in Portland, some raw and some baked and colored. She knew he made a living as a potter but had never considered that that meant he lived there making pots, his hands in clay all day long, all night, too, maybe.

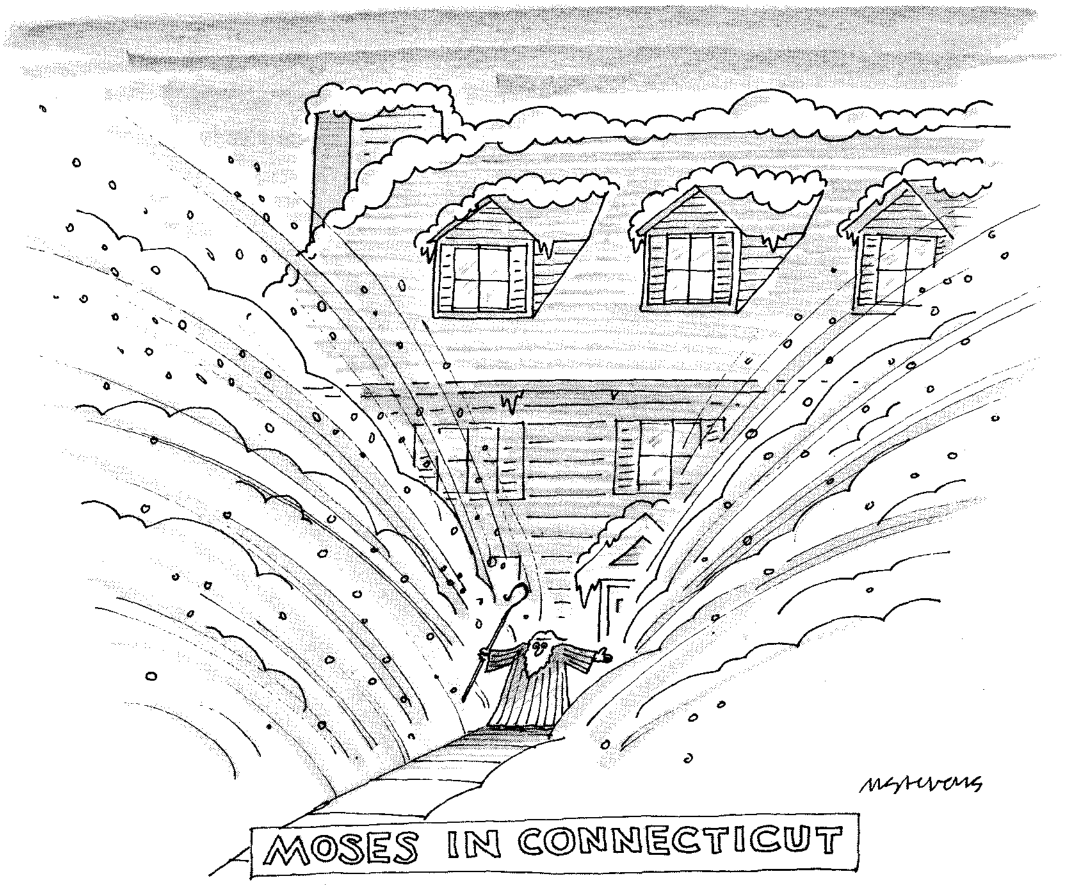
She spun the table slowly, checking the walls for fit and verticality, admiring the view of the inside through the little oblong of the doorway.

Bringing the rolled-out slab round again, she measured off the length of the house on it and added a half inch for eaves, estimated the width with a margin for error, marked off the rectangle, and cut out the roof. She ruled a line down the center where the ridgepole would go, and then with an old fork and her thumbnail scored the surface of the clay with scratches to look like straw. She lifted the roof on a spatula and laid it on the walls. It fit, overhanging only a little too far on the sides. She took it off and trimmed the edges, raking them with the fork to look more like straw, then wet the surfaces where roof would rest on wall, added a little slip to seal the joins, and replaced the roof, pressing it gently down on the house. Now when she looked in through the doorway she saw light entering the house only through the windows. The house had an inside, a dim, eerie place she could peer into with her enormous eye but could not enter, even though she had made it.

She began to cut toothpicks of clay for the window and door frames. The work went well, easily, because she knew what she was doing. Her first house, squat and sorry, sat drying up on the bookshelf. With it were three improving versions—a small village



"It's a battery of operators awaiting our call."



of some very primitive tribe. But this one was coming out right. Almost like the ones in Chinatown.

She had been thinking, and the thought came back like the turntable coming round, that it was hard, or anyway she found it hard, to realize that what you did was usually just done once. Once for all. That doing something wasn't just a kind of practice for something that would keep happening but was what would happen, was what happened. You didn't get to practice.

Of course, there was all the stuff that needed doing over every day—housework, office work, old Bill's pots; but you treated that as if it didn't matter, even when it was all you knew how to do well, and kept saving yourself up for the important things, and then when you did them you didn't know how. Like when the group of secretaries met to plan a meeting to talk about women in the city government, and the meeting had been so terrific, people saying things they didn't even know they thought, and ideas coming up, and nobody pushing anybody around. And then Jetz's exec. sec. told the women in her office that they couldn't attend, and the group never met again. They had just been getting ready for the real meeting and they had had it, it was done. Why was it so hard to see while it was happening that that was what was happening? Even a marriage. About the time she grew up enough to realize that marriage was what she and David were doing, he had started wanting out. Maybe because he'd realized it, too. Who knows? Even just going to Chinatown. Not a tour to China or something like that that you knew would be once in a lifetime but just a shopping trip in Chinatown, and you saw some little clay houses, but you didn't buy them, and said, "I'll get a couple of those when I come back." And then it's years later and if you did go back they wouldn't be there. There might not be the same shops, even.

So the thing about what she was doing, even if it was stupid at least she'd practiced it, and this time she was doing it right.

She was fitting the tiny frame around the doorway when her mother came through the room.

Jilly looked around and said, "Hi!" She didn't want to look around or speak, but she had no excuse; she wasn't working, she was playing, making toy houses. Nothing she did could be anything but playing compared to what her mother was doing. She was walking from her bedroom, past the bathroom, through Jilly's room, to the sunroom at the back of the house. She wore the kimono Jilly had bought her in a secondhand store in Portland, embroidered in jade and apricot and gold, silly gorgeous silks over the thin and swollen places. She stopped in the doorway to the sunroom and said, "The sun's got around back here now."

Jilly bent over the turntable and made a cheerful sound. She heard her mother go on after a minute into the sunroom. There she would play at reading the newspaper, which Jilly had left for her by the armchair under the south windows. There she would play at sitting in the sun. But all the time she was working herself to death.

Since the last treatment she had not been outside. She did not cook or clean or crochet or play bridge or do any of the things she had practiced for a long time. She had been practicing walking even longer, and still did that. She could walk down the little hall to the bathroom by herself, and all the way to the sunroom. Jilly's father had closed in the south-facing back porch when he bought the house for their retirement home five years ago. He had had it roofed, put in windows and louvres and miniblinds, got it all fixed up "so your mother can get the sun without the wind." Then he had gone out into the front garden and taken hold of a hoe handle and thrown it from him with a shout, flinging his arms wide, and died—right then, right there, without any practice at all.

The garden he had started to put in stayed the way it was. When Ernest brought the girls for Thanksgiving he would prune the hydrangeas and cut back the laurel hedge. Jilly sometimes spent an hour on a weekend weeding around the roses, enjoying it and always sure she would do more next

BALANCE BROUGHT FORWARD

She left, just plain out left,
and left him
that freight of money—
not tons,
but much from her.
Astonishing,
she was money.
Sitting by her cot he'd never thought
she was money,
she was real estate,
she was clocks and cows
and barns and policies.
But here it was,
piled up around him,
crept into his pockets,
burdening the mail.
In college,
getting the chipped-edged dollar bills
in "linen" envelopes,
remembering the henhouse,
the cream mill's loaves-and-little-fishes bones
sunning on the back-porch bench
under the hanging galvanized milk pails,
considering, over "Elements of Business,"
her minus pocketbook, her silence,
he hadn't calculated this.
He never caught on to
that deal she made:
I'll give, you take.
Sitting beside her
in Room 20B—
her skimpy covers,
blotted gown,
odor of cheap beef on her plate,
her steady non-binding gaze
never prepared him.
She must have sweated some,
figuring, refilling his sock,
before her getaway.
He ran a red light,
speeding after,
adding it up, outdone—
No! Wait! You shorted me!

—ELEANOR ROSS TAYLOR

• •

weekend. Now that she was staying here she hardly ever went into the garden, because Mother never did. Mother had never gone down to the beach even when she was well. She did not like the wind. And there were insects outside.

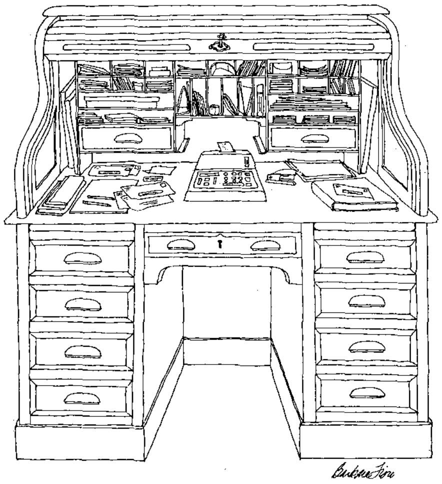
Last spring, when it was only in the lymph nodes, one of the doctors had recommended a book about imagination therapy, and Jilly had got it and read it aloud to her. The book told her to imagine armies of Helper Cells and Hero Cells winning the war. "I thought about that army, like it said," she told Jilly in the morning in her soft, flat voice. "There was a whole lot of them. With wings. Sort of transparent."

"Like angels?"

"No," her mother said. "They were like those winged-ant things, the whitish ones. They were crawling all over inside. Inside me."

AT first the radio played just what Kaye liked, Willie and Don and Emmy Lou, but then there were four or five songs in a row that were about bodies. Your warm and tender body, they said, the word "body" with a kind of thick sound to it, and then "love," of course, with that same thick back-of-the-throat sound, I luhrv yer buhrdy, so she finally turned it off. If they meant sex when they said love, fine, nobody knows what love means anyhow. But when the word for what you made love to was the same as for a corpse it sounded like it didn't matter whether the body was alive or dead. She sponged the counter clean, ran the disposal, wiped out the sink, rinsed the sponges, checked round with a glance, gathered up the sections of the newspaper Jack had left on the breakfast table, put them on the coffee table in the front room, and went into the empty room. The guest room.

Its windows faced east and were full of sunlight, which showed all the winter's salty, streaky grime on the glass. "I can wash the windows," Kaye thought, but immediately postponed the reprieve, making it into a reward. After. She could wash the windows after.



Nothing was really dirty or even very dusty, nothing was disordered in the bright little room. But it had been eighteen months. It was time she could clean it like the rest of the house. It had been two months. Since she had dusted. At least two months. At Christmas, before Christmas. Four months. It was time. Things have their seasons. If Jack's niece really came for Easter she would have this room, the guest room. It would be her room. Karen's room. That was as it should be; people lived in rooms and left them and the rooms were still there. They were called Sarah's room, Karen's room, but they were the same place. That had to do with love. That had to do with why it bothered her when they sang about love as if they knew what it was, as if love meant anything in words at all.

Jack knew that. He never said "I love you" except when he thought he had to, and it embarrassed both of them when he did. She never said it at all. On Valentine's Day she put a valentine under his dinner plate. Red paper hearts, white paper lace, cartoon cupids—that was "I love you." That was fine. All right. But there was this other thing that was dark, that had nothing to do with talking, with words, that was here, now, in this room—that was this room in her and her in this room, the heaviness of her body, her living body in the absence of the dead. That was what they didn't sing about.

The bed should be aired. It had stood made up all winter, getting damp. She turned her back on the bad place, the shelves, and whipped the spread and blankets off the bed. Different blankets—she had given the others away. She pulled out and bundled up the sheets, took the mattress pad off, and pushed the bed out a bit so that the sunlight would fall right across it. She took the sheets to the laundry basket on the back porch and hung the mattress pad on the lines there to air out. When she came back into the room it looked like a motel room being cleaned—torn apart, unfamiliar. She turned at once to the shelves.

"This baby almost made Car of the Year in '78."

She moved Sarah's toys down onto the bureau so that she could dust the shelves. She handled the things firmly. They weren't really toys. There were the two plastic horses, the Thoroughbred and the Appaloosa. When they were seven or eight Jannine would bring her horses over and the two girls would play, down in the dunes, all afternoon. Sarah had kept the horses because they were pretty. They weren't toys anymore, just pretty things she had liked. They had a right to stay there. It was all right. Things that weren't pretty, that had only been toys or only been useful, not loved, those it wouldn't have been right to keep. Jack had wanted to leave everything, keep everything. He had never forgiven her for giving away the toys, the clothes, the blankets. Even though he knew they couldn't keep them, and never spoke of it, and probably never thought about it, he had never forgiven her. People never forgave you for doing what had to be done that they wouldn't do themselves. Like those caste people in India, little dark stick people on the TV, who looked after dirty clothes and garbage and corpses. Nobody would touch them. If you got rid of dirt you got dirty. It made sense. Jack didn't want anything in the room to be treated like dirt, to be got rid of. But it had to be. Somebody had to.

The pretty, oh, the pretty little tiger, she had forgotten it—made of red and yellow and black silk and tiny mirrors sewed in—from somewhere in India. Was that why she had thought about India? Jannine had given it to Sarah the last Christmas. With its silly cat smile, and mirrors down its striped sides. She put it down. She put it down. Beside the bookend, the sailing ship.

Jack made that before they were married. What fine work he used to do, inlay and pierced carving. Maybe when he retired he would go back to work like that. Maybe she could ask him then to make that piece he had designed years ago, in the other house. He would have the designs somewhere; he never threw anything away. A chest with a design of sea creatures on the lid in inlay, and sea horses at the corners holding it up. In the drawing you thought the chest had scalloped corners and then you saw the sea horses standing on their curled tails. Bearing that in mind, she dusted the books and set them back behind the bookend and turned at last to the easy parts of the room.

The sunlight in the windows was so bright it darkened her eyes and she felt cold through, as if the room itself were cold, dark, and very close, too close. The telephone in the kitchen rang, and she ran.

"Have to go up to Astoria," Jack said. His husky, grumbling voice was full of his physical presence, *his* body, thick, firm, solid, defenseless. "They sent the wrong insulation. Fuck it up every time." He grumbled but forgave them. He never looked for anything to go smoothly, only to go along smoothly himself, ducking under, as he said, letting the shit fly overhead. Lessons of Nam, he said. "Anything you want there?"

"I don't think so."

"So I won't be back for lunch."

"Well, get something to eat there, then."

"O.K."

"Wait. Listen, where's the stepladder?"

"At the shop."

"Oh."

"I'll bring it home this evening. Used it fixing that molding on the

Martins' house. What d'you need it for?"

"Washing windows."

"Outside? Leave that to me."

"I can do the ones I can reach, anyhow."

"O.K. See you."

"Take care."

She would eat lunch early then, and go over to sit with Joyce Dant. She called the Dants. Jilly's voice, too, was full of her body, warm, fat, and soft, a bit breathless like a girl and yet retreating, not touching, not quite meeting you. "Oh, hi, Kaye!" she said warmly, but Kaye felt she was intruding.

"I'd like to come visit with Joyce this afternoon. If you have errands or anything, it's a pretty day to be out in."

"Oh, that's really nice of you, Kaye. I don't think there's anything we need."

"Well, I'll just come and sit a bit." She could feel Jilly's resistance. You always resisted; you felt like you had to be there, *you* had to be there. Somebody had to feel that way.

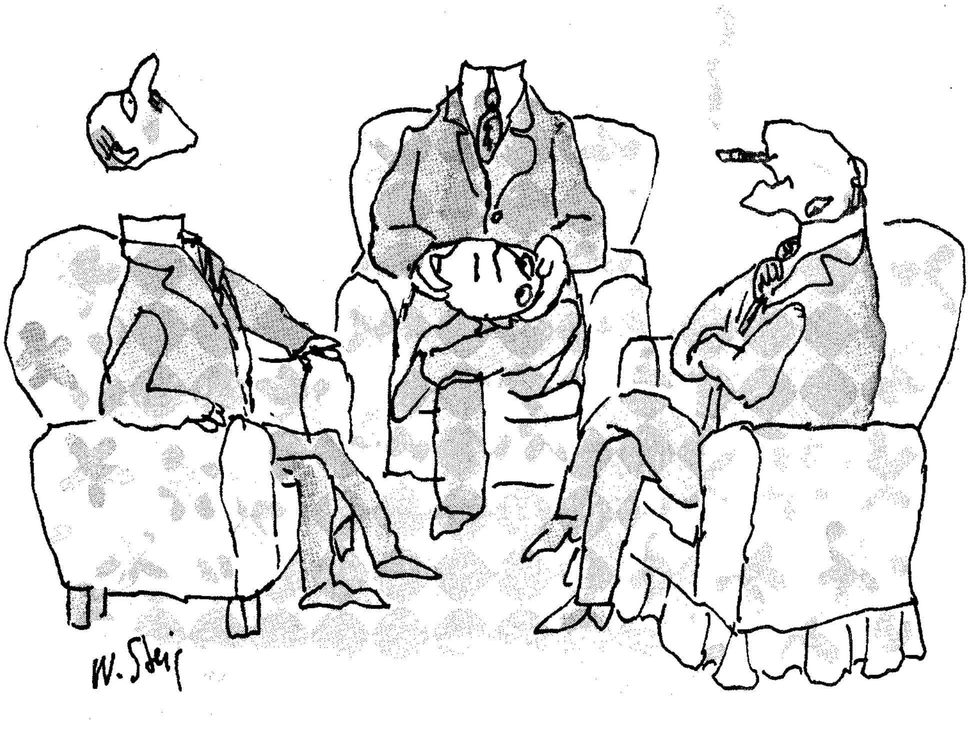
"I'll be over about two," Kaye said, and hung up. She knew Jilly couldn't argue with her. She knew her own authority, and its source.

Jilly was cutting posts for the roofed veranda she had decided to build on the front of her house when her mother spoke from the sunroom. "It's lovely and warm in here," she said.

Jilly answered loudly, "Yes! I bet it is!" But she would not go in there. This was her hour. Her one hour in the whole day. She went on cutting the shred of clay. All the rest of the time she was there to do what there was to do, but this one hour she kept back, kept out, to make stupid little imitation-Chinatown mud houses. It wasn't fair of her mother to try to claim this one piece of time, too. Everything else was hers. This was Jilly's time, playtime, fat mud Jilly making mud pies.

Her mother spoke again, the soft flat voice indistinctly responding to something she was reading in the paper. Jilly did not ask "What?" She pretended she had not heard. She could not stop listening. She never stopped listening, except some nights when she fell into a sleep like stone and woke appalled at her sleep, her absence, while her mother lay struggling at her work, which the drugs were supposed to make easy. Was long the same as easy? But now, just now, her mother did not really need her, she was only jealous.

The pages of the newspaper rustled, turning. Relieved, Jilly shifted her weight on the uncomfortable chair and went on working on the veranda roof. It was going to have to have a thicker beam running between the posts to keep it from sagging. Once she got that right, the roofed veranda made the house complete. The glimpse of the interior through the doorway was more charming and mysterious than ever. Though if you were an inch high and could actually go inside, you'd be in a single room whose floor and walls and roof were nothing but damp, cold, bare clay. It would be horrible. It's the inside seen from the outside, Jilly thought, bringing the turntable round, that always seems so mysterious and wonderful, and that's why—



A Pause in the Conversation

Her mother spoke again. She wasn't talking to the paper, this was a different voice. Alone in the sun-flooded room, not fully awake, since the new, higher dosage caused half-states and twilights of consciousness, she was thinking aloud; her mind was working on some question or problem, working something out. She said a few more words in a murmur and then clearly, in her small, flat voice, "All right. That's it, then. All right."

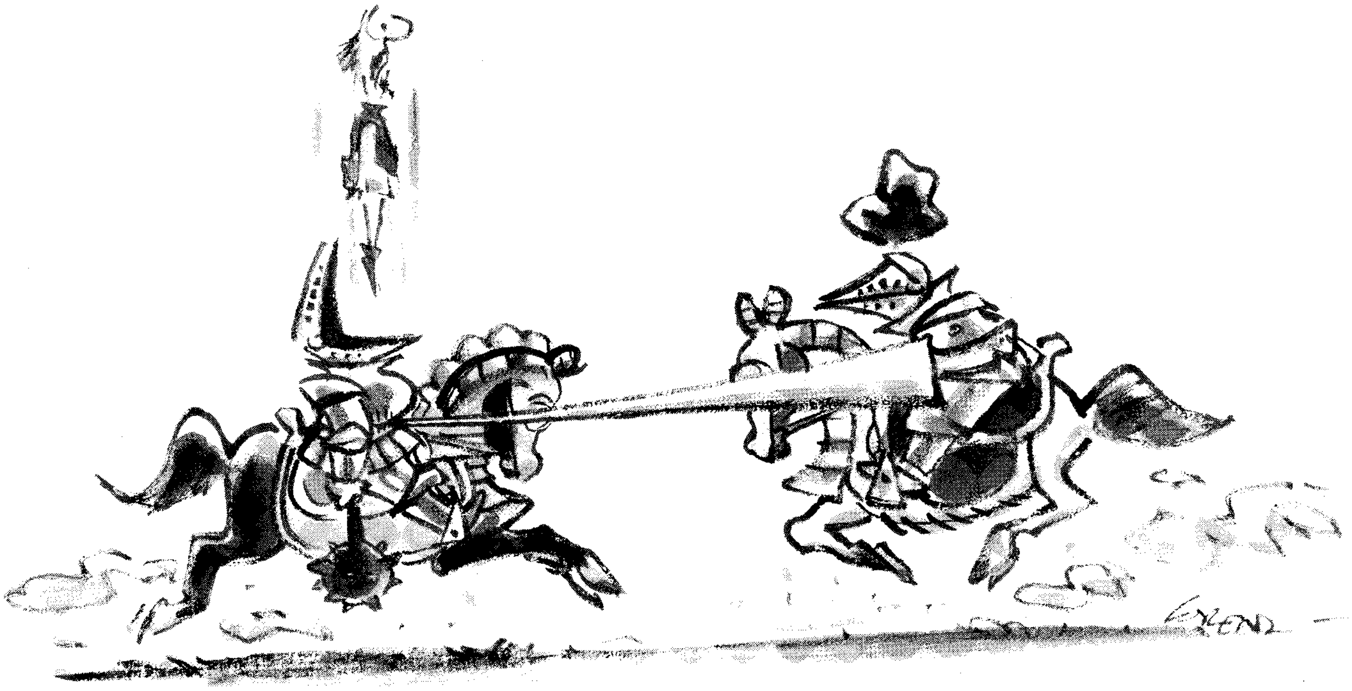
Jilly knew what she had asked and answered. Why had her daughter not come at her invitation, when she said it was warm and lovely here? Because she could no longer invite. She couldn't say, "Come in." She could only demand, "Come here!" or beg, "Come to me!" And her daughter did not want to come. All right.

But it wasn't true. Her daughter wanted to come but couldn't. She couldn't go into that room. She could only look in from the outside.

She set the finished house up on the shelf to dry. She dampened the clayey cloth and laid it over the unshaped lump. Her hands were daubed and coated grayish white, and she went to wash them. The telephone rang, and as she turned to it she called to her mother, "I'll be there in just a moment!"

Joyce wanted to watch one of the afternoon soaps. She told Kaye what the episode was going to be about, but as soon as it started she fell asleep. Kaye knitted. The afternoon sun was on the windows of the bedroom, but the miniblinds were closed tight, shutting out the sunlight and the sea. Kaye wondered if she was dying would she want to be in a room with a sea view. She wondered if Joyce looked out at the sea.

She lay like sticks and lumps in the bed, her face half turned away.



• •

Kaye knew little of her. She and her husband had moved here five years ago and he had died that first year. She had stayed, quiet, flat-talking. She was from the East somewhere—Ohio, maybe. She had a way of being aggrieved, down on things, but she had a funny streak, too, a kind of prim wryness. She wore brown and navy skirts, tan cardigans. Jilly would have given her the beautiful, brilliant housecoat that lay across the foot of the bed. Jilly was a good daughter, coming over from Portland every weekend when Joyce was newly widowed, and now staying here full time. She had a job at City Hall that she must have given up or got leave from. It would be hard to ask her about it. Jilly was much opener and easier than her mother but she held back, too. Kaye had told her to go out and have a walk on the beach, it was so beautiful out, but Jilly said she wanted a nap and was in her room now, the blinds drawn. The three of them shut indoors with the windows covered, and outside the April sunlight pouring down on shore and sea, and the wind as warm as summer.

"Where's Jilly?"

"Having a nap," Kaye said in a murmur, knowing Joyce was less than half awake.

"She never comes."

"Oh, now, now," Kaye soothed, cajoling, dismissing. Joyce slipped further back into sleep. Did she "love" her daughter? Kaye watched her bony, swollen hand lying on the blanket. Can you love people when you're dying?

Why did you have me if this was going to happen?

But she had only been fourteen.

Jilly thumped around in the hall and the bathroom, and came to the doorway of the room, flushed from sleep, a big rose-and-golden woman. Soft and tender. "How's about a cup of tea, you two?" she said aloud.

Joyce did not answer. Probably her sleeping and waking were not much affected by anything outside her own body now. Her body, the sticks and lumps under the covering. "A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair," Kaye's father used to sing, teasing Mother, when she'd bought a new dress or got a perm and a rinse. And so they all were, that or a little dust in the sea, the soft and tender bodies, nothing much to sing about; but so you dyed and curled your hair, to look pretty.

Jilly came back with a tray. Joyce roused up. They drank tea together.

"Well, I'd better go home and wash my windows," Kaye said. "I've dodged it long enough."

"Sun coming out makes you see how dirty they've got," said Joyce.

"Awful. And I can't do the outside of most of them till Jack brings the stepladder back. But I can do the insides, and finish cleaning Sarah's room. Jack's niece will be with us Easter week, did I tell you? Karen Jones. She's at the health-sciences college in town."

"Newspaper's better than paper towels. For windows. Something in the printing, in the ink." Joyce shifted in the bed and breathed heavily. She looked directly at Kaye, one brief gaze, full of hate. Don't come here with your dead daughter!

"So, I'd better be off. Anything I can do for either of you? You know, if you need anything from Astoria, Jack's up there two or three times a week."

"Oh, no, we're just fine," Jilly said.

She went with Kaye through the front room and they stood a moment, Kaye outside on the porch, Jilly in the doorway, holding the door open. The light, sweet, moving air touched them. Kaye put a hand for a moment on Jilly's arm. She saw the nails of Jilly's hand rimmed as if she had been digging in clay. She only touched her, she did not embrace her, for Jilly did not expect to be embraced, and that made it hard, even for a mother who wanted to hold her daughter. "It's hard, Jilly," Kaye said.

"Hard work," Jilly said, smiling, already turning to go back inside.

—URSULA K. LE GUIN

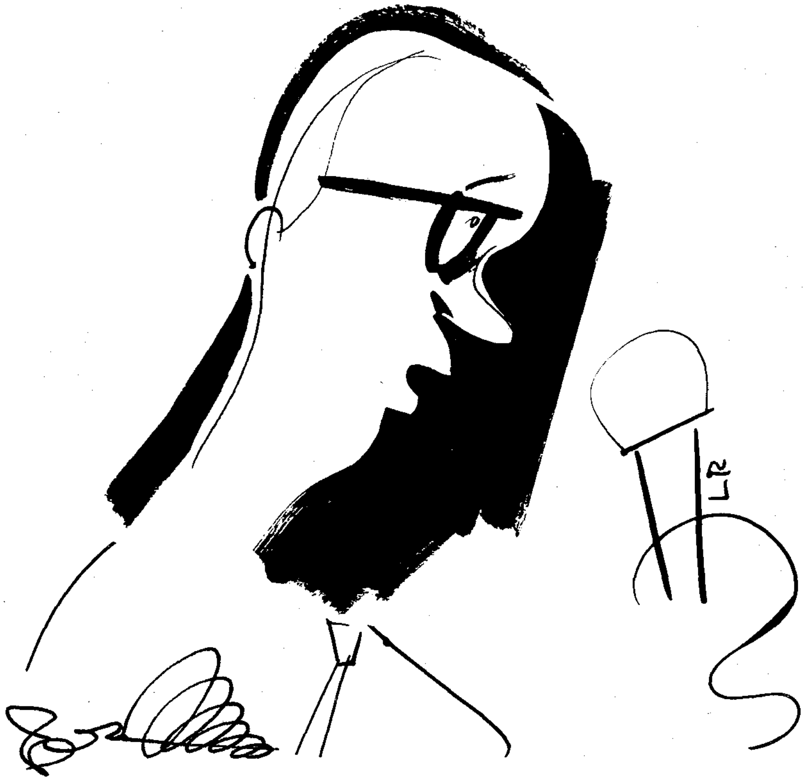
•

LEXINGTON Winding country lane leads to this unique European Villa in the heart of historic Lexington, quality of a by gone error.—*Adv. in the Boston Herald.*

Have you got something more modern, perhaps?

PROFILES

STAY UP LATE



Paul Shaffer had to wait until he was twelve before he got to Las Vegas for the first time. It was April, 1962. "We stayed at the Riviera," Shaffer—the bandleader and musical director of NBC's "Late Night with David Letterman"—recalled when I spoke with him recently. "It was a gas. Just a great time to be in Vegas. Harry James was playing in the lounge of the Flamingo. Louis Prima and Keely Smith were in town, with Sam Butera. Vince Edwards, who was such a smash in 'Ben Casey.' The great Nat King Cole. I remember seeing Phil Harris and Alice Faye, and having no idea who Harris was and why you were supposed to like him. He certainly didn't sing very well, and I didn't get the jokes, either. I couldn't go into the lounges, because you had to be twenty-one. So it was dinner shows only. But some of them swung. There was one late show with Juliet Prowse, and it was advertised as a show other entertainers could come and see, because it was so late. That was when I first got the idea that later was hipper."

Taking their only child to Las Vegas was no tourist jaunt for Bernard and Shirley Shaffer of Fort William, Ontario. It was a pilgrimage. It was part of a theme. "My parents are pretty hip," Shaffer said. "I had a childhood friend who used to love to come to my house to watch the Ed Sullivan show, because my parents knew everything about all the acts. Who wore a hairpiece, who was Jewish. They love New York. They came to New York on their honeymoon, I think. They love nothing better than to come and visit me down here, and go see shows and go to restaurants, and people are always impressed, I must say, with how cosmopolitan they are when they hit town. They're from kind of a remote area, but they're pretty slick. One of the first times they came down to visit was to see the first broadcast of 'Saturday Night Live,' in 1975. I was a pianist in the band. They went directly from the airport to Jilly's. So this told me something: that before they came over to see 'Saturday Night Live' they had a drink and a hamburger at Jilly's. You know. They didn't waste any time."

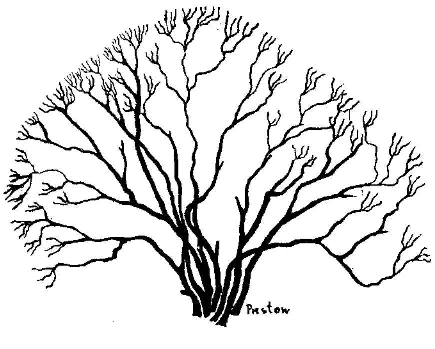
At approximately 3 P.M. on about a hundred and seventy weekdays a year, Paul Shaffer arrives at his Rockefeller Center office, a smallish corner room at the west end of the fourteenth-floor suite occupied by "Late Night," and goes to work. He is a short, slight, almost alarmingly narrow-shouldered man, bald, somewhat putty-faced, bespectacled. He wears a different pair of glasses nearly every day, and the glasses—mirrored or tinted; circles, semicircles, or thin rectangles—usually make a statement. As often as not, there is a day or two's worth of stubble on his cheeks. At times he looks more boyish than any bald, bewhiskered man ought to look; at other times, especially when the glasses are off, he looks monumentally tired. He has a nasal but sonorous voice—a broadcast voice—with an arresting prosody, punctuated by a kind of sonic enjambment: he cuts off his sentences. A little like this. The tone and metre suggest the discourse of jazz musicians, the orotund recitatives of early schmalzy rock and roll, and Vegas and telethon show-biz smarminess—something that Shaffer both loves and loves to make fun of.

Shaffer plays keyboards and fronts the World's Most Dangerous Band, one of the tightest, most versatile, most admired rock groups in the business: Will Lee on bass, Sid McGinnis on guitar, and Anton Fig on drums. The band's title was coined by the show's sardonic host in his introduction one night, in homage to the rhetoric of TV wrestling; Shaffer grabbed the gift and made sure it stuck. Rock and jazz musicians tend to be night people, and therefore Shaffer and the band have an impressive collegial following. The W.M.D.B. is, by Shaffer's account, the only house band around that visiting musicians routinely ask to sit in with; a distinguished, disparate list of artists—among them Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, Carl Perkins, James Brown, and Carole King—have done so. Besides performing his musical duties, Shaffer serves as straight man and foil for Letterman, occasionally generating some dry humor himself. He seems born to his role, seems to inhabit it in a deep, almost unconscious way. Yet, at the beginning of his tenure, Shaffer wasn't sure who he was supposed to *be*. In the old order, there was a long tradition of bandleaders: Phil Harris, José Melis, Skitch Henderson, Doc Severinsen. Characters all, and sometimes they got in on the act; mostly, though, they just led the band. The headliner was the headliner. Second (or third) banana came far behind. In David Letterman's deconstructionist comedy, where convention of any sort was to be undermined, yet where the old order was unavoidably reflected (Letterman's blazer and tie were both a parody of and a tribute to his role model, Johnny Carson), who should the bandleader be? It wasn't in Letterman's nature to script an on-air relationship. That would be phony, and he detested phonyness. And yet Letterman was the boss, and it wasn't in Shaffer's nature to be presumptuous. For a while, the result was a standoff.

"You know, it never said on the rundown, 'Paul and Dave chat,' " Shaffer told me. "It just said, 'Dave intro Paul,' then 'Dave does first piece.' And if I had never spoken it would've remained that way, the show-business tradition: 'Sammy Spear and the orchestra, ladies and gentlemen.' He takes a bow, and you go on. Just a nod to the musical director. It was specified in my first interview for the job that there would be no Ed, so I could be the foil—the person for Dave to bounce off. But the relationship was allowed to develop on its own, and not really forced. Except a little bit by me, in my desire to get in on the action and start speaking."

It wasn't easy. "I had to grab for my own camera time," Shaffer said. "Because David used to introduce me and then just move on with the rest of the show. It took me a long time, really, to start speaking. And the first time I spoke my microphone wasn't even turned on. I had to go to the sound lady about it. And she said, 'Well, I don't think they want it turned on.' So that was a misunderstanding, but I got that cleared up. Once she turned the mike on, I decided what I would do is spout some of this large collection of show-business clichés that I've had for years—all these funny things that people say on telethons or talk shows. Things I've always wanted to say on TV. One night, during my intro, out of nowhere, I just *spoke*. 'Well, David, I wanna say, it's *fabulous* to be here with you this evening, and I think we're gonna have a *mahvellous*, mahvellous time.' Something like that. And it cracked him up. He laughed. He did a double take." After that, Shaffer was off and running. The Vegas began to flow.

"I remember saying, 'Do you know, David, the *love* that we have for each other as performers—lemme give you an example. If you were closing at Caesuh's'—not Caesar's, by the way; Caesuh's—'if you were closing at Caesuh's on a Sunday night and I was opening on Monday down the street at the Flamingo, I would fly in a day early to catch your show, because that's the way I feel about you.' Another night, Letterman said, 'How are you?' And I said, 'Well, I got a bad case of Vegas throat. You know, when you're performing every night in the desert, how the dry air—' And he said, 'Have you been to Vegas recently?' And I said, 'No. I haven't been anywhere near it, but *spiritually* I've developed a little Vegas throat.' So those were the things. Then I ran out of them. Night after night—I said them all. So we would just talk back and forth a couple of times, and usually it would be successful—we'd get a laugh. David would come to me after the show and say, 'That was terrific, when you said this and I said that. That's really what I would like to see happening more on the show.' So he encouraged, you know, a feeling of 'Let's just try.' But I usually leave the show alone once the guests start to come out. Unless asked, you know—unless he diverts the focus back over to me. When you're doing it every day, you go through phases. Of clicking at the beginning and being able to pick up each other's cues and stuff. And then sometimes nothing you say works. But I've always been aware of David's receptiveness and encouragement. 'If you have *anything*,' he says, 'always jump in. Whatever you have. Because ninety per cent of the time I'm dying out there.' "



Shaffer's office is a comfortable, nondescript space—a cubicle virtually without qualities. The walls are white. The carpet is Rockefeller Center gray. There is a desk, a glossy white Kawai upright piano, a dowdy credenza, a dorm-sized refrigerator, a small stereo system, and not much else. A more considered office might indicate less cool—and more faith in permanence in general and the vagaries of network programming in particular—than Shaffer actually has. Leaning against the near wall, next to the cardboard box the stereo came in, is a very large insulated carrying case for a Kurzweil digital sampler, which looks as though it has seen a substantial amount of airport time. It is labelled with Shaffer's name and the address of a residential hotel on lower Lexington Avenue which contains a room that Shaffer has called home for the past ten years.

The views from the windows of Shaffer's office are south down Sixth Avenue and west along Forty-ninth Street, over the Hudson and into the misty distance of the hinterlands. The views please him. Or as he might put it in Shafferese: "I love this town." Shaffer remembers with sharp pleasure his first visits to the city, less than half his life ago. New York seemed magical to him then, and to a large extent it still does. Native New Yorkers might smile at this, but native New Yorkers tend not to understand the hunger of out-of-towners to approach and comprehend the city on their own terms. And the terms of converted provincials often include an edge scarcely detectable by city dwellers and outlanders alike.

Fort William, Ontario, a mill city on the northern edge of Lake Superior, once had a twin city, Port Arthur. Nineteen years ago, the two cities amalgamated and became the city of Thunder Bay (pop. 121,000), and when Paul Shaffer speaks of his home town, Thunder Bay is what he likes to call it. The two words roll off the tongue. Frontier comparisons enter the conversation. The first Emerald City in Shaffer's life was Duluth (not much less desolate than Fort William, as he remembers it), four hours south by car, across the Pigeon River border cross-

PERENNIALS

I don't remember the day I was born.
I ask my brother, the one born
on the same day. He says it was cold.
He shudders and puts on a sweater.
So long ago in January, the snow
collecting between the windowpanes
through which the sunlight of Detroit
smeared with the oils of exhaustion broke
into my untarnished deep-blue gaze
for the first time. And my brother's, too.

•

Out of duty to the war effort
I put in radishes, carrots, corn
in the sandy loam behind the garage
and got a dozen or so pale roots,
thin and damp, more earth than anything.
I waited a whole year. In the black soil
of the yard I tried again, and this time
added mock orange and lilac. I watered.
On a windy afternoon I knelt
to find a purple spike of wild flag
risen from nowhere and what proved to be
six thick stubs of a hand of rhubarb.

•

Each year I drive the coastal hills
in search of a place I must have seen
once in a dream. The highway rises
past fields of gnarled trees, Joshuas
and olives or perhaps the mythical
St. John's bread, spreading out hard arms.
I park and climb on foot. At this height
the air rings and my breathing struggles
until there is music in silence. The magpies
keep ahead or turn away to flash
their sudden white underwings. I follow,
but the land never crests, to slide down
into an ocean and begin again.

•

Winter. The marketplace of the village
of Fuengirola. A tattered mongrel,
tan, brown, and black with a white muzzle.
The stubby, bowed forelegs set apart
in a stance suitable for a short advance
or a sudden retreat. I know this beast,
I think, I know this dirty, boxlike head
ringed with curls, this dry, foolish bark
that scares off nothing. "Marilyn," I say,
remembering one who scorned me years before.
Each day my son John calls out "Marilyn!"
as stamping we wait our turn in line
before the black oil drums of burning fat
where the *churros* fry. "Marilyn," he calls
until she comes to beg bread from his hand.

•

Under the windows onto the gray yard
a green glass wine bottle with one branch
of blood-tipped bursting plum. The odor
of midsummer hanging in winter.
The room thickens around the living core
as I pass and stop. Where was I going
that I should ignore the heart of my house,
this new intruder come in another
dark season to tell me the year won't wait?
I was on the way to the kitchen
for a glass of water, and now I have wine.
I was looking for a brown paper sack
of sleep, an old pillow of forgetting,
a way out before the world got in,
and found the dining room in riot
from one black branch as arched as I.

—Philip Levine

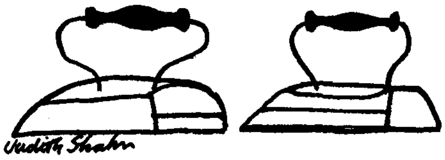
• •

ing. Minneapolis and Toronto were distant beacons in those days. New York seemed under the curve of the earth.

"Thunder Bay is a pretty rugged place," Shaffer told me as we sat in his office one afternoon a while ago. "A shipping town. It's got two big paper mills, Abitibi and Canadian Pacific. And it's got grain elevators. It's got a big smokestack you see when you fly in. You see the frozen lake, and smokestacks spewing out shit from the mills. I understand they've spent a lot of money in recent years, and the odor is noticeable only infrequently now. My neighborhood was middle class, residential. There weren't any suburbs in a town that small. There was a downtown area—which doesn't exist anymore; now they have malls instead—and then there were residential areas. I lived on a very nice street—hardly any traffic. My parents still live in the same house."

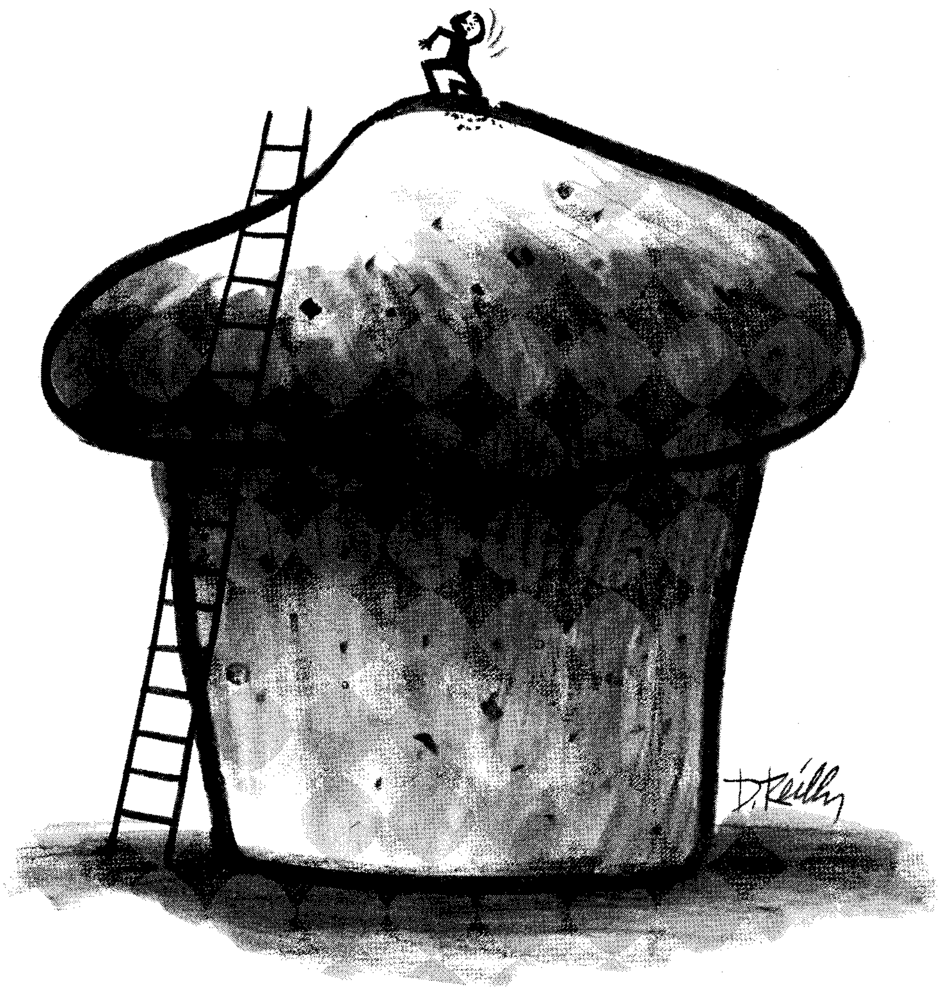
I asked Shaffer why such a show-biz-besotted couple chose to remain in Thunder Bay, hundreds of miles from the nearest Morris office. He seemed at a loss.

"I'm not exactly sure why," he said. "My father grew up there. Then he went to school in Toronto. He met my mother and brought her back up to Thunder Bay. He had always planned to go back there and set up a law practice. My dad speaks very fondly of his college days, when he was a performer in the comedy revues. There's one particular revue at the University of Toronto called 'The U.C. Follies.' My dad was a contemporary of Wayne and Shuster, and he worked with them in 'The U.C. Follies.' I think he may have been a little bit conflicted, and thought about maybe going into show business, the way those two guys did. But he has reminded me that he went to school during the Depression, and that kids back then couldn't take a chance, the way I did. My mother still misses Toronto. She misses the city, and she's thrilled to get to come to New York.



"My dad's not a musician, but he sings. He's got a good singing voice. My parents made an effort to have music in the house, and it influenced me. My dad listened to Ray Charles, Oscar Peterson. My mother listened more to show music—Rodgers and Hammerstein. I always loved performing. I would perform at my parents' parties. Before I could even enunciate, they were making me perform and thinking how cute it was. 'I'm Just Wild About Harry'—that's a famous number from my repertoire as a two-year-old kid. My mother still remembers me singing 'I'm Just Wild About Harry.' I started piano lessons at age five or six. My parents recognized my talent. They also did their damnedest to try to instill—if that's possible—talent. Anything my parents would want me to do I would go in the opposite direction, but in the case of music I locked in on it. I really liked it. The first song I worked out by ear was the theme from 'The Lone Ranger'—the 'William Tell' Overture. And I just went from there. Once a week, I had my piano lesson. My first teacher was Mrs. Hardy, a very nice old lady. She encouraged my ear. She knew that I had a good ear. A lot of piano teachers discourage that—they say you won't learn how to read music. And it's true. I didn't really learn how to sight-read very well, for that reason. When I got to New York and started doing studio work, I learned it fast, under pressure.

"I remember my dad loved Sarah Vaughan, too. And she had a rock-oriented single out called 'Broken-Hearted Melody'—1959, '60. That was when I started playing rock and roll, being aware of rock piano players and rock bands, and stuff like that. Instead of practicing for the piano lessons, I would play rock and roll by ear. A couple of hours a day. I played everything in C. Maybe that's one reason I don't have perfect pitch—just relative pitch. I remember the day I realized you could transpose. It was like a revelation to me. I was in my own little world of C, you know. I was just thrilled that I could play things, and I seemed to be able to play them all with the same three chords. Then I learned a fourth chord. 'One Hundred Pounds of Clay,' by Gene McDaniels, came out, and it had C, *A minor!* When I learned that, I could play a whole bunch of new songs. I was introverted a little bit when I was a kid, and I retreated into this world of the octave. I stayed in C for a long, long time. It wasn't till I got to New York that I made an effort to become facile in the different keys.



Wellness Update: Thirty-year-old man starting on the twenty-five-thousand-pound oat-bran muffin he must consume over forty years in order to reduce significantly his risk of death from high cholesterol

• •

"I was introverted, but I used to win in music festivals as a kid. You had to play little classical pieces. I won a couple of times. It was very traumatic, too, for a young kid to play in these festivals. You had to go onstage in Kiwanis Hall. There would be twenty-five kids playing the same piece, and an adjudicator from the Royal Conservatory, in Toronto, sent up into the hinterlands to adjudicate these things. I would learn the piece, and sweat over it, and get nervous as hell, and, you know, be trembling, and I thought at the time that my parents were cruel to put me through this. All these little kids, dressed up in little jackets and ties. Bowing, and sitting down *trembling*, and playing.

"At school assemblies, too, sometimes I would be called on to play a piece. I remember very clearly a powerful statement I made in grade seven when I was called on to play. All the kids are thinking I'm going to play a little classical piece. And I hit 'Pipeline,' by the Chantays. It was a rebellious statement on my part. And the kids were just overwhelmed. I made a similar statement at one of these awful New Year's Day events that my parents would take me to. You got dressed up and had dinner at the Royal Edward Hotel, a big, stodgy old hotel. It was family dinner, for a lot of families. There would be a dance band, and the kids would all be forced to perform. It would always be something classical, and this one year I summoned up the courage to play 'Mecca,' by Gene Pitney. The older folks were shocked. My parents were a little shocked, too,

F.W. WOOLWORTH AND KARL MARX GO INTO RETAILING
FIVE CENTS AND TEN CENTS.
FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY TO PAY.
S. Harris

but they understood. They knew it swung—they had an appreciation. And a couple of the musicians who were hip to rock joined in. And I got that first rush at playing rock and roll with other people.

"When the Beatles came out, a couple of friends of mine and I used to play in our rec rooms and fantasize about getting a band together. We started slowly acquiring instruments. One guy had an acoustic guitar, and he attached a microphone from a tape recorder to it so he could play through the tape recorder—amplify the sound that way. And we made drum sets out of bongo drums. I found that if you strapped a pencil onto the head of a bongo drum with an elastic band, the drum would sound almost like a snare drum. We'd play 'Ferry 'Cross the Mersey,' Dave Clark Five things. Whatever was new then. I remember coming across a Hammond organ in a community hall, and being just fascinated—spending maybe four hours sitting at that Hammond organ. And being late for dinner. The notes would sustain, you know, and the quality was amazing to me.

"There was already a band in our town—the Bonnevilles. The guys were a couple of years older, and they had reputations—slightly delinquent. And they were *fabulous*. A sax instrumental band, but they made the transition to a vocal band when the Beatles came out, and kept the sax. They would do an extended version of 'Bo Diddley,' and they would do 'Shout,' by Joey Dee and the Starliters. Extended versions, with show-band shtick—they had choreography, all kinds of stuff. What they used to do has stuck with me. I pull out tricks that I learned from the Bonnevilles *now*, and they work.

"The Fugitives were a sax instrumental band, too, inspired by the Bonnevilles. Their repertoire was 'Harlem Nocturne,' Johnny and the Hurricanes material, 'Red River Rock.' Rock sax instrumentals. This is how early it was. They were just making the transition, adding vocals to their act. And they asked me to join the band. They wanted to compete with the Bonnevilles—start singing, and get an organ player. So I joined an already existing band. Got my first organ—a Hohner. My father advanced me the money. I never had a Hammond as a kid—A, because of the expense, and, B, you just couldn't hope to move them around. I had little portable organs. And because the kid in the Bonnevilles played standing up, I had to learn how to stand up at the organ and play. My first gig was a four-hour dance with the Fugitives—a four-hour dance, operating the volume pedal with one foot and standing on the other. At the end, I couldn't walk. I left the dance and fell over, because my foot was asleep. I had spent four hours standing on one foot. Two fifteen-minute breaks was all you got. We used to do Rolling Stones material. I sang on 'I Used to Love Her (But It's All Over Now),' a Bobby Womack composition.

"Thunder Bay—the place was isolated. The teen scene, the adolescent scene, was its own thing, too. For example, the girls were kind of stuck-up, and it was very hard to get them to dance. Not just hard for me—hard for everybody. At a dance, most of the girls would dance together. In the center. Advertising themselves, you know. And the guys would form a kind of roving mass around the dance floor. And every once in a while a guy would, on his way around, just approach a girl. 'Wanna dance? No? O.K.' Keep going. And a number of people who were not paying attention to the pick-up thing were gathered around the stage watching the band. But the other strange thing was, nobody would applaud, ever, when you finished a song. It was mainly this town—it wasn't the same when I finally got to Toronto. The kids in Thunder Bay were too hip to applaud—I don't know. I don't know what it was. Maybe it was because we were just local performers."

Shaffer paused and took a swig from a bottle of Coke. "Well, I never had the nerve to think I would really go into show business," he said. "I thought I'd be a professional of some kind. I remember that a couple of us who were playing together made a pilgrimage to Toronto one time. We flew down. Our first trip—three guys

Rain. It's as much a fact of life in England as driving on twisting roads through ancient villages. Thus, it's not surprising that long ago, Jaguar pioneered the use of water-dissipating four-wheel disc brakes. It might also explain why the Jaguar XJ6 is equipped with one of the world's best anti-lock (ABS) braking systems.

As with other anti-lock systems, Jaguar's ABS can help the driver maintain steering control by preventing wheel lock-up when braking hard on a road that is evenly dry or slick.

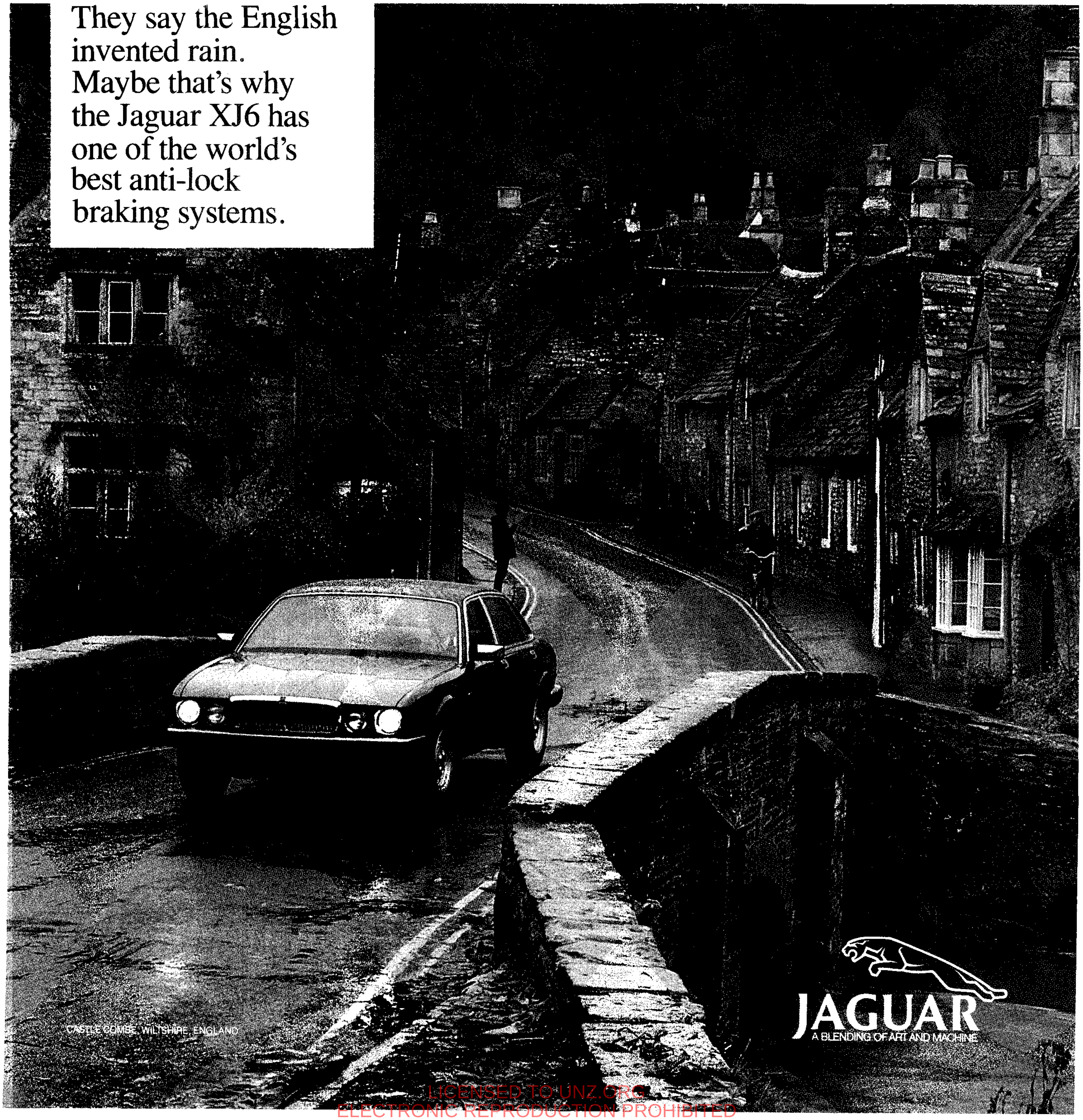
But to help the driver cope with *inconsistent* traction situations, the Jaguar ABS system incorporates yaw control. Regulated by microprocessor, this ingenious feature can help the driver control the natural tendency for a vehicle to pull right or left—"yaw"—under hard braking when traction differs widely from side-to-side. As a result, the XJ6 can help you make straighter, surer stops even when one side of the car is on dry road and the other is riding on a wet or slippery surface.

Maybe the English didn't really invent rain or challenging driving conditions. But it is comforting to know that a car with all the elegance and handcrafted luxury of the Jaguar XJ6 is also designed to be far more than a fair-weather friend.

To test drive the Jaguar XJ6 and for information on Jaguar's extensive three year/36,000 mile warranty, see your dealer. He can provide details on this limited warranty, applicable in the USA and Canada, and on Jaguar's uniquely comprehensive Service-On-Site^{SM} Roadside Assistance Plan. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: 1-800-4-JAGUAR. Jaguar Cars Inc., Leonia, NJ 07605

ENJOY TOMORROW. BUCKLE UP TODAY.

They say the English invented rain. Maybe that's why the Jaguar XJ6 has one of the world's best anti-lock braking systems.


CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND
JAGUAR
A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

"Cheer up, dear. He and Nancy are going to have a perfectly lovely life out in Bel Air."

• •

going on a trip. Our parents were going to take a chance and trust us, and let us go to Toronto. We went primarily to see rhythm-and-blues bands, because, for some reason, Toronto was an R. & B. town. They brought in a lot of American performers, and the local bands were rhythm-and-blues style. And we'd started getting wind of rhythm and blues up in Thunder Bay. We were dying to go down to Toronto and see these bands. So we went, and it was fabulous. It wasn't really until then that I wanted to leave. I was pretty much of a home-town kid. But now I began looking forward to going to the University of Toronto. Even though I knew that when I got there I would have to give up playing. The fun is over, I thought. Time to settle down—going to college now.

"We broke up the Fugitives. We went away to school, and I had no vehicle in school. I'd sit down at the piano and play a little bit. But I had no vehicle to go out and perform. And I wasn't interested in 'The U.C. Follies,' the way my dad had been. But a club called the Rockpile had just opened up, and it was bringing in record acts every weekend. They opened with Blood Sweat & Tears, whom I really loved. I went to all four shows, and I was just enraptured. Local rock bands and big names would come in. That was what kept me going. And I became a d.j. on the college radio station. I would sometimes do interviews with rock performers. I was a little bit in show biz. But I felt like I had forsaken music. I was studying liberal arts, and I became interested in sociology—interpersonal relations. And yet I didn't know what I was going to do with my life.

"First summer of college, I stayed in Toronto. I had a friend who needed a roommate for the summer. He was also from Thunder Bay. I knew something about parental psychology—especially how to deal with my own parents—and I knew that if I said, 'I'm going to take a course,' they'd let me stay. So I took an arranging course that summer, and they went for it. They let me stay in Toronto. I played on their secret desire—to be in show business, or to have me go into show business. I think that's what they wanted when they played me those records in my crib. On the surface, they were dying for me to be a lawyer. But secretly they were dying for me to be in show business. The arranging course was the only formal course in arranging I've ever taken, and it's stood me in good stead. To this day, I use what I learned. I don't know very much about arranging—I'm not that schooled. It takes me a long time, and I can do it only because I stayed in Toronto and took that course.

"Toward the end of the summer, I stayed out all night one night. It was about six in the morning. I was walking down Yorkville Avenue, past a guy who was playing guitar on a stoop, and I literally"—Shaffer mimed a double take—"came back, like that. And then just sat down and listened. This guy was right on the edge of insanity and genius. And he got excited about my enthusiasm, and at about 7 A.M. we went over to the college, down into the basement, unlocked the piano room, and played a little bit together. After that, he started coming over and teaching me how to play his music. We did a couple of free gigs in restaurants. His name was Muñoz. I think he may have been an Army deserter, from the States. He was up there with a family and no income. He'd make a couple of dollars playing at night. And he slowly assembled a little jazz group. Muñoz, and trumpet, drums, and me on organ, playing left-hand bass and comping with the right hand. When I took a solo, I had to take it as a bass player, because I couldn't improvise and keep the bass going at the same time. And I

Avis Presents The Supreme Weekend Deal.

ANOTHER LOW RATE FROM
THE EMPLOYEE-OWNERS* OF AVIS, INC.

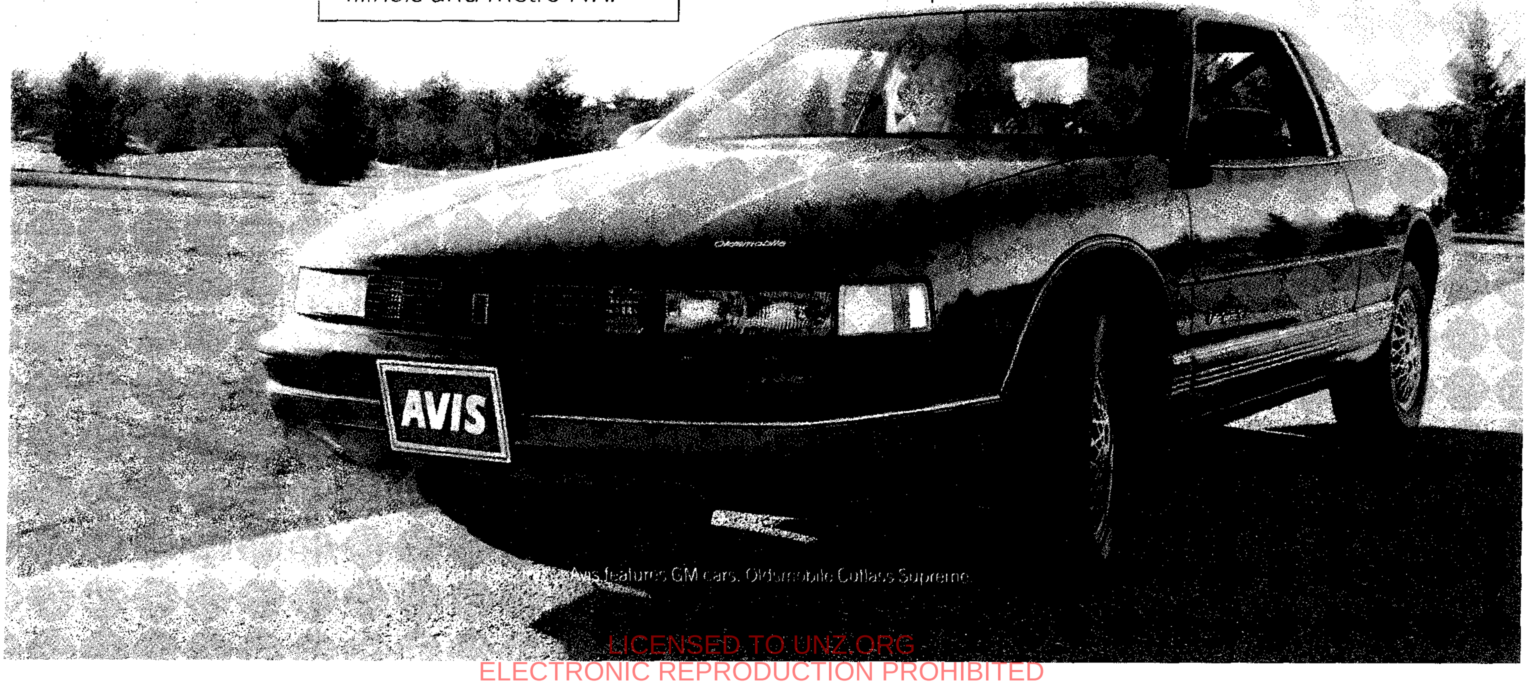
Now you can drive away to your weekend hideaway in a sporty Cutlass Supreme or similar-group car for about the same price as a compact. And with our fast service and convenient locations, Avis makes it easier than ever to get away in style.

To get this incredible offer, here are some things you should know. This rate is available at select U.S. corporate and participating licensee locations and is nondiscountable. It is available Friday-Sunday until March 15, 1989. It is also available Thursday with a minimum 2-day rental. The cars are subject to availability and must be returned to renting location. Blackout periods and additional seasonal charges may apply. There is no refueling service charge if you return your tank full. There is a $5-$10/rental charge for additional drivers (no charge in Cal.). Renters under 25 pay $5-$10 extra/day where applicable. Local taxes, Personal Accident Insurance, Personal Effects Protection and Additional Liability Insurance are extra.

So call Avis at **1-800-331-1212** or your travel consultant and get a supreme deal on a Cutlass this weekend.

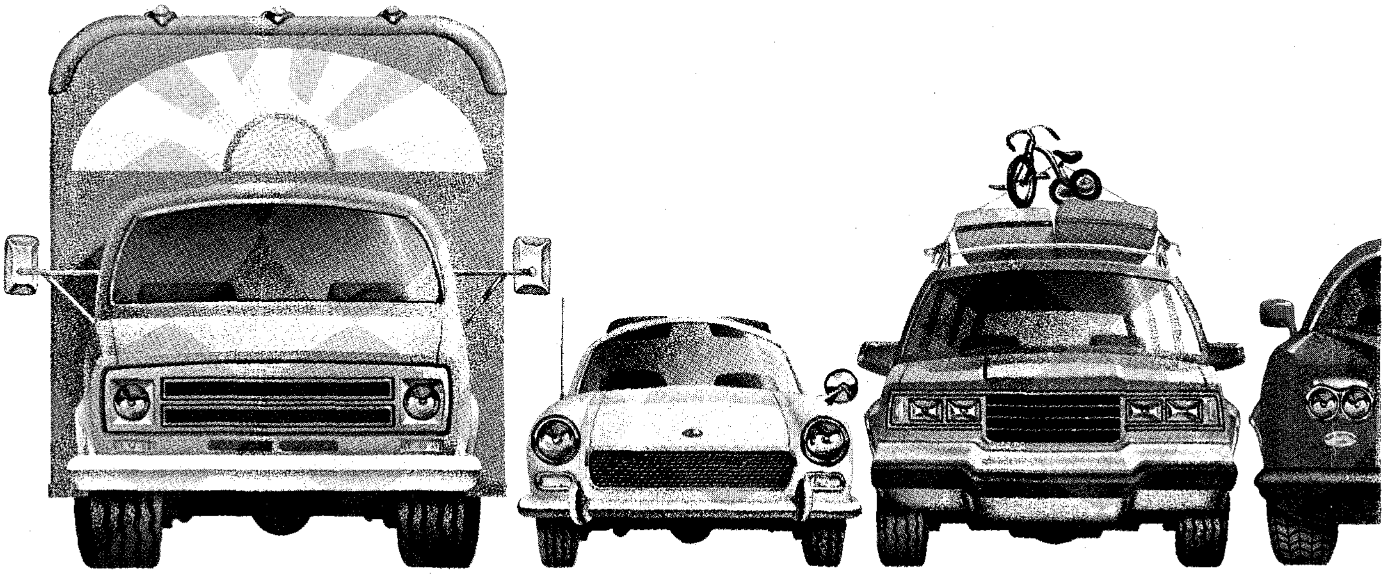
We're trying harder than ever.℠

$25 a day. Limited availability. Promotional-group car. 100 miles/day included. 30¢/mile thereafter. Optional Collision Damage Waiver $9/day in Cal., $10.95-$11.95/day elsewhere. Rate not available in Illinois and metro N.Y.



Avis features GM cars. Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme.

What if they all ran on different fuel?

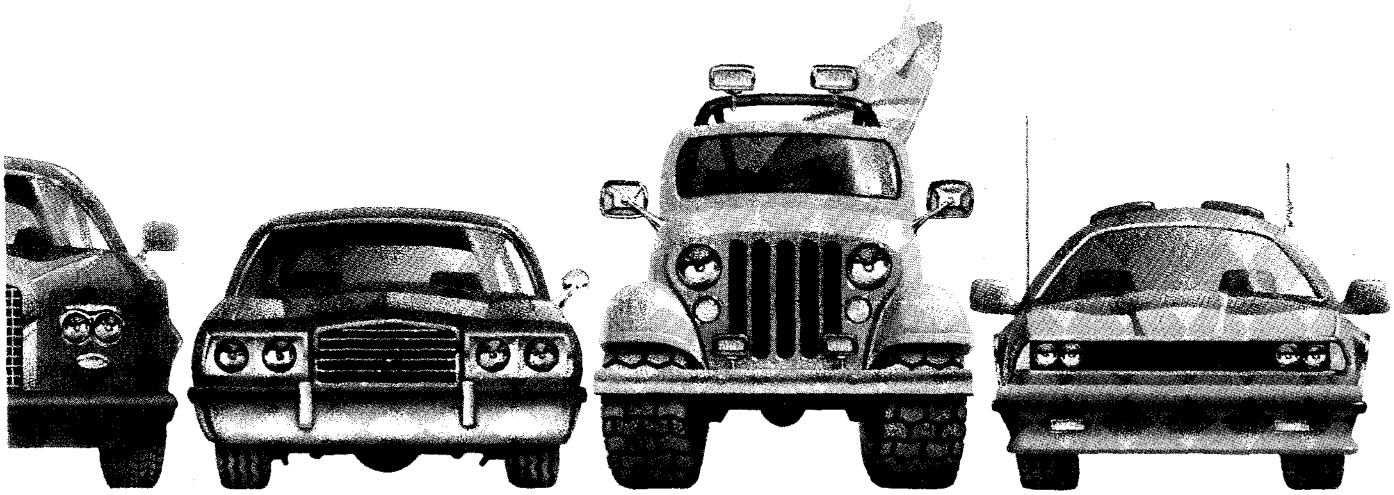


The streets of the world are filled with different types of vehicles. Fortunately, most of them run on gasoline.

IBM is committed to bringing the same consistency to the "fuel" that runs our computers. That "fuel" is, of course, software.

The framework for accomplishing this is called Systems Application Architecture. SAA will enable customers and software vendors to build consistent software applications for different types of IBM computers—from personal computers to mainframes. SAA will make it possible for everyone in an organization to access information regardless of its location.

© Copyright IBM Corporation 1989

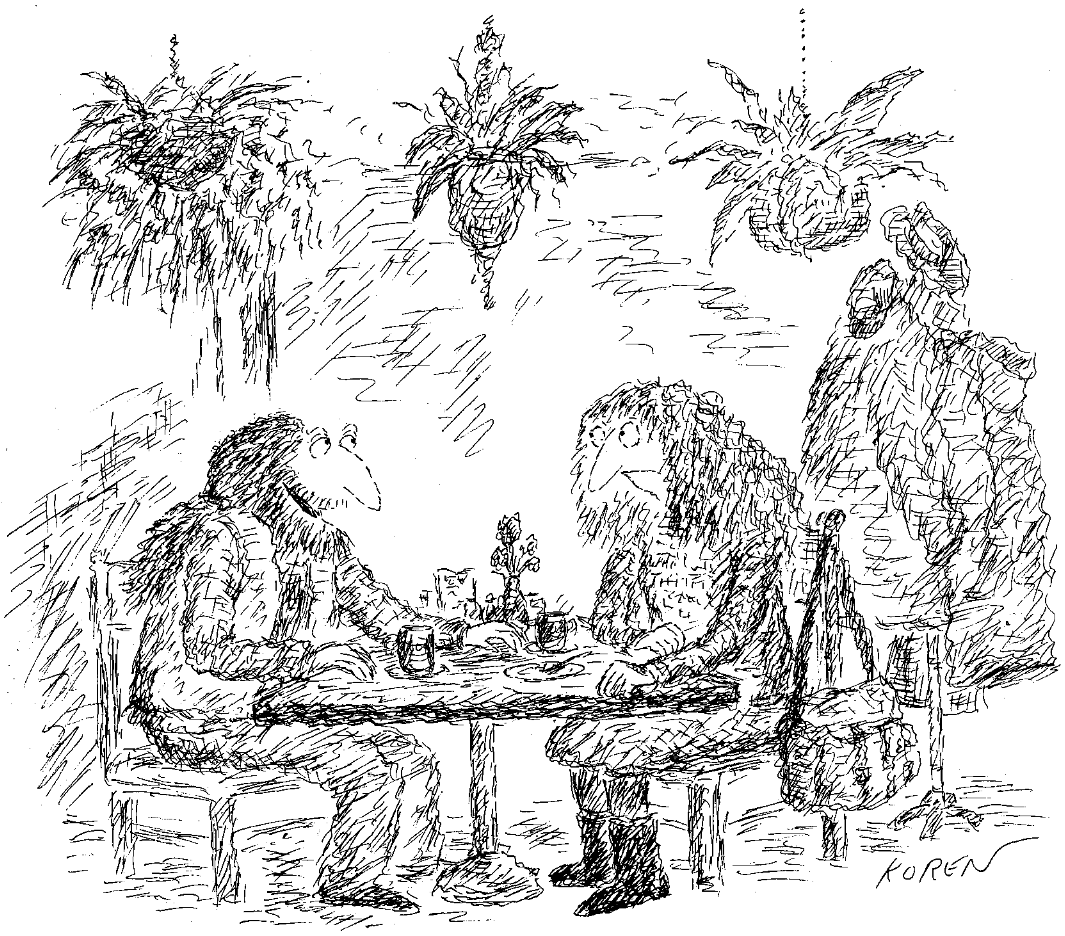


What's more, all software written to SAA specifications will provide similar screen layouts, menus and terminology. This will make it easier for someone trained to use one type of IBM computer to learn to use others. These are only some of the benefits of SAA—benefits that make it easier for you to "talk" to computers and for computers to "talk" to each other.

IBM is committed to developing state-of-the-art technology. So customers of all sizes can depend on us to offer more state-of-the-art solutions. That's IBM technology at work. IBM®

never had to work outside of music. A couple of summers, I played cocktail piano in a restaurant. Stuff like 'Raindrops,' yeah. But Elton John was popular at that time, so I played 'Your Song.' James Taylor was just out at that time, so I played James Taylor. 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' was in my repertoire. These would work in a restaurant. And I could also play 'Gigi' or whatever anybody wanted to hear."

In 1972, a production of the rock musical "Godspell" was set to open in Toronto. "Through some night-club thing," Shaffer continued, "I had met a girl who was going to audition for 'Godspell.' Stephen Schwartz was the composer. He was up there, casting. And it was the big final-callback day. They had a house accompanist, but some people brought their own accompanists, and I came with this girl. She was going to sing a song from the show, and I had prepared it with her. And Schwartz said, 'Who is that cat up there?' "



"Could you repeat what you just said? I was on another planet."

• •

was learning about jazz improvisation from these guys. Stuff I hadn't known anything about. They turned me on to Coltrane, McCoy Tyner. And I realized, I gotta do this! This is great!

"I was playing a lot, several nights a week with Muñoz. Not making any money—just learning, and digging the hell out of it. I wrote my sociology thesis on 'The Deviant Subculture of the Toronto Jazz Musician,' so I wasn't wasting time. Then my dad came to town on business, and I had lunch with him, and I hit him with 'Dad, I gotta take a year off to try show business.' And he said O.K. He said, 'Your mother and I were thinking this probably would happen. It's no surprise to us.' That was a relief. So I said, 'I'm not going to go for an honors degree. I'm going to take my degree now, after three years.' So I graduated with a bachelor-of-arts degree, and stayed in Toronto, and endeavored to get into show business, not exactly knowing how. I mean, playing with Muñoz was still No. 1 for me. But it didn't progress—the band was kind of falling apart. I began picking up gigs—what they called, up in Toronto, jobbing. Weddings and bars; little lounge groups. I was depressed by having to play standards, but, as I stated in my sociology paper, avant-garde musicians will do gigs for money as long as the gigs are awful. These brilliant jazz musicians would do the worst wedding gigs to make a living, so that it wouldn't intrude on their artistic side. Just go to the grindstone and do it. It's not even music. Make the money. I was hanging out with fairly esoteric jazz musicians, you know. Spiritualists. Disciples of Coltrane. They didn't want to admit that they could enjoy playing 'Raindrops' at a wedding.

"So I spent about a year doing this—basically playing with Muñoz, but playing some gigs, bars. And supporting myself week to week, living pretty humbly. Muñoz was totally destitute, so there wasn't any kind of keeping up with anybody. And I could do a week in a topless bar and make a hundred and fifty bucks. Maybe even two hundred. This was pretty good money. I

TORONTO in 1972 resembled one of those artistic nexuses that crop up now and then, like Paris in the twenties, Los Angeles in the thirties, London just before the First World War. Often an influx of expatriates is involved. In 1972, in Toronto, the influx came from Chicago and from elsewhere in Canada. The production of "Godspell" was the seed in the oyster. Paul Shaffer's life was about to merge with the lives of some two dozen other creative people; the resultant agglomeration would go forth and change television. If it weren't for the Toronto production of "Godspell," Shaffer might be a different person: an entirely happy session man and jingle player. A studio cat. Anonymous, well paid, immersed in *la vie intégrale*—and having failed to find the edge.

Schwartz hired Shaffer as the musical director of "Godspell." "And so then I was making four hundred and fifty dollars a week, doing eight shows a week, and I was in show business," Shaffer said. "Many of the people in the company have become stars: Eugene Levy, Dave Thomas, Andrea Martin, Gilda Radner, Marty Short. We were all twenty-two years old, and it was our first time in show business, and we became fast friends. Danny Aykroyd was around then. He wasn't in the show, but he was a friend of Gilda's. We all hung out extensively. Four of us—Marty, Eugene, Dave, and I—hung out *very* extensively. We used to go over to Marty and Eugene's house Friday nights and just try to make each other laugh. Marty would often turn the tape recorder on—you know, 'Let's make a funny tape.' And we would call it Friday-night services. One thing we had in common was that we had paid extra attention to American TV and music—probably more than American kids did, because in Canada we had so little ourselves. Anyway, Marty made me see how funny these old-fashioned performers were. But how marvellous they were, too. Marty can do a pretty good Sinatra. And he has an acute appreciation of Sinatra, and love for Sinatra. Yet he also loves to do the Sinatra of today—delights in straining, you know. He crystallized for me this concept of putting on a tux and parodying a Vegas performer—a person we love, respect, and aspire to be, and yet parody. We got heavily into this stuff. Speaking in that style, singing in that style. Cracking each other up. Now everybody does it.

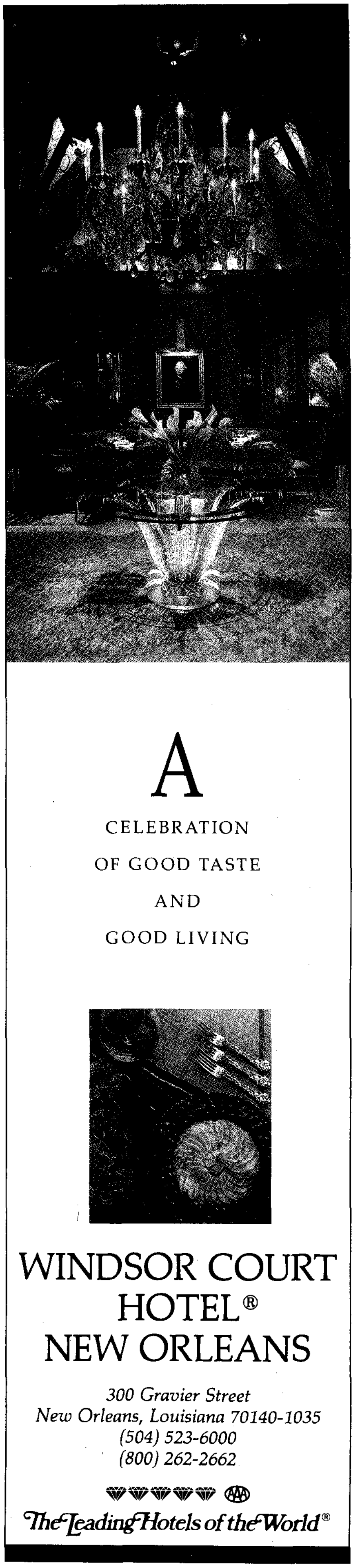
"After 'Godspell' closed, the next show to hit Toronto was Second City. They opened a club there. And Joe Flaherty and Brian Doyle-Murray came up from Chicago to cast it, and to teach the Second City style of comedy. They raided 'Godspell' a little bit. The first company was Gilda, Valri Bromfeld, Danny Aykroyd, Eugene Levy. Brian and Joe were in the revue, too. And it was a fabulous revue. Two sets were prepared stuff, and the last set was improvising, on suggestions from the audience. I went back to jobbing after 'Godspell' closed, and I continued to hang with the Second City crowd. I had my eye on New York now. I just knew that something was going to come through, with these New York connections I had. My first trip to New York was when Stephen Schwartz brought me in to do the film soundtrack for the movie of 'Godspell.' And I was just *gassed* by New York—I couldn't believe how wonderful it was. New York, the vibe! My first time in a recording studio was in a New York studio, doing 'Godspell.' This was in '73. I went down to the Village Vanguard. I took cabs everywhere. I was terrified, really didn't know where I was. But I loved it."

Shaffer virtually commuted between Toronto and Manhattan over the next two years. On a visit to New York a few months after his first foray, he was hired as the pianist for rehearsals of a Joseph Papp rock musical—a dark parody of "South Pacific" set in Vietnam—at the Public Theatre; then he was promoted to rehearsal conductor. He had obtained a visa to stay and work, but the job ended on opening night. No sooner had Shaffer returned to Toronto than he was summoned back: the permanent conductor had quit. Shaffer was not too proud to turn around and come back: the logistics of getting into the Musicians' Local in New York were daunting, and his employers had promised to smooth the way. The musical closed a week after it opened. Shaffer returned to Toronto minus a job but plus a union card.

Then Stephen Schwartz called again. He had a new Broadway musical, called "The Magic Show," and he wanted his favorite pianist back. Shaffer got another visa.

"Just before I moved," Shaffer said, "I did one last show up in Toronto—a musical thing. I was musical director. And I was prevailed upon to use a guy on saxophone from a Canadian rock band. Howard Shore was his name, and we became friends. Lorne Michaels later brought him to the States to be the musical director of 'Saturday Night Live.' So Howard came down here to put together the band, and I was already here, and he called me for 'Saturday Night Live.' This was in 1975. I had been doing 'The Magic Show' for about a year.

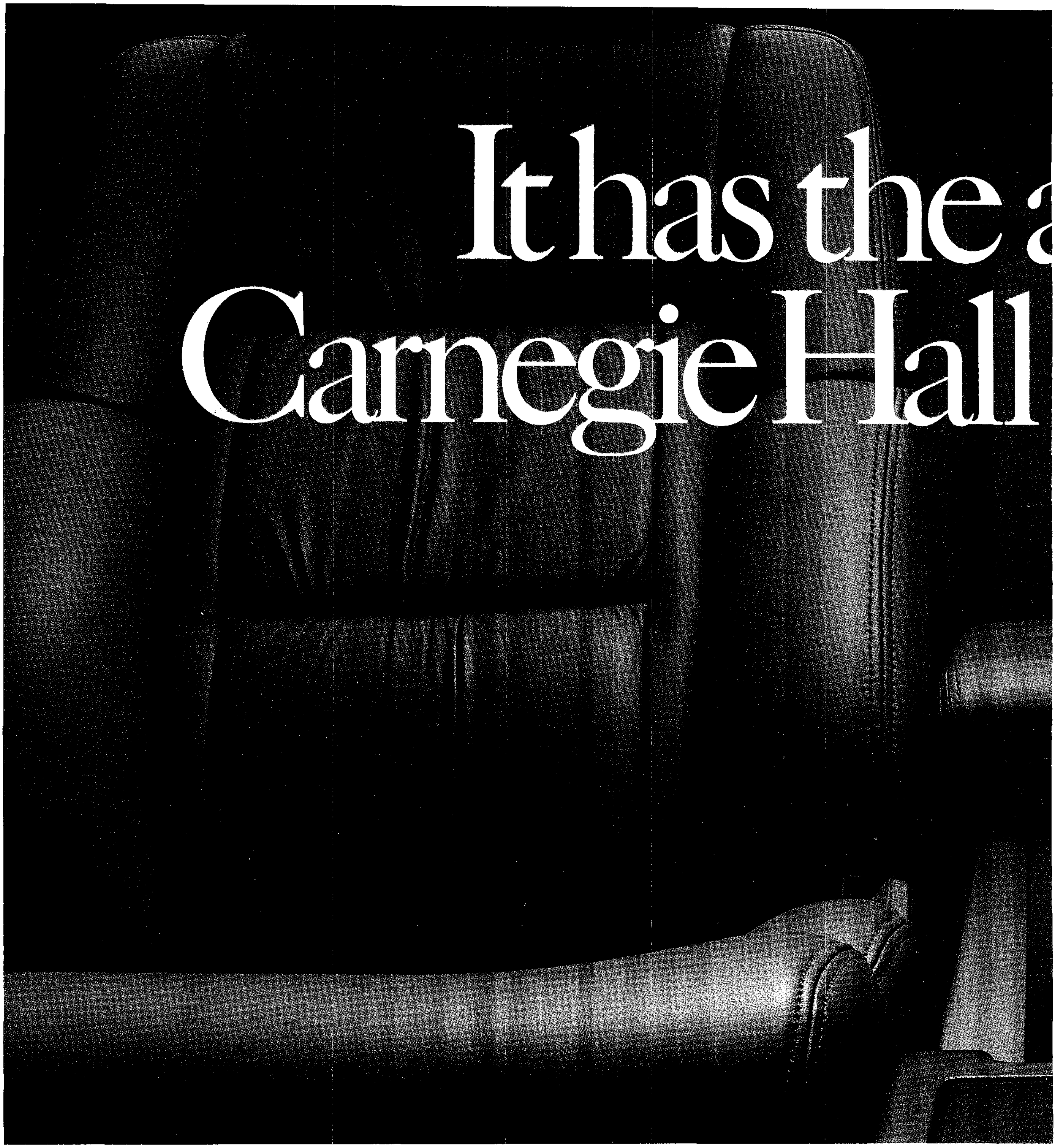
"I had also done a pilot for a sitcom. While I was playing in the pit in 'The Magic Show,' Don Scardino, who played the lead in 'Godspell' in Toronto and here, got cast in the pilot. It was a rock-and-roll sitcom, and they needed one more guy. So Scardino called me, and I auditioned for Don Kirshner. Kirshner and Norman Lear


A
CELEBRATION
OF GOOD TASTE
AND
GOOD LIVING

WINDSOR COURT
HOTEL®
NEW ORLEANS

300 Gravier Street
New Orleans, Louisiana 70140-1035
(504) 523-6000
(800) 262-2662

The Leading Hotels of the World®



This brief course in music appreciation is brought to you by the Accord SEi 4-Door and its ear-tingling Bose stereo sound system.

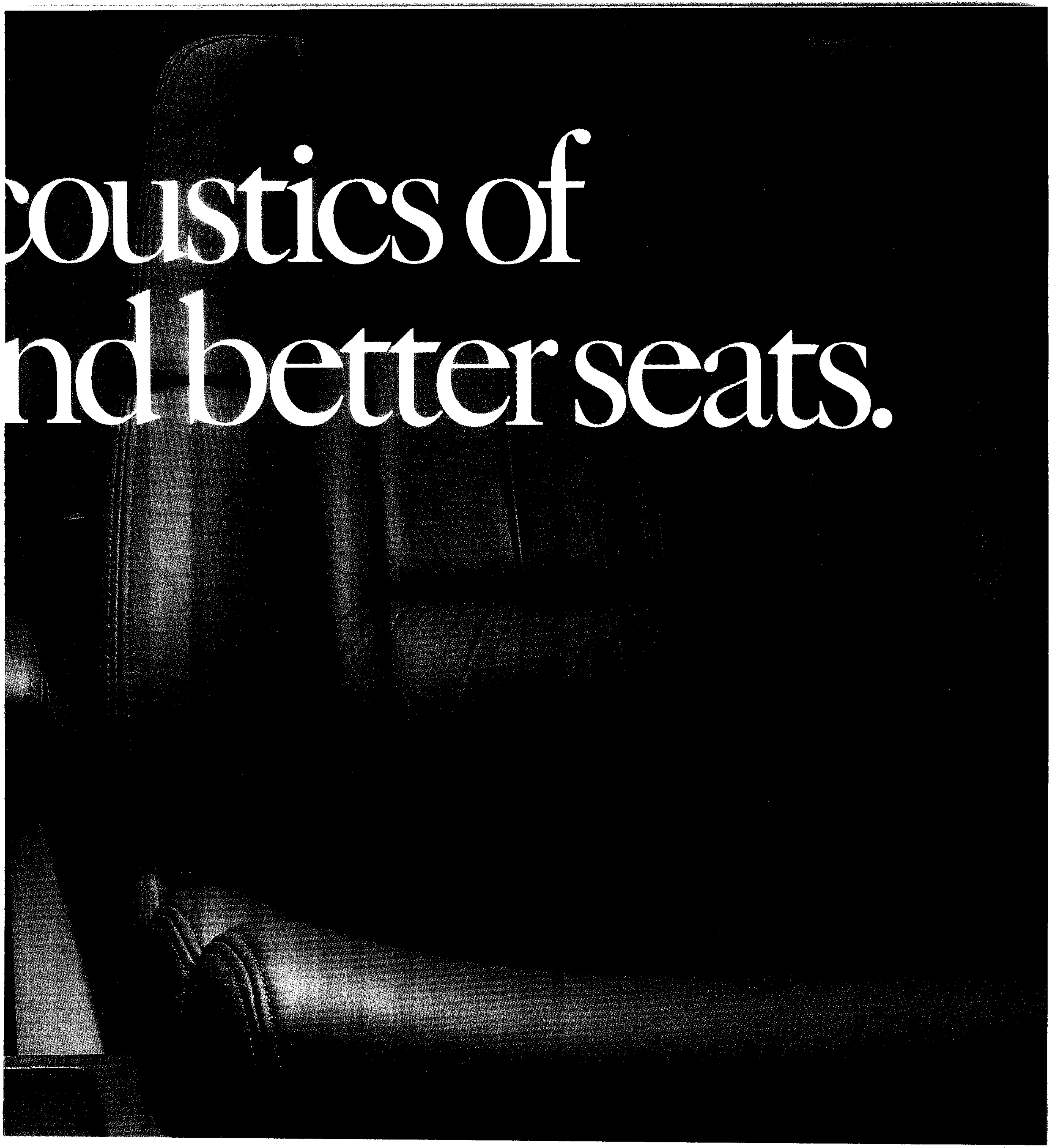
Important to any music system is the acoustic environment around it. The Accord is quiet. Hushed. Even at highway speed, interior decibel level is lower than the sound of a page turning.

An ideal music system is designed for the specific room in which it will be played. In this case, the Accord interior.

It started with some careful listening by a couple of audio robots. With sensitive microphones in their ears, the robots were able to tell engineers exactly what a human ear would hear from any seat in the house.

The engineers then mapped out a perfect pattern of sound. Direct and reflected. They placed speakers, amplifiers and equalizers in optimum position.

© 1988 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



Then tuned everything.

The result is an incredibly natural sound, as if hearing a "live" concert hall performance.

So listen to an electric guitar wail through a finger-flying riff. Blast the cannons of the 1812 Overture. Or sing the blues way down low. With clarity.

Ready, maestro? A remote control on the steering wheel puts volume and station selection at your fingertips. There's also a compact disc connector on the dash.

The Accord Special Edition is in tune with all your senses. The driver's seat is contoured and reclines. The cushioned leather is seductive.

And just like front row center seats at Carnegie Hall, availability of the Accord SEi is limited.

HONDA

The Accord SEi

were co-producers of this thing. And I got the part. The pilot was about four old vaudeville performers who sell their souls and become young again. They become young rock performers, and when they become young they become us—me, Scardino, Josh Mostel, and Greg Evigan. And we would actually *be* a band and make records. It would be like the Monkees. The name of the show was 'Year at the Top' when it finally hit the air, but at this time it was called 'Hereafter.' So I went to Hollywood and made the pilot. And it was not too bad, but it didn't sell. I came back to 'The Magic Show,' and then I got the job on 'Saturday Night Live.' And in the middle of the second season of 'Saturday Night Live' they finally sold the pilot. They called: 'Are you still interested?' And I couldn't resist. Here I was on the hippest show in the world as a piano player, and I knew that 'Year at the Top' was Sitcom City, but still I couldn't resist being in the Monkees. Scardino could. He passed on it. He was above it.

"I left 'Saturday Night Live' and moved out to the Coast. And we did four episodes, which were so bad they were shelved, and the show was recast and started over again. Now only me and Greg Evigan were left from the original concept. It was no longer old people—too many cast members, too confusing. Now we're just two *young* guys who sell our souls, and it no longer makes any sense. We do five episodes, but the thing falls apart, and meanwhile a whole year has gone by. They gave me my old job back at 'Saturday Night Live,' so I just returned and picked up, right like that. The story I like to tell is, the début of 'Year at the Top' was the summer after the second season of 'Saturday Night Live.' This was the summer that the 'Saturday Night Live' kids hit the Hamptons for the first time. They all got places out there. And on this night a number of them gathered at Gilda's to watch my show. I was still out in Hollywood. And about halfway through the show I get a call: 'Paul, it's Chevy Chase.' And he says, 'We're all here at Gilda's place. You know, Belushi's here, O'Donoghue's here. We're just calling to say that we still *respect* you and *like* you.' Then he says, 'Just a minute. What? We don't?' Then he says, 'We still *like* you. Wait a minute. What? We don't?' "

SHAFFER had been hired as a mere piano player on the fledgling Saturday-night comedy broadcast, but he soon found himself intimately involved in many aspects of the show. His own initiative had much to do with this. One of his first ideas was to wear big white Elton John-style eyeglass frames while he played during the broadcast, to give himself an on-camera visual identity. Nor did his omnibus knowledge of rock go unnoticed. Before long, he was getting a credit on the show for special musical material.

He was also starting to appear in sketches. One of his steady pieces of shtick was a deadpan imitation of rock impresario Don Kirshner, the man who had auditioned Shaffer for his first and last sitcom. Kirshner had a rock-music TV show of his own at that time, and was a singularly unriveting camera presence. Shaffer's staring, affectless takeoff of a deeply tanned, flamboyantly coiffed, gold-chained pop mogul in a three-piece suit and an orange

Write now for free brochure: New Zealand Tourist & Publicity Office, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1530, Dept. NY1, L.A., CA 90024.

Life in New Zealand's fast lane.

Need to slow down and take a break? Come to New Zealand. Cruise the Bay of Islands in your own chartered yacht. Soar in a ski plane up to your own private glacier. Or simply wind down with the mates in a local pub. So why not get the run-down on relaxing Down Under? Send for your free New Zealand Book. Or ring: (213) 477-8241. NZTP

polyester shirt was brilliant, slightly mean, and rather esoteric—the perfect show-biz joke. Another running specialty was done with Bill Murray, who had invented a pricelessly smarmy lounge singer. The singer's last name varied from show to show, but he was always called Nick. Shaffer, as himself, played cocktail-piano accompaniment while Nick, mike in hand, strolled from table to table. Even though Murray had the spotlight in the Nick sketches, Shaffer's keyboard work, informed by many nights of hard labor in actual lounges, brought the schmalziness into three dimensions and defined the edge. Audiences were getting a chance to see Shaffer doing what he does best—walking the tightrope of kitsch.

"I learned a lot at 'Saturday Night Live,' " Shaffer told me. "I was always looking, always paying attention. I picked up the basics. Where the control room is. I mean that as an example of learning how the show is put together technically. If you're planning a musical number, some of the writing may interact with a camera shot, to get the laugh on the line. It's something we were always dealing with. How to get the music loud enough to be exciting, and still get the laughs in the right places. The visuals come into play. And so you have to learn a little bit about the medium, and how to work with a director—how to ask for what you want. Lorne Michaels was really generous about delegating authority. The writers would produce their own pieces—be responsible for getting them to look and feel the way they wanted. And I would, also, in a musical number.

"Howard had hired me to be his key man in the orchestra and help him as a sort of assistant conductor, but I was doing arrangements, and learning a lot from him, too, because he had more musical training than I did. He taught me a lot about arranging. And then we started working more independently of each other. He would write some stuff on his own, and I would write some stuff on my own. In my last season, I received credit as what was called a featured player. In the shows in which I would appear in a sketch or two, my picture would come up at the beginning of the show. Al Franken and Tom Davis and Don Novello and I—we were all in that category. Lorne was trying to establish a secondary category of featured players. Thinking that when he lost his original cast some of these players would become principals. Then, in what was a surprising move to everybody, Jean Doumanian, the associate producer, became the producer of the show. She asked me to become musical director. I had had enough, though. Five years was enough. I just explained to her that I needed to move on. I couldn't really see starting again with a brand-new cast. And being an elder—the elder guy. Everybody I had come up with was now moving on; I felt I should do the same.

"I didn't know, really, what I wanted to do next. So I just free-lanced for two years. I was very happy being a studio musician, and there was a lot of work at that time. I worked on all kinds of things. Commercials, of course. That was pretty lucrative work then, but not now; the business is down, mainly because now they're making the commercials with synthesizers. And I played on different kinds of records—Yoko Ono's solo record, Diana Ross's record. That time was sort of a realization of a dream. I was a studio cat. Very hip to be. The first job I got was as an arranger for Ron Dante, Barry Manilow's producer. Just before 'Saturday Night Live,' actually, I had worked for Ron Dante as an arranger, and the cats came in to play—the real studio cats. And I longed to be one of them. The arranger is on the date because the producer knows his work, and the arranger has written out the music, he's studied it beforehand. The real cats come in, and they've never seen it before, and they make a record. From nothing. And then they go away. That's really what I wanted to be. Will Lee was one. He was on that very first date for Ron Dante—that's when I met him. And he was the most macho of them all. He could stay up *all* night long. Playing a club gig till two in the morning, then staying up and partying till six. Then making it to a 10 A.M., no matter how drunk and sick he was—10 A.M., he's on the date, playing the bass for the McDonald's commercial. He would play all day long, every day."

After a year of studio-catting, Shaffer went on vacation to Hawaii with his girlfriend, Cathy Vasapoli. Driving one day in their rented car, they were

COME SEE THE COLORS

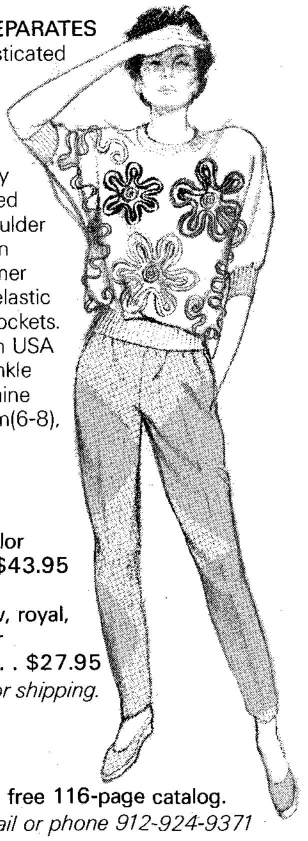
HENRY SIDDONS MOWBRAY
(1858 - 1928)
"Lois" Signed *H. Siddons Mowbray* l.r.
Oil on canvas laid down on board,
18" × 9½"

AT THE COOLEY GALLERY

Currently available, works by:
S.R. Gifford, H.W. Robbins, E. Carlsen,
B. Crane, C.H. Davis, L. Mazzanovich,
H.G. Thomson and others.

Send for our current
full color catalogue, $10.00 ppd.

THE COOLEY GALLERY
Fine American Paintings
25 Lyme St., P.O. Box 447, Old Lyme, Conn. 06371
203/434-8807
Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10-5 / Otherwise by Appointment



TERRIFIC SEPARATES with a sophisticated sense of fun. From *Peter Popovitch.* Oversized top has pretty ribbon stitched on front. Shoulder pads. Pants in sizzling summer colors have elastic waist, side pockets. Both made in USA of woven crinkle cotton. Machine wash, dry. Sm(6-8), Med(10-12), Lg(14-16).

Top in white with multicolor ribbon $43.95
Pants in sunny-yellow, royal, bright-teal or fiesta-pink . . . $27.95
Add $2.50 for shipping.

Send for free 116-page catalog.
Order by mail or phone 912-924-9371

THE TOG SHOP
704 Lester Square, Americus, GA 31710

The Duke University Diet & Fitness Center

More than a weight-loss program. A healthy way of life.

Individual lifestyle change through a medically supervised program of diet, exercise, behavioral counseling and nutrition education.

Two- and Four-Week Sessions
Average Monthly Weight Loss:
Men—25 Pounds, Women—20 Pounds
Lower Cholesterol & Blood Pressure
Complete Medical Assessment
Low Calorie Gourmet Meals
Personal Exercise Prescription
Indoor Pool • Gymnasium

Duke University Diet & Fitness Center
Box 2914-Y
Duke University Medical Center
Durham, N.C. 27710
(919) 684-6331

broadsided by another vehicle at an intersection. Shaffer was sitting in the passenger's seat, and that was the side the other car struck. "Second day of the vacation, I was in the hospital in Honolulu, saying, 'What hit me?' " he told me. "With nine broken ribs and a collapsed lung, shoulder gone. Luckily, we had managed to see Don Ho's show our first night there. They can't do anything with ribs, so they just pumped up my lung and let me out after twelve days. I went to Canada for about a month to recuperate and start physical therapy. Then I returned to New York and started doing jingles again. Taking one jingle a day and collapsing. My iron was still low—I'd sleep most of the day. But I was afraid not to work. I was afraid I'd never play again. My right arm wouldn't work at all. My fingers would work, but my arm was just hanging there. Reaching for a high note would cause me a lot of pain." He imitated the motion, and the cry of agony. "So I did a lot of weight training and swimming and stuff. Brought it back. It was great to have the studios let me right back in. I was afraid they wouldn't want to hire me, because I wasn't up to snuff. I was weak. Took me a long time to come back."

David Letterman was another ex-provincial, an acidulous former television weatherman from Indianapolis, young, bitingly funny, and breathtakingly fast on his feet. Letterman, too, was an aficionado of the edge. NBC had brought him to New York in 1980 after signing him to a fat long-term contract, but didn't have a place to put him. While Shaffer was in his studio-cat phase, Letterman was languishing, severely mislocated, on a cutting-edge comedy talk show at 10 A.M.—a slot traditionally keyed to housewives. The choice did not indicate network dimness; it indicated a lack of alternatives. Whatever else David Letterman was, he was not a prime-time guy.

"The David Letterman Show" had the same general format as "The Tonight Show"—witty host, second banana, band; monologue, music, and interviews—but it was Letterman instead of Carson. The humor was often bizarre and not a little cruel. The old show-business verities were respected to a minimum extent. The new order was addressed. It had been addressed before, but seldom. There had been—and there still was—"Saturday Night Live"; however, that show had gone through some rocky times after Lorne Michaels' tenure, and just now it was starting to seem ossified. There was "SCTV," produced in Canada and starring many of Paul Shaffer's friends from the great Toronto nexus of 1972: Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Joe Flaherty, Martin Short, Dave Thomas. "SCTV," which NBC carried at twelve-thirty on Friday nights, was genius comedy, but it was too esoteric and self-referential to get big ratings. To network executives, David Letterman, beneath a perfectly respectable demeanor, embodied the anti-establishment esprit of the "S.N.L." and "SCTV" audiences—audiences that largely had begun to ignore Johnny Carson. But where could they put Letterman? Toward the end of its run, the Letterman show—a doomed ship with a crew of brilliant writers and a gimlet-sharp captain who had nothing to lose—became a kind of perverse succès d'estime among what seemed like several dozen viewers. One of the viewers was Shaffer.

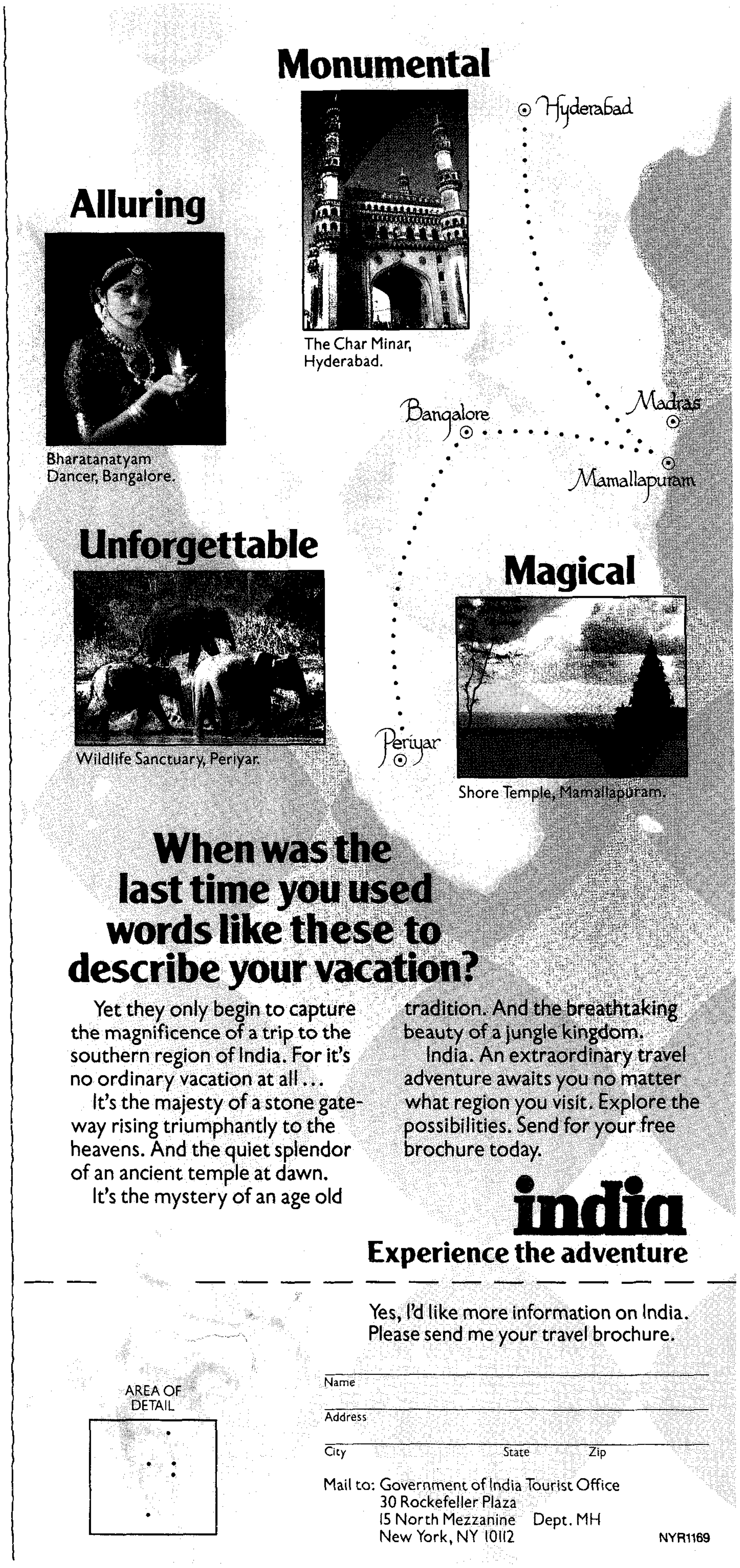
"I liked the show," he told me. "I especially started watching it after it was cancelled. They got very, very funny. They still had a month or so to go after they got the word, and I saw some stuff that I thought was just fabulous. Merrill Markoe was writing for the show, and Gerry Mulligan. Barry Sand was producing it; a lot of the staff of 'Late Night' was on it. I remember one sketch that totally had me fooled, where a guy came on and talked about what bad luck had befallen him, absolutely seriously. And Letterman was very concerned. Then the guy got up, shook hands, and left, and a sandbag came down where he'd been sitting. The oldest joke in the world, but they set it up terrifically."

"The David Letterman Show" died, and for half a year its ex-host lived a life of very well-compensated but anxious leisure. Then the 12:30 A.M. time slot—the former home of Tom Snyder—became available. The way for "Late Night" was paved.

" 'Late Night' was the show that we had wanted the morning show to be," David Letterman told me not long ago in his office. "It's just that the morning show was on at a different part of the day. But the same theory and philosophy and desires went into the morning show as into 'Late Night.' Essentially, the planning for both shows took place at the same time. We hoped that the morning show would be a success and stay on the air, but, given the nature of television, we thought it probably would not. So we did a lot of pre-production and a lot of collecting of ideas and a lot of writing concepts down on paper. We wanted to do something different; we wanted a talk show that was not the kind of talk show you were accustomed to seeing. We wanted to use all the elements of television."

Interviews for the "Late Night" staff began in the fall of 1981. The bandleader on "The David Letterman Show" had been a man named Frank Owens. Owens was an accomplished keyboard artist, but his musical style tended toward the middle of the road—as was fitting for a matutinal spot. For the nighttime show, Letterman wanted rock and roll.

"I *knew* that this was a great spot for me," Shaffer told me. "I just had a feeling that it was. The Rollins & Joffe office had approached me about this: 'Would you come and speak to Letterman about the show?' I was still in kind of bad shape from the accident, but I just *knew*—it was called 'Late Night,' already it sounds hip. It's gonna be on later than anything else. So that's already good. And the band was going to be limited to four pieces. Perfect for me. Because I hate dealing with a big orchestra. When I came in for that first interview with Letterman—he remembers it; he said to me the other day, 'I knew something was wrong with you. You looked like you had just been through some terrible ordeal'—I was still skinny. I had lost a lot of weight. The meeting was with Letterman and Barry Sand. They said, 'What kind of a band would you do?' And I had the concept together. I said, 'If I get the job, my band will be the type of band you see in a late-night lounge. Say you walked into the hippest lounge you could think of—it's smoky, and there's a four-piece band playing.' I based the concept on a topless bar on Yonge Street, in Toronto, called the Zanzibar. There was a Hammond organ on top of the bar, and several three-piece bands a day, because it was open from noon till one in the morning. And each band would have an


Monumental

The Char Minar, Hyderabad.

Alluring

Bharatanatyam Dancer, Bangalore.

Unforgettable

Wildlife Sanctuary, Periyar.

Magical

Shore Temple, Mamallapuram.

Hyderabad
Bangalore
Madras
Mamallapuram
Periyar
AREA OF DETAIL

When was the last time you used words like these to describe your vacation?

Yet they only begin to capture the magnificence of a trip to the southern region of India. For it's no ordinary vacation at all...

It's the majesty of a stone gateway rising triumphantly to the heavens. And the quiet splendor of an ancient temple at dawn.

It's the mystery of an age old tradition. And the breathtaking beauty of a jungle kingdom.

India. An extraordinary travel adventure awaits you no matter what region you visit. Explore the possibilities. Send for your free brochure today.

india
Experience the adventure

Yes, I'd like more information on India. Please send me your travel brochure.

Name
Address
City State Zip

Mail to: Government of India Tourist Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza
15 North Mezzanine Dept. MH
New York, NY 10112

NYR1169

organ player, who would slip in behind that house Hammond organ. In the afternoons, it was a very hip jam scene. There weren't too many black people in Toronto at that time, but all of them, I was *sure*, were at this thing in the afternoon. Sitting in with this band, oblivious of the topless chicks.

"I didn't really try to be funny in that first meeting, and that may have thrown them. I had several more meetings after that. I wasn't confident they were going to hire me, but I was quite confident that I was the right man for the job. A lot of the musicians in town were telling me about it, saying, 'You'd be perfect for this. You should go up for this.' And I would say, 'I know, actually. I *am*. I *am* perfect for this.' So, for whatever reason, after about the third meeting they broke down and gave it to me."

Using all the elements of television meant extremely specific things to David Letterman and his staff. Letterman didn't want to broadcast live at 12:30 A.M.—for one thing, he wasn't sure what manner of studio audience the show would be able to muster four nights a week at that hour—but he very much wanted "Late Night" to *feel* live. It should be able to cut through the slick shell of television. It wouldn't hurt if some of the sense of imminent peril present in the last days of the morning show were carried over.

The first broadcast of "Late Night," on February 1, 1982, did not stint, in any respect, on sharpness. "Bill Murray was the guest—the lead guest, as I remember," Shaffer said. "There was an atmosphere of danger, because nobody knew what the show was going to be, really. And Bill shook everybody up, because he came in and almost had a rehearsal and then split. For the afternoon. It was unknown whether he was even going to come back. He said, 'I have to feed my dog. I just have to.' All he had said to me before he left was 'I want to do "Let's Get Physical," by Olivia Newton-John, and I'm gonna get somebody out of the audience and do aerobics with them, and get some comedy out of that.' I don't know whether he left on purpose. I don't know if he'd decided to put everyone on edge on the first show of a show like Letterman, which would be going for that edge—but whether it was premeditated or not that's what he did. And it threw everybody. Including me, because I didn't know the structure of my band at that point. I didn't know how good my band was going to be at playing 'Let's Get Physical' without any rehearsal. I ran it down with the band, but I didn't know what Bill was going to do. Anyway, we went for it on the air, and it was really right on the edge. And afterward we were all shell-shocked. Now everybody looks back on it as one of the most exciting shows—that segment has been shown on anniversary shows. Because it was totally out there—really swimming.

"There's a legend in the musical community about what Ernie Kovacs did one time. In the middle of the thirty-second countdown before they were about to go on the air, he ran up to this junkie drummer in his band and said, 'You're hosting the show tonight.' And pulled him off the drums and put him in front of the camera, and said, 'You're on.' And this guy just stood there and shook for a while, he didn't know what to do, and finally he just went into a Groucho Marx slump and Grouchoed off. That was how Kovacs opened the show that night. I would be proud to be in a show that aspired to that craziness. But I always questioned where the comedy is in throwing a high-strung guy like Larry Bud"—referring to the roly-poly Calvert DeForest, who plays a character named Larry (Bud) Melman—"out in front of an audience and watching him tremble. It always felt a little cruel to me. But I will admit to having often played the tape of the time he read 'The Night Before Christmas.' To this day, they claim it was a legitimate mistake. He was dressed as Santa Claus, in a sleigh; he was going to read 'The Night Before Christmas.' One production assistant thought the lines would be on cue cards, so she didn't think it was necessary to give him the real book. She gave him a book in French, as a prop. And the other production assistants assumed that he wouldn't need cards—he would be reading right from the book. So he's out there, and there's children all around him, and he says, ' 'Twas the night before Christmas,' and he opens up the book, and he sees this, and he says, 'Oh, my God!' and starts to tremble. And he's looking off, like this—he's trying to catch somebody's attention—and he doesn't know what

A piece of American originality.

Life above the equator (or an equal distance below it) isn't actually complete without a buffalo plaid shirt.

This is for those mornings when a fire in the fireplace would be nice, but there's no kindling. Or when it's really cold enough to put the top up on the car but you don't want to.

A single malt Scotch actually tastes better wearing a buffalo plaid shirt. A walk in a hardwood forest can't be done properly without one. Going to a business meeting wearing one puts everything, and everyone, into perspective.

To summarize, once you own a buffalo plaid shirt, the less you need of everything else.

And with the right buffalo plaid shirt, you need only one per lifetime.

Ours is made by the 158 year old Woolrich Woolen Mills in Pennsylvania (they developed these red and black plaids first, in 1830). 85% wool (pre-shrunk) and 15% nylon, for shape retention. Felled seams. 32" shirt tails. Button-through flap pockets.

Sizes (men and women): S, M, L, XL, XXL.

Price: $46. We pay shipping.

U.S. Navy Sweater.

If you stop to think about it, the world's navies (ours included) have made fewer blunders than the world's armies when it comes to clothing.

Everything silly, pointless, impractical or merely ornamental has been removed from the U.S. Navy watch cap, pea coat and watch sweater.

So each is perfect.

Ours, made by the same company that supplies the U.S. Navy (and made, of course, to the same specs) is 100% wool, moth-proofed and made in that very dark, almost black, bottomless color which the Navy calls "Blue 3346."

Ribbed cuffs, "jersey body," cover-stitched seams, low (2 inch) turtle neck. Rugged, warm, close fitting. Worn with jeans under a shirt, it's perfect.

Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL, (unisex).

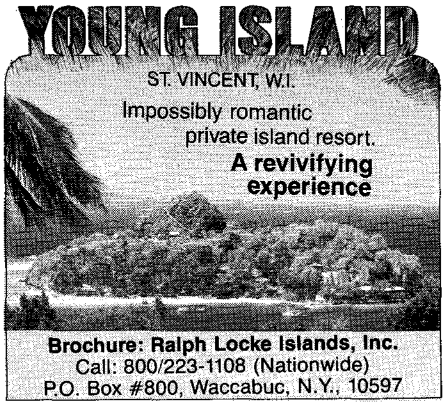
Price: $33. We pay shipping.

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction, or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1989 The J. Peterman Company

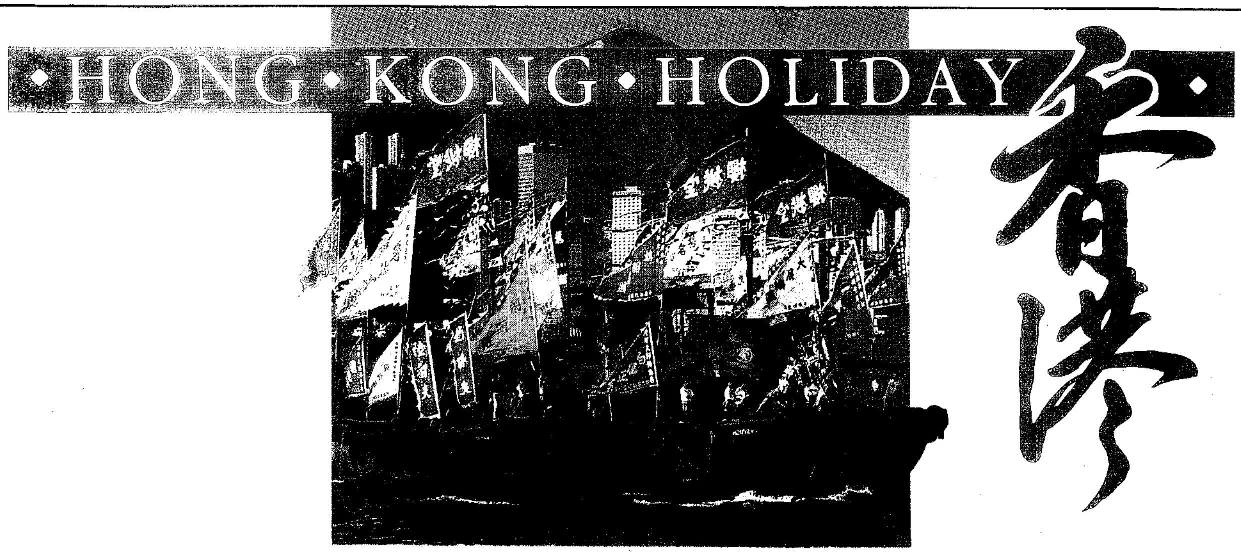


YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
Impossibly romantic private island resort.
A revivifying experience
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 (Nationwide)
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, N.Y., 10597

to do. He's just, 'Oh, no!' He says, ''Twas the night before Christmas,' and then he tries to remember it. ''Twas the night before Christmas, and, uh . . . Oh, my God, now I gotta read Spanish,' he says. And he tries to read a little bit of the French: '*Voici*. . . Oh, my God, my God!' And then he starts again to try to remember it. ''Twas the night before Christmas'—nothing. So he thinks maybe he'll get out of it by wrapping it up, finishing it. He says, 'So Santa Claus came down the chimney, and that ended Christmas.' And still the camera remains on him; they don't give him a break. And he goes, 'Oh, my *God!*' He says it again: 'Santa Claus came down the chimney, and that was the night before Christmas.' And finally, mercifully, they take the camera off him. They go back to David—big closeup of David. And David looks at the camera and says, 'It was magic, wasn't it?' That was, really, my favorite moment on the show.

"I think Letterman, in his wickedness, may have always wanted a show like this. And that may be why he really encourages me just to go for it, see what happens. Don't bother trying to prepare anything. He has always been adamant about starting exactly on time—five-thirty. And never stopping tape. We never stop tape unless there's some technical problem—if a light goes out, or something. But if Letterman had anything to say about it, it would never stop. If a musician is late, or I say, 'If I had five more minutes, I could rehearse this number'—forget it. We roll at five-thirty. It's just as if it were live. There's no second chances. And when you know that this is the event, then you perform as if it were. Whereas if you knew you were going to get to do it over again, it just wouldn't have that same edge. Maybe you'd get too comfortable. It could be that the more comfortable a performer becomes, the more of a target he becomes—to those of us who subconsciously hate comfort."

PAUL SHAFFER's office time before the five-thirty taping of "Late Night" is concentrated but relaxed. He usually isn't in his show clothes yet, for one thing; his broadcast air of casual hipness is often preceded by a look that challenges the boundaries of casualness. On a recent afternoon, for example, Shaffer was wearing an Elvis T-shirt, olive Levi's, big, clear-rimmed glasses with bluish reflective lenses, and about three days of stubble. In a T-shirt, his narrow-shoulderedness was almost startling: he looked like a bald, bristly, fairly dissipated ninth grader. His preparations for the show were correct but not pressed. In the course of seven years, he has lost none of his enthusiasm for the job, but most of the nervousness that early in the show's history sometimes made him overplan is gone. On this particular afternoon, Shaffer met briefly with an acoustic guitarist named Joe Caro, who was going to help accompany the evening's musical guest, a shaved-headed female Irish rock singer named Sinéad O'Connor. Shaffer and Caro, whose friendship goes back to Shaffer's studio days, listened to a cassette of O'Connor's song. Shaffer distinguishes professional listening from the recreational kind. He doesn't do much recreational listening these days. Professional listening makes him look avid and rapt. His mouth is slightly ajar. It's not just that he's grooving to the



...IT WAS THE FANCIEST BIRTHDAY PARTY I'D EVER SEEN."

"In Hong Kong, each day sparkles with excitement. Culture and commerce are the mainstays of this vibrant city where old meets new, east meets west.

One day, after a sumptuous dim sum breakfast, a trip to the Peak, and a full morning of shopping, we were still able to attend a Chinese festival, one celebrating the birthday of Tin Hau, patron of fishermen. We watched in awe as fishing boats with brilliantly coloured banners sailed through the harbour, drums beating and dragons dancing. It was the fanciest birthday party I'd ever seen..."

See your travel agent or mail the coupon for details of the most unforgettable holiday you'll ever have...in Hong Kong.

HONG KONG

Tell me more about Hong Kong.

Name: ____________

Address: ____________

____________ *Zip:* ______

Mail to: Hong Kong Tourist Association P.O. Box 7720, Itasca, Illinois 60143-7720.

NY/1/89

Rise And Shine.

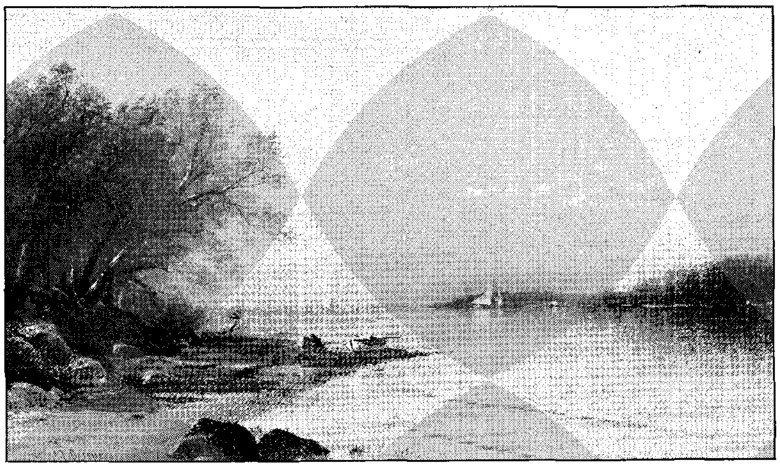
See your Travel Agent or call toll-free 1-800-322-8263
for free Vacation Planning Guides.

Greater Fort Lauderdale
Where The Fun Never Sets.

Hollywood/Pompano Beach/Lauderdale-by-the-Sea/Deerfield Beach

NYR

ALFRED THOMPSON BRICHER
(1837-1908)



"Calm Inlet, Autumn", 13″x 22″, Oil on canvas, s.l.l., c.1865, $38,500

ON EXHIBIT: AFFORDABLE AMERICAN PAINTINGS
OF THE 19TH AND EARLY 20TH CENTURIES.
Illustrated Catalogue With Price List, $6.00 ppd.

Vose GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC. ESTABLISHED 1841
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations.
238 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MA. 02116 • (617) 536-6176

beat—he's also picking out voicings and phrasings and dynamics. Shaffer and Caro listened to the tape a couple of times, then briefly discussed a tentative bumper list—a roster of songs the band would perform during the show to lead into and out of commercials. "There can be a correlation between my calling the right tunes at the right times and getting the energy going in a positive direction for the commercial breaks," Shaffer told me. "After we come back, if it's been an up thing everyone's feeling good. Letterman's energy is where the whole flow of the show comes from, of course. But if I call a medium-energy number, and I bring the energy down inadvertently, I could be responsible for slowing down the show." That night, out of deference to Caro, Shaffer tried to think of songs that would feature a strumming acoustic guitar: "Here Comes the Night," by Van Morrison; "And Your Bird Can Sing," by Lennon and McCartney; "As Tears Go By" and "You Can't Always Get What You Want," by Jagger and Richards; "Tired of Waiting," by Ray Davies.

The bumper list can, and often does, change on the spur of the moment, depending on the rhythm and the texture of the show. A chance remark by Letterman or a guest might trigger an association in Shaffer's encyclopedic rock brain, and he and the band will react with lightning speed. Sometimes Shaffer has the time to dash off a quick chart on blank staff paper, which his assistant always keeps at hand, but as often as not there is no time to write. Shaffer hisses a song title and a key, and the band wings it. "We go out there in front of two hundred people every night," Letterman told me, "and Paul and the band—for me—are the single consistently best aspect of the production. It's very important to me to have live music—to have that quality. I don't know that it makes any difference to people at home, but to me, in the studio, it's very important." It is a measure of the group's tightness, and of their many common points of reference, that they bring off stunning musical ad-libs with matter-of-fact regularity. They very seldom sound ragged. Last September, for example, as the Presidential campaign was starting to heat up, Letterman made a cutting comment during his nightly Top Ten list about one of his pet peeves—"that Quayle jerk." Almost instantly afterward, as Letterman announced a commercial, the band hit "Cool Jerk," by the Capitols. "We often react to something in the Top Ten list," Shaffer told me. "When Anton hits that drum fill, we start talking. I'll just say, ' "Cool Jerk"—C!' And we do it."

Sometime around four (earlier if he has to rehearse a comedy sketch, later if there's no musical guest), Shaffer goes downstairs to Studio 6A, on the sixth floor. In the hall outside are big black-and-white publicity photos of Letterman's antecedents: "The Ernie Kovacs Show"; "Juvenile Jury," with Jack Barry; "The Texaco Star Theatre," with Milton Berle. 6A has the usual quality of seeming smaller in real life—as we say—than on television. But it actually is a small studio, both narrower and shallower than 8H, where Arturo Toscanini once conducted the NBC Symphony, and from which "Saturday Night Live" now emanates. The home of "Late Night" looks both scruffier and less warm than it does on the air. The "Late Night" goldfish flips back and forth in its cramped bowl. The confetti cannons sit quiescent. The air-conditioning in the studio, meant to counter the intense heat of the lights, is so icy that the musicians and the crew often wear sweaters.

Paul Shaffer's domain is at stage right, amid a tangle of cables and equipment. Shaffer works in a kind of bullpen created by three imposing instruments—a black Yamaha grand piano, a Hammond B-3 organ, and a Kurzweil digital sampler. On top of the Kurzweil sits an Oberheim OBX-a analog synthesizer. With this battery of equipment he can create an almost unlimited repertoire of musical effects. He can do voices. He can do strings. In front of the Yamaha is the bailiwick of Sid McGinnis, the guitarist for the World's Most Dangerous Band. Will Lee roams beside the Hammond, slightly to Shaffer's left. Anton Fig sits with his drum kit on a platform in back of the band.

That afternoon, Sinéad O'Connor—tiny, bald, birdily bright-eyed, and wearing an oversized leather jacket—came out, nodded shyly to Shaffer and the band, then belted her way through two rehearsal takes of her number, "Mandinka." She shouted, keened, and yodelled. The band sounded tight and loud and fine. Between takes, Shaffer worked out some details with Sid McGinnis, speaking almost in a whisper. "That G-sharp over E? G-gonk!" Shaffer said. McGinnis nodded. "And that strum—it's too square," Shaffer said. McGinnis nodded again. It was time for another take. "O.K., top!" Shaffer said, and they began the song again. After O'Connor left the stage, the band noodled a little bit, just for the fun of it. They played most of "Hotel California." They played a few bars of "Chuck E's in Love." They sounded wonderful.

Every afternoon, for the sound check, Shaffer and the band rehearse the "Late Night" theme. The theme, a jazzy shuffle modulating from the key of G to A, was written by Shaffer himself. He hasn't done a lot of writing; it tends to make him nervous. "I threw up while I was writing the theme," he told me. From the first distorted notes, played simultaneously on the Oberheim, the Kurzweil, and Will Lee's bass, the theme brilliantly accompanies the show's swooping opening montage of nighttime Manhattan, somehow managing to convey, in a minute's time, breathless urban nocturnal excitement, quirky humor, dry sophistication, and funky, collegial warmth. "Barry Sand wanted the theme to be half on tape and half live," Shaffer said. "But I insisted on its being all live. I thought it was stupid to have canned music on a show that's supposed to feel live. I wrote the theme with that in mind. There's plenty of room for improvisation in it. It's a jam every night."

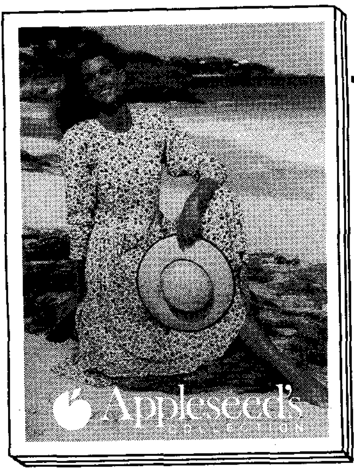
After the sound check, the band members retired to their various dressing rooms. Shaffer changed into his show clothes for the evening: baggy black trousers and a silver wood-grain-patterned shirt with a black knit collar. At five-fifteen, he went into makeup, and shortly afterward went onstage. The studio audience was now in place, having been warmed up by the announcer, Bill Wendell, and a brief visit from Letterman himself. As Shaffer hit the opening notes on the Oberheim and the Kurzweil, the audience began applauding and cheering. They were prompted to do so, of course, but they also wanted to; the theme seems to

THE DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Hear it for yourself.
Weekly broadcasts
over a nationwide
network of
public radio and
classical music stations.

A General Motors
Mark of Excellence
Presentation

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE



Classic Spring Fashions
Fresh new fashions to take you through the season in assured style. Enjoy shopping for new traditions and favorite classics featuring dresses, sportswear and accessories. Appleseed's Collection—for your fashion lifestyle!
For your **FREE** catalog, write:
Appleseed's Collection, 30 Tozer Rd., Dept. 2260, Beverly, MA 01915
or call toll-free: **1-800-225-0786.**
Mass. residents: **1-800-892-0838.**
(Sorry, we do not mail outside the U.S.A.)

Appleseed's
COLLECTION

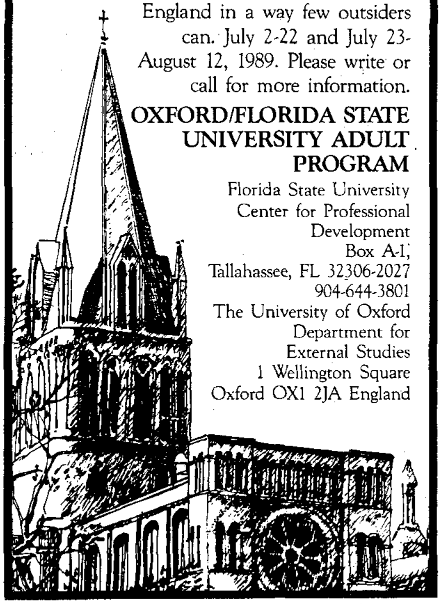
work, every time. David Letterman emerged from the rear of his set, strode up to the camera, and waved off the music. He performed his monologue. He introduced the band and chatted with Shaffer about the lovely weather, which, both men agreed, was most likely due to a high-pressure front out of Canada. The director cut to a shot of WNBC's "Live at Five" weather map. Front confirmed. After an appearance by Robert Klein, Sinéad O'Connor sang. She and the band sounded as though they had all been touring together for months. The bumpers went exactly as planned. For "You Can't Always Get What You Want," Shaffer precisely—eerily—imitated a large choir on the Kurzweil. For "As Tears Go By," he imitated an entire string section. Nobody blinked at any of this; it was simply part of his job. The show went without a hitch.

LATE last May, Shaffer received an honorary doctorate from Lakehead University, in Thunder Bay. "The convocation was Saturday," Shaffer told me. "Kind of an all-day affair. I wore a suit, and then onstage when the degree was conferred I got the gown, hood, and mortarboard. There were a number of other prominent Canadians there getting honorary degrees. Stephen Lewis, who was the Canadian Ambassador to the United Nations; Jean Chrétien, the former foreign minister. My parents were thrilled, you know? What was I cited for? Hard to say. I think just for being a small-town kid who realized his dream to some extent—who has been proud of his heritage and has consistently mentioned the name of his town, and brought it a little bit of recognition. I think they're all happy about that up there. They made me doctor of fine arts, *honoris causa*. For my achievements in the area of the arts, and as a humanitarian. The bio in the program stressed certain charity events that I've been involved in. And, let's face it, they needed a celebrity for the convocation. I had my picture taken with the two politicians, and it appeared on the front page of the paper that morning. This is another funny story—embarrassing. Back when there were two towns, there were two papers, both afternoon. In Fort William it was the *Times-Journal*, and in Port Arthur it was the *News-Chronicle*. When the towns amalgamated, they decided to keep both papers—have one morning and one afternoon—but merge the two papers as well, and call one of them the *Times-News* and the other one the *Chronicle-Journal*. That's what the names of the two papers are now. Isn't that crazy? It's a nutty town up there.

"As the kids were graduating and getting their diplomas, they'd shake the chancellor's hand, and then some of them would come over to me on the platform and shake my hand, too. They'd say, 'Nice to meet you.' Some said, 'Say hi to Dave.' They get cable TV up there, and they also get the Detroit stations. When I was growing up—well, until I was about twelve—there was only one station, CBC. Then we got cable. That's when we started being able to see American television. My parents tape the show and watch it the next day.

"Chancellor's dinner: parents; the mayor; local dignitaries; friends who had come up for this thing. It was a little bit deadly. But I had my troops there. Rick Lazar—we used to refer to him as Funky Ricky. He's got a band in Toronto now. He was the only one who didn't have a straight job. David Hurdon, who had been a singer in the band I came up with, and is now a sales exec for a wine company; Dr. Wayne Tanner, a vascular surgeon now, residing in Boston; Dave Smythe, a local blues expert, who now holds down a day gig at Atlas Alloys; Lee Richardson, an M.P. from Calgary. And I spoke at the dinner. I spoke about how my first professional job had been at Lakehead University. Joined the union at sixteen, and got into the Fugitives, and my first gig was a Christmas dance at Lakehead University, the place that gave me the degree. The four-hour engagement, where I stood on one foot and fell over. I told that story, and I was a smash.

"Then we got into the car, with the troops, and headed over to a place called the Club Soda. At about ten-thirty. The charity event that followed— I'm honorary chairman of a committee to raise a million and a half dollars to pay for a CAT-scan machine for the hospital up there, and I had this party, which I called the Midnighters' Ball. Starring Hank Ballard and the Midnighters, and a couple of local bands. Ballard was just a little bit before my day. 'Finger-Poppin' Time' was a big record of his. 'Thrill Upon the Hill' was his. He wrote 'The



O X F O R D
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
SUMMER PROGRAM

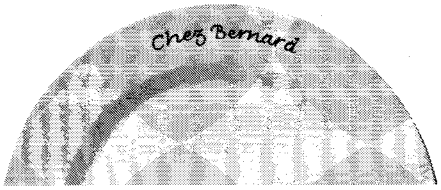
The prestige. The tradition. The unsurpassed academic quality. Spend Summer '89 living the Oxford experience at historic Christ Church. Study in residence with Oxford tutors . . . earn course credits . . . take field trips to famous sites . . . get to know England in a way few outsiders can. July 2-22 and July 23-August 12, 1989. Please write or call for more information.

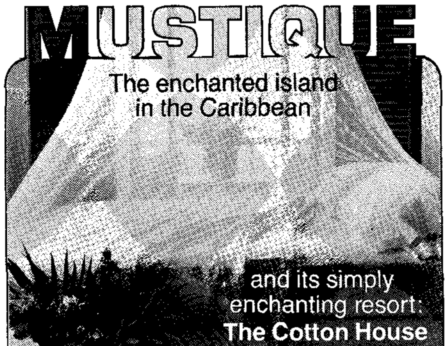
OXFORD/FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY ADULT PROGRAM
Florida State University
Center for Professional Development
Box A-1,
Tallahassee, FL 32306-2027
904-644-3801
The University of Oxford
Department for External Studies
1 Wellington Square
Oxford OX1 2JA England

NOW YOU CAN SERVE A TRULY MEMORABLE DISH.

Hand-lettered and personalized with any name or place, this beautiful white porcelain 20 piece service for four serves your guests in superb style. Great gift idea, too. Lettering on dinner, salad and soup plates only. In blue, crimson, black, or green. Dishwasher, microwave safe. Send check, M/O, Visa, M/C $175 + $10.00 for shipping. Ma. residents add 5% sales tax. 4 weeks delivery.

CHEZ NOUS, BOX 522, DEPT. NYR 116
SO. EGREMONT, MA 01258 OR CALL: (212) 650-0308




MUSTIQUE
The enchanted island in the Caribbean
and its simply enchanting resort:
The Cotton House

Brochure: (800) 223-1108 • (212) 696-1323
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, NY 10597

Twist.' You hear his version and you hear where Chubby Checker got his whole sound. But Ballard's true claim to fame is 'Work with Me Annie.' First well-known risqué record. It was banned, and only black stations played it. But it was so strong—first it was covered by Giselle MacKenzie or Teresa Brewer, or somebody like that. Lyrics changed to 'Dance with Me Henry.' Then it was re-released, and broke through onto the white stations, and everybody knew how exciting it was. The follow-up was called 'Annie Had a Baby—Can't Work No More.'

"Ballard is a guy in his middle fifties. I've seen him just before he's ready to go onstage, and he always seems to be totally up, and he says, '*Yeah! Yeah!*' He is a very skinny black guy. One of the few living proponents of the R. & B. revue. He's still out on the road with a band. Three horns, three singers, and they're all dressed in tuxes. The band comes on first and does a couple of instrumentals, then the singers come on, then they bring him on. It's the classic rhythm-and-blues format. His agent happened to know Don Besignano, a promoter in Thunder Bay whom I went to school with. Besi mentioned to me, 'If you want to have a party when you come up for that degree, I could get Hank Ballard and the Midnighters for three grand.' I said, 'Perfect. We'll have a New York party'—that was my idea. 'We'll make them stay up late. I gotta be at the chancellor's dinner till ten-thirty anyway, so let's not start it till ten—just like in New York.' People up there never *heard* of that. Bars close at one there. Well, we stopped serving liquor at one. But they let us keep the party going. People could order setups. Order a couple of drinks just before one. They let us do that.

"And everybody got dressed up, and everybody stayed up late. People said we really did take the room out of Thunder Bay and put it somewhere else—on some other planet for the night. It was magic. All the girls dressed up, Hank Ballard playing, a great R. & B. band. My dad intro'd me. My parents stayed up pretty damn late. It was very loud, too—they were complaining. But they had a good time. My dad's intro was 'As some of you may know, my son today received an honorary doctoral degree. Ladies and gentlemen, my son the doctor—right here.' And I came on and gave a

IN A CITY
FAMOUS FOR HOTELS,
WHY DOES ONLY
ONE HAVE BOTH
A FIVE STAR AND
FIVE DIAMOND RATING?

Four Seasons
Clift Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
Near Union Square
For reservations call (800) 332-3442 or (415) 775-4700.

137
132
129
147
134
130
136
118
120
GET OFF THE DIET ROLLERCOASTER
with
NORDICTRACK
• More effective
• More fun
• More lasting

NOW...LOSE WEIGHT WITHOUT DIETING

Burns More Calories Than Bikes And Rowers

You diet. You lose. You falter. You gain it back. Maybe a bit more. Discouraged, you begin the cycle over, destined for rapid initial (and mostly water) weight loss, followed by a plateau... and the dieting blues.

THE SECRET TO IDEAL WEIGHT

The only way to break this cycle is aerobic exercise, the key to lowering your "set point." An active body wants to be slimmer. Plus physical activity burns calories while toning and firming.

THE BEST EXERCISE

NordicTrack duplicates the total body action of cross-country skiing, the world's best exercise, and uses more muscles than jogging, biking, swimming or running—without risking joint injury or back problems. **NordicTrack** is for everyone who wants to reduce weight while increasing fitness.

© 1988 NordicTrack *A CML Company*

MORE NORDICTRACK BENEFITS

With regular use of **NordicTrack**, you'll also feel better, have more energy, reduce tension, postpone aging symptoms and help prevent osteoporosis.

Take your first step off the diet rollercoaster. Call today for free information on how you can achieve your fitness and weight-control goals.

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO

NordicTrack
141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
Call Toll Free 1-800-328-5888
In Minnesota 1-800-422-5145, In Canada 1-800-433-9582
☐ Send free brochure ☐ Also free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Phone ( ) ______ 265A9

ALM & ARUBA
The Perfect Winter
Anti-Freeze

One island stacks up for the perfect winter get-away. By day, play on miles of pure white beaches or explore the many ways of enjoying the sea. On land, there is a myriad of sports to enjoy and sights to see.

At night, experience delectable international cuisine, tasty local dishes, live shows and entertainment. Then play some more at your choice of six casinos.

The best way to get to Aruba is on ALM Antillean Airlines, the Airline of The Dutch Caribbean, with six flights each week from JFK.

Make your plans now to avoid the winter freeze. See your travel professional now! Or, call 1-800-327-7230.

4 Days/3 Nights

from $576

per person, double occupancy

Including airfare from New York.

Features: Oceanview room, T-shirt, Manager's open-bar party, weekly sweepstakes, chaise lounges with towel, day tennis, $15 casino chips.

Other packages & options available.

IT8LM1US293MODA

12/20/88 - 4/2/89

Complimentary bar service on all international flights. Duty-free sales on board.

ALM
ANTILLEAN AIRLINES
THE AIRLINE OF THE DUTCH CARIBBEAN

0060

NEW YORK HAS MANY HOTELS.

BUT ONLY ONE
LIKE THE ALGONQUIN.

For decades, knowing New Yorkers have been drawn to The Algonquin, home of the legendary Round Table. Its intimacy and warmth are the nearest thing to an Old English inn that our city has to offer. In the heart of New York's exciting theatre and business districts, The Algonquin is like no other hotel in New York—or anywhere else.

THE Algonquin
Home of the Legendary Round Table

59 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036 • (212) 840-6800 • Telex: 66532 New York

long intro—I explained who Hank Ballard was. And Hank Ballard played a very long set, from about eleven-thirty till one, and at one-thirty we came back on with a late-night jam set and tribute to the early Thunder Bay rock scene.

"Ricky—Funky Ricky—was always ahead of his time. He is of Assyrian origin, this guy. He has very dark skin, and so in the old days, as a sixteen-year-old kid, he had a look about him. He looked like Willy DeVille looks now, or something. And pointed shoes. He was into dressing. He dressed outlandishly way back then, way before his time. Even after I went away to college—even after I came to New York—I used to go back home and see Ricky, to find out what was happening. Down in his little basement, where he had his apartment set up in his parents' place, he kept up. He had a stack of *Downbeat* magazines: he knew what was going on. More so than I did. His contribution to the party was a version of James Brown's 'Living in America.' With special lyrics—'Living in-a Thunder Bay.' And at the very end of it, quoting from the Young Rascals, he turned to me and said, 'Doctor, Doctor, Mr. Ph.D. Play some funky organ—play it one time for me.' Then I went into a solo. It was a killing moment.

"And I brought on the guy who was the lead singer of the Fugitives: his name was Bob Anuik. Bobbo's big songs were Del Shannon things, and he had a rock version of 'Jezebel' he used to do. He's now a car salesman in Thunder Bay. But he came back with his guitar—he came in knowing exactly what he was going to do. You know, 'I want to do Johnny Rivers' "Seventh Son," and then I'll go into "Runaway." ' And Bobbo came on and he *shone*. He killed us all with the authentic 'Grease' sound—he brought that back.

"Then I closed with my own special lyrics to the song 'Dirty Water,' by the Standells—which is about Boston, as you know, about the Charles River. And I did lyrics about the paper-mill smokestacks. I broke it down into kind of a call-and-response thing at the end—this is at three in the morning—and I had the whole crowd chanting, 'We love that filthy air now.' Sort of like a cry of Northern pride rising from this club. And then we said good night."

—James Kaplan

DANCING

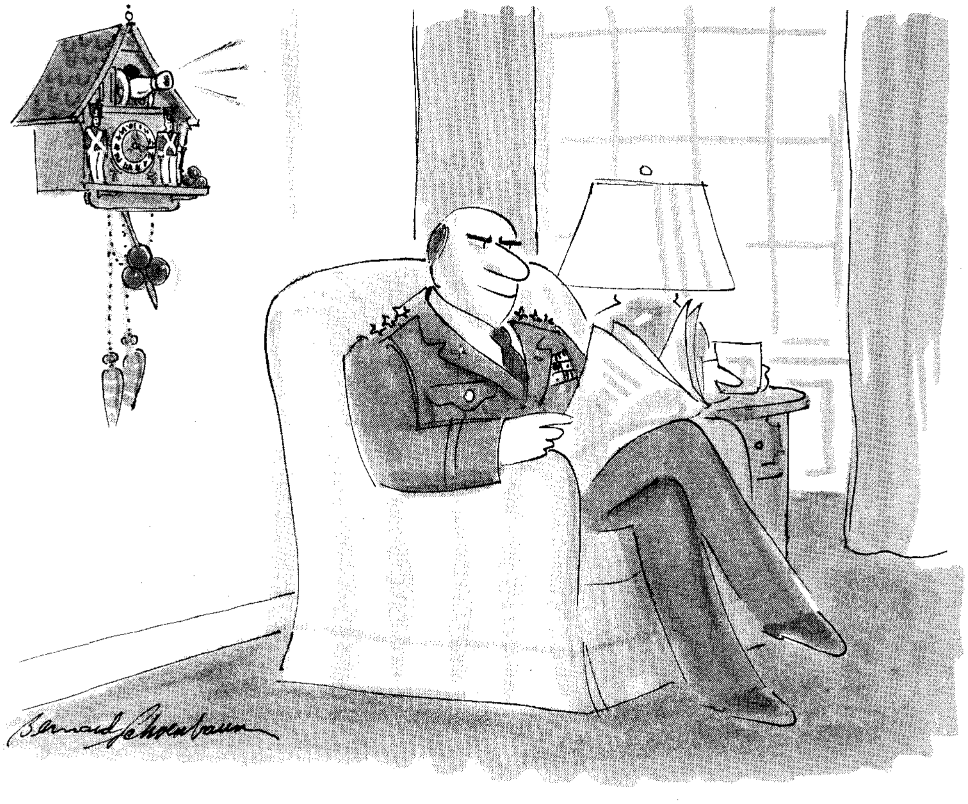
Mark Morris Goes Abroad

THE good news about Mark Morris is that his latest piece of choreography is the best thing he has ever done. The bad news is that he has done it in Brussels, the city that he and his company now call home. There is nothing at all the matter with Brussels; from Morris's point of view, it is just about perfect. But for Americans who wish to follow his work or who have a serious interest in the future of American dance—it comes to the same thing—Brussels is a long commute. Previously, the farthest I'd had to go for a Morris première was Seattle, which was his home base until the Brussels invitation came along. This time last year, I was sitting in the Seattle Opera House watching the dances that Morris had made for a local production of Gluck's "Orpheus" and wishing that Morris had been the director as well as the choreographer.

In Brussels, Morris has options no American city could offer him. He has the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, one of the finest of all European opera houses, in which to present his work; he has generous amounts of rehearsal time and handsome, well-designed rehearsal facilities; and he has a budget that not only guarantees his dancers a living but also lets him hire the extra dancers and musical forces necessary for the production of, for example, his new wonderwork, "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," which is based on Handel's oratorio of that name. This munificence is compelled from Brussels taxpayers at rates unthinkable to Americans. It was the populace of Brussels that, inflamed by a performance of "La Muette de Portici" in 1830, rushed out of the theatre and tried to overthrow the government. What some of us find even harder to believe is that the populace of Brussels has never rushed from Parliament to overthrow anything on the stage. Just before Christmas, I spent a few nights in Brussels watching the Morris company, now called the Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris, perform the two different programs with which it had made its Brussels début, in November—"L'Allegro" and a mixed bill of older works. The audiences seemed impressed—thrilled, even—with everything they saw. "L'Allegro," a full-evening work, is a good introduction to Morris's art. It is both sombre and playful, sacred and profane. It shows his musicianship and his theatre sense. It has grace, delicacy, and sweetness of expression, along with other things characteristic of its creator—ungainliness, unruliness, and love of risk. Morris is as capable of the celestial virtues in art as of the down-and-dirty ones, and he withholds nothing of himself in "L'Allegro." The piece pours forth treasures. As it draws to an end, its abundance flows to a level just short of excess, and you're happy about that. Then it overflows, and you're even happier.

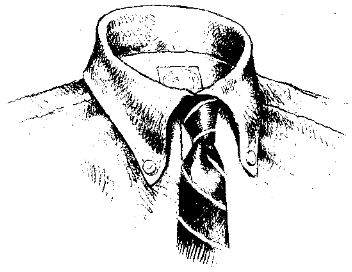
Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," which were published together in 1645, are full of pictures; that may be why they are among the first of Milton's works to be taught to schoolchildren. A century later, Handel set his music to an arrangement that alternated sections from the two poems. It was the idea of the librettist Charles Jennens (later the librettist of "Messiah") that the sanguine and melancholy temperaments should confront each other in a duel of opposites to be resolved by "Il Moderato," a conception of Jennens' intended to personify the eighteenth-century spirit of harmony and reconciliation. As things turned out, Handel paid less attention to Jennens' format than to Milton's imagery, and Morris, following Handel following Milton, has produced a stream of dances teeming with pictorial suggestion and achieving in the range of their humanity the resolution that Jennens sought to bring about by edict.

The longest and most complex of Morris's compositions, "L'Allegro" is also the most securely centered. Everything in it seems to spring from or be unified by a single idea, which, if one could name it, one might call wholemindedness—the view that human nature balances itself, intertwines and harmonizes its antithetical strains with no need of legislation, either of the eighteenth century or of our own. More an appetite than an idea, this is what binds the imagery of Milton, Handel, and Morris in a semblance of continuous discourse. I can't recall another modern-dance work this side of Paul Taylor in which antecedents are as clearly marked and continuity is as strongly implied as in "L'Allegro." Perhaps because so many modern-dance choreographers have concerned themselves with breaking away from established practices, there isn't much precedent for what Morris



"Boom . . . boom . . . boom."

BAGGIER AND BETTER
ultrapima™ pinpoint oxford



Guaranteed to outlast all others *in the heat of business battle, our 100% ultrapima™ cotton pinpoint buttondown combines an exceptionally fine weave, supersmooth finish and our cool, generous fit to create the ultimate in four season comfort. Always in style, the authentic 3¼" collar and its distinctive full roll, six button front, single needle side seams, long sleeves and tail are unmistakable, as are its truly long-wearing qualities.*

$48. Two or more—$45. ea.

Available in crisp white—
sizes 14½-17½, 32-36.
Add $3.50 shipping/handling/insurance
chk/mo ☐ mc/visa ☐ amex ☐
card #__________ exp. date________
For immediate delivery, call (617) 523-0317
239 Causeway #A201, Boston, MA 02114
© MERCER & SONS 1987

GRAND
BANKS
DORY

NEW! **Apprentice-Success Series Kit**
You'll glow with pride at the finished model of mid-1800 New England Grand Banks Dory. Over 15" long; over 1 ft. tall! New Midwest Products kit features basswood hull, sailcloth, rigging, oars, metal trawl rig, clear step-by-step plans. Only $29.95 (NYS residents please add sales tax). Also send for free 100-page color catalog of nautical gifts.
PRESTON'S
175-P Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N.Y. 11944

Custom Ebony Canes
FOR
MEN & WOMEN
GOLD AND SILVER HEADS
CLASSICS LTD.
P.O. BOX 226656 • DALLAS, TX 75222 • 214-526-3769
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION Call between 9-10 am MON-FRI

has done here. When he makes overt reference to another choreographer, it's to Taylor—the Taylor of "Aureole," which was also set to music by Handel. But Taylor is no more active a presence in "L'Allegro" than Denishawn is in Taylor's work. For Morris, Taylor is there, and so is the Balanchine of "The Four Temperaments," as a matter of philosophical inheritance.

"L'Allegro" is a dance spectacle in two acts. It has elements of pageantry and mime, but its dance impulse is steadily and inexhaustibly compelling. You see boys and girls responding to the beat, leaping, holding themselves in the air, becoming stags or birds, and rushing on. At different times, you see fleeting allegorical figures—Attic Grace, Melancholia—and lively, real little persons: shepherds, knights and ladies, the cricket on the hearth. No attempt is made at an official narrative; it's easy enough to spin one's own out of the welter of rhythms and emerging shapes. But it takes more than two performances, which were all I was able to see in Brussels, to grasp everything that Morris has put before us. The Brooklyn Academy may present the work next year. In Morris's concert there last spring, there were indications that he had begun to move away from the structural confines of his musical settings into the realm of pure metaphor. "L'Allegro" confirms that direction. The second program shown at the Monnaie ended with a resplendent performance of "Gloria," another work with a High Baroque choral setting and one of Morris's most affecting. But it is light-years away from "L'Allegro." In "Gloria" we have a Morris who already sees himself as part of a tradition. His horizons, though, seem limited to what could have been expected of or permitted to a modern-dance choreographer in the eighties. In "L'Allegro" he seems to see himself as part of the world of art, and is brilliantly justified in doing so. The stance is taken in all humility and with appropriate art-on-art invocations. Blake on Milton and Poussin on Milton play a part in Morris's visualizations, with Blake's the prevailing and acknowledged influence. (The Monnaie's poster for the première of "L'Allegro" was a reproduction of Blake's "Milton's Dream"; the souvenir program included a small Blake portfolio.)

But Morris's triumph is to have transcended the sum of his sources. He has been helped by a wonderful company; both recruits and veterans dance with headlong lyricism. He has been helped not nearly enough by his designer, Adrianne Lobel, whose rising and falling scrims and solid-color drops fill the stage with predetermined indeterminate postmodernist Attitude. In only one sequence, "Populous cities," where the pastoral mood is broken, was this décor effective. The flowing chiffon costumes, by Christine Van Loon, are also neutral, but not so insistent about it. The soloists in the oratorio were the sopranos Lorraine Hunt, Jeanne Ommerlé, and Jayne West; the tenor Frederick Urrey; and the baritone James Maddalena. Craig Smith conducted them and the Monnaie orchestra and chorus in a performance good enough to stand on its own.

This June, Boston will see a Morris "Dido and Aeneas," and there will be a week at Jacob's Pillow this summer. But how, operating from Brussels, will Morris manage to continue being a vital force in American dance? His position just now is hard to gauge. In Brussels, he has taken over a theatre that for twenty-seven years was the headquarters of Maurice Béjart and his Ballet of the Twentieth Century. It remains to be seen whether an audience built up by Béjart will continue to be fascinated by Morris. While houses so far have been full and ovations as warm as any Morris might receive in New York, there have also been a few boos, which could plausibly be laid to disgruntled Béjart partisans or to representatives of the Brussels dance establishment resentful of the American interloper. In April, Morris will present Brussels with his tripartite evening "Mythologies," two-thirds of which—"Striptease" and "Championship Wrestling"—is among the most risk-taking, noncelestial work he has ever produced. It is safe to say that nothing he might put on could draw a clearer distinction between his sensibility, particularly his way of using trash, and Béjart's. (Actually, Béjart—who has relocated to Lausanne—doesn't *use* trash, he embodies it.)

If Brussels accepts Morris, it could be that his future will align itself more with European than with American dance, but this wouldn't necessarily

How To Get No Kick From Champagne.

Meier's all-natural sparkling juices contain no alcohol and no added sugar. Choose from nine crisp, bubbly flavors and give any occasion a natural sparkle.

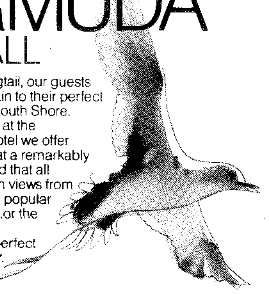
MEIER'S

MEIER'S
SPARKLING
PINK CATAWBA
NON-ALCOHOLIC
Natural Grape Juice
NO SUGAR ADDED

To Order Call 800-346-2942
The John C. Meier Co., Silverton, Ohio 45236

BERMUDA
LANDFALL

Like the elegant Longtail, our guests return again and again to their perfect spot on Bermuda's South Shore. Perhaps it's because at the Stonington Beach Hotel we offer impeccable service at a remarkably affordable price...and that all! 64 rooms have ocean views from private terraces...our popular gourmet restaurant...or the nearness of golf and shopping. Just one perfect reason after the other.



STONINGTON
BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda
See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

Quiet Elegance in London's Most Fashionable Setting

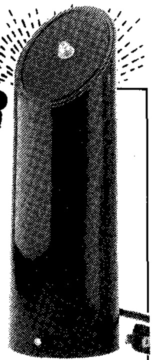
The Chesterfield
Hotel Deluxe
35 Charles Street, Mayfair
(just off Berkeley Square)
London W1X 8LX, England
Telephone: 01-491 2622 212-245-9389
Telex: 269394 Fax: 01-491 4793
A Tollman-Hundley Hotel

mean that we'd lose him. European expressionism, which has already made inroads into American dance, could very well be affected, in turn, by him. But even if Morris is forced into splendid isolation chances are that he will go right on being the major figure he is now. He is seeing out the eighties as he began them—as his generation's one and only. He's known the isolation of being gifted. Geography adds nothing to that.

WHO says stars are a dying breed? From the Monnaie I went to Covent Garden, where Sylvie Guillem, première étoile of the Paris Opera, was appearing with the Royal Ballet and giving London a dose of ballerina chic, Continental style. For her star turn, "Grand Pas Classique," she wore a beautifully fitted tutu, the bodice and skirt covered in what looked to be five thousand dollars' worth of black lace. The upper half of the costume was black net, with long sleeves and a turtleneck. Guillem's bright-henna hair was cut short and combed down in points all around her face. The whole effect was like a cross between a ballerina and an apache dancer. "Grand Pas Classique," choreographed in 1949 by Victor Gsovsky, is the tricksy pas de deux Cynthia Gregory used to dance here in the seventies. In one notorious performance, Gregory smoked a cigarette during her variation, whether to dramatize her contempt for such claptrap or her ease in overcoming a technical challenge I cannot say. All that was missing from Guillem's performance was the Gauloise dangling from her lip. Guillem is that sturdy Paris stereotype the gamine as ballerina. But her manner isn't as brassily arrogant as her look leads you to expect. At key points—during a preparation or at the climax of a prolonged piqué balance—she would cue the audience with a smile or a glance, and each time the audience would be ravished by the dear little thing.

With her large peanut-shaped head and long, curvy legs, Guillem is physically all of a piece; one imagines a smart choreographer building on that and making her into the kind of theatrical icon that Roland Petit made of Zizi Jeanmaire. But so far it hasn't happened. Like many striking young ballet dancers today, Guillem is unconceived. Jonathan Cope, the rising young Royal soloist who was her part-

BREATHE AIR FREE OF SMOKE POLLEN POLLUTION



Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cubic feet (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments caused by industrial pollution, automobile exhaust, central air conditioning and heating, smoke, dust, pollen, animal fur... removes microscopic pollution particles not removed by any other method of air purification.

EnergAire was rated **Number One** for removal of cigarette smoke by the leading consumer protection magazine. EnergAire works the way nature cleans the air during a thunderstorm. Like lightning, it produces a concentration of negative ions which attach themselves to pollution particles in the air causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. It has no noisy fan, costly filter, and requires no maintenance.

EnergAire produces 450,000 or more negative ions/cc./sec. (at one meter). Uses less than 2 watts. 9" high, 3" dia., 1 lb. Plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. Complete instructions included. Manufactured by Monadnock in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE... 12 MONTH MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY

TO ORDER: Send $59.95 plus $3.50 each shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date to **MONADNOCK SALES COMPANY, Dept. 284,** 201 Common St., **P.O. Box 189, Dedham, MA 02026,** or Call **TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854, Extension 651.** (for information, call 617-326-8675.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 284.** (201 Common St. is not a local retail location.)

The Grand Tour of Europe.

Magnificent hotels, Europe's most romantic cities and thirty-two hours aboard the King of Trains – 8 days for an incredible $2995. Send $2 for a full-colour brochure. Venice Simplon-Orient-Express, 1 World Trade Center, Suite 2565, New York, NY 10048.

VENICE SIMPLON ORIENT-EXPRESS®

"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
THE HIDEAWAY REPORT

THE POINT Experience life as it's meant to be, at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack mountains—private, romantic, and eminently civilized. Luxuriate in front of a crackling fire with breakfast in bed; stroll, ski, or snowshoe across the frozen lake and through hushed hemlock forests; curl up and settle in with a good book; dine elegantly by candlelight in the Great Hall with old friends and new. Discover The Point—endorsed by seven years of rave reviews, and one of only ten Relais & Chateaux in the U.S.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
518-891-5678

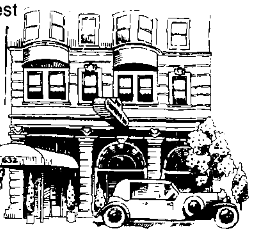
Brubeck on Baldwin.

"Concert halls, night clubs, for recordings or at home... the Baldwin piano is my favorite instrument because it is consistently superior in quality.

"And whether I'm performing at The White House or at a dinner honoring the Gorbachevs in Moscow, I prefer playing the Baldwin piano. With great pride."

Life plays better on a **Baldwin®**

IN SAN FRANCISCO
WINTER SPECIAL—DECEMBER/FEBRUARY



Just two blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary continental breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. $72 to $90

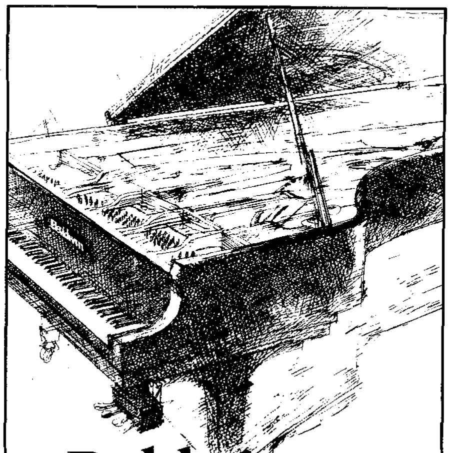
THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

Fabulous Wooden
Jigsaw Puzzles
Breathtakingly beautiful, delightfully devious, filled with special shapes and surprises! Cut by hand, on commission, and personalized just for you. Exceptional gifts! $120 and up.
Send for free literature.
Lucretia's Pieces **(802) 457-3877**
RR #2, Box 848-W6, Woodstock, VT 05091

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

ner at Covent Garden, also has no focus as a classical dancer. His dancing is assorted specialties performed with no apparent relation to physical disposition or level of vitality. As Balanchine's Apollo, he gave a ponderous, self-conscious performance as painful in its way as Guillem's knowing, glib Terpsichore. The ballet has just been restored to the Royal repertory, and though the staging this time is credited to Karin von Aroldingen, it's that same labored "Apollo" which Nureyev used to dance. Fiona Chadwick gave the liveliest performance, as Calliope, and two nights later she was a credible Cinderella in Ashton's ballet. Cope in the role of the Prince did not look lost, but he didn't look found, either. Without Ashton to rescue him, he has to rely on the rest of the company as a standard, and the Ashton tradition is no more honored today, now that Ashton is dead, than it was in the last years of his life. And with it, I'm afraid, has gone the Royal's identity as a classical company.

A new ballet by David Bintley, "The Spirit of Fugue," was a fussy account of Bintley's preoccupations as a choreographer; least among them seemed to be reviving the dancers' awareness of the Ashton tradition. Bintley's mentor, in fact, appeared to be Balanchine. "The Spirit of Fugue" followed "Apollo" on the program and quoted extensively from that ballet and from "Agon." Both Bintley and his composer, Peter McGowan, refer to Bach in their program notes, and Bach, to be sure, was in Stravinsky's mind both when he composed "Apollo" and when he composed "Agon." Presumably, Bach was in Balanchine's mind, too. But the internal connections that exist between a Bach fugue and a Stravinsky ballet seem to have eluded Bintley, and to have been replaced by mechanical reminders of Balanchine's choreography. One can't blame young choreographers for trying to uncover the tracks of their predecessors. How it happens that a Morris finds the path of invention while a Bintley plods in circles, taking us past sights we've already seen, can never be explained in terms of methodology. It is not a matter of retracing or reconstituting a process. Nor is it a matter of obliterating the past and starting out afresh. But when the path is struck, it is always as if for the first time. —ARLENE CROCE



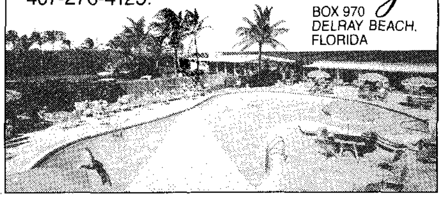
Baldwin on Brubeck.

Improvisations flow with an electrifying pulse. From the epicenter of Dave Brubeck's soul, the mystery unravels... at times with the force of a thunderstorm, and then gently, like a butterfly in the sun. Brubeck. The very sound of his name is a punctuation in musical time. Baldwin is his choice of piano.

Life plays better on a **Baldwin®**

Florida's resort in town... and on the beach. The Colony's gracious in-town setting is convenient to Florida's most sophisticated shopping. On the ocean, a private Cabaña Club with its own heated salt-water pool. At both locations you'll enjoy marvelous food and service. For over 50 years, the Boughton Family has been bringing their guests the best in Florida. Open Jan. 6–Apr. 2. See your travel agent or call 407-276-4123.

The Colony
BOX 970
DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA



Nichols Herb and Rare Seeds

Our 1989 catalog features the finest culinary and ornamental herb plants and seeds. Discover many new and unusual Oriental and European vegetable and flower varieties.

Complimentary Catalog: Write or call
NICHOLS GARDEN NURSERY
1194 NE Pacific, Albany, Oregon 97321
503-928-9280

First class family guest ranch in Wyoming mountains. New and renovated log cabins, homecooked family-style meals, personal horse, fish, swim, hot tub, chuckwagon BBQ, bonfire sing-a-long, evening programs, kids' programs. Featured in ***Good Housekeeping, Family Circle.*** *"One Paradise that can claim the name..."* ***Denver Post.***

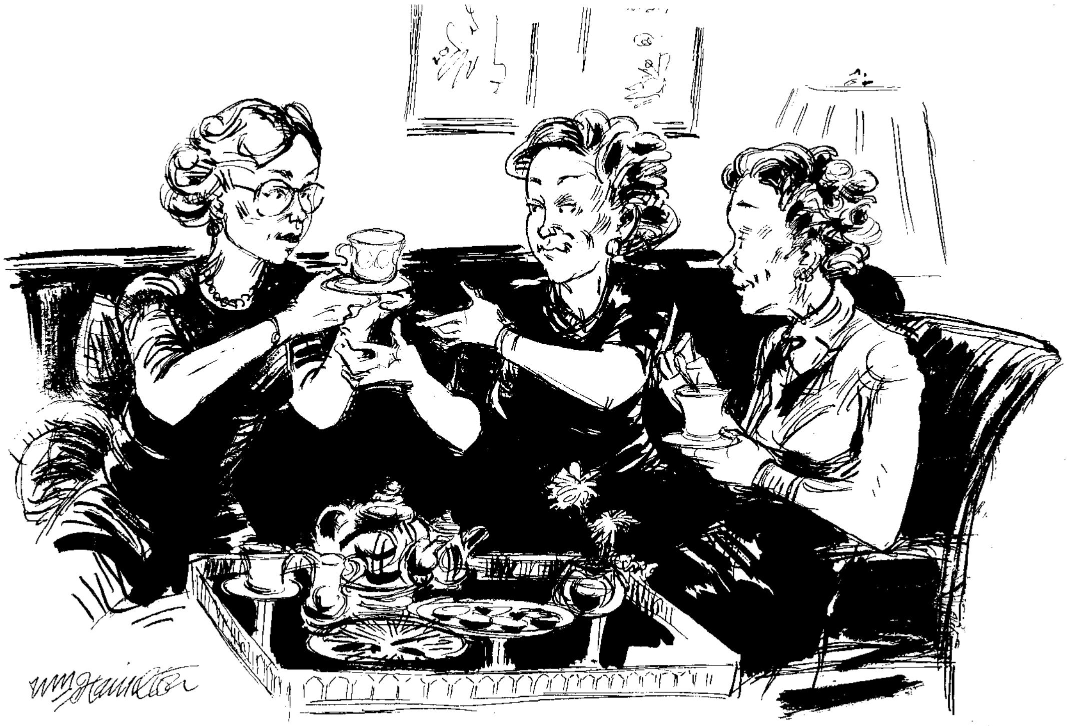
Write to Jim and Leah Anderson
PARADISE GUEST RANCH
PO Box 790, Dept. NY
Buffalo, WY 82834
or phone: **(307) 684-7876**

MUSICAL EVENTS

Aiming High, Aiming Low

OLIVIER MESSIAEN, like Elliott Carter, was eighty last month. The main celebrations seem to have been in London: the five-hour opera "Saint François d'Assise" had its British première; "Et Exspecto" and the ninety-minute "La Transfiguration" filled the resonant spaces of Westminster Cathedral; five pianists engaged in a traversal of the "Catalogue d'Oiseaux"; Gillian Weir, in five recitals, played all the organ works; "Canyons," "Couleurs," "L'Ascension," and much else were done. In New York, Zubin Mehta and the Philharmonic revived "Et Exspecto," which they played first in 1974 and again in 1978. (Boulez also conducted it with the Philharmonic, in 1976.) Good choice: this is one of Messiaen's grandest, simplest pieces, structurally clear and sonically sumptuous, and it doesn't go on too long. In a preface to the score, the composer says that "Et Exspecto" was "destined for large spaces: churches, cathedrals, even the open air and mountain heights." The first performance was given, in 1965, in the Sainte-Chapelle, "where light breaks into a radiance of blues, reds, golds, and extraordinary purples," and the second in Chartres Cathedral, whose windows can also turn space into color. Both are high places of Christianity: a royal saint built the Sainte-Chapelle to house the Crown of Thorns; Our Lady's tunic is enshrined at Chartres. The composer also expresses his hope for a performance "opposite the glacier of Meije, amid those powerful, solemn landscapes that are my true homeland. There, through the play of the sun on the whiteness of the ice, I shall obtain visually the second symbol that is present in my music, the principal quality of the Glorious Host, the 'gift of brightness.' " Messiaen, like Berlioz, is a Sagittarian from the Dauphiné. Years ago, an undergraduate, I visited their country; memories of the hard, bright landscape, the sharp mountain air, the melodies of rill over rock still color my listening to their music. Avery Fisher Hall is not a numinous place, but the Philharmonic players played so well that even without historical, hallowed, natural, or acoustical additives the composer's visions could for a while seize, fill, and transport an audience. (The woodwind antiphonies were clear, shapely calls; the important gong playing, from softest shudder to mighty roaring, was beautifully judged.) On a New York afternoon, one visited eternity—responded to Messiaen's sounding of terrors and glories beyond a simple unbeliever's ken. He is a composer given to excess. Some of the longer, later pieces are hard to bear. "Et Exspecto" can be called insistent, repetitive, noisy, magniloquent. But also irresistible in its magnificence, fervor, and directness.

WITOLD LUTOSLAWSKI was seventy-five last year. His Piano Concerto, like Carter's Oboe Concerto, has been much played since its first performance, which took place at the Salzburg Festival, in August. The concerto has also been heard in Warsaw, Stockholm, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Milan, and, last month, in New York, at four Philharmonic concerts, conducted by Mr. Mehta. Krystian Zimerman has been the soloist of all performances so far. This is an attractive, finely wrought composition, lasting about twenty-five minutes. The first two movements have affinities with Lutoslawski's "Chain" pieces of recent years: sequences of linked, lapped ideas, some capricious, some lyrical, assembled with economy and grace. The work begins with a sustained ripple of woodwinds through which little three-note figures flash; there is a sudden whoosh of strings, and then the soloist's high, clear entry. The second movement is a scherzo; the composer calls it "a rapid 'hunt' played by the piano against the background of the orchestra." There follows a Chopinesque slow movement: the soloist has a free, musing recitative that leads to a long, lovingly decorated cantabile melody; in a dramatic central section, the full orchestra is heard for the first time, bursting in with a sustained fortissimo chord that initiates a hymnlike refrain; a shorter, simpler statement of the piano's cantabile ends a movement Romantic in spirit yet fresh and new in



"Well, of course we married industrialists. All three of us were young and beautiful, and smokestack America looked like it would last forever."

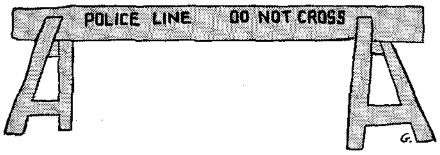
sound. The finale is an orchestral chaconne, on an elliptical, teasing, rhythmically elusive theme, to which the soloist, "Chain" fashion, adds contrasting episodes.

The ideas are distinguished, abundant, and elegantly controlled. Lutoslawski's refinement of ear and his instrumental imaginativeness are everywhere apparent. (The brasses and the percussion are sparingly but tellingly used; woodwind choruses and string ensembles regroup in many dispositions.) To call the work cultivated and uncommonly pleasing to the ear would be true but insufficient: this is a substantial piece, and it comes to a heroic close. What it is not is rough-hewn or rudely strenuous; Lutoslawski is a serious but also a civilized, fastidious composer. He waited long before essaying a piano concerto and has now written one in "the grand tradition." It uses the solo instrument for eloquence in ways that Liszt, Chopin, Brahms, Rachmaninoff would understand, and calls for a player who has mastered their music. Yet it is no piece of soppy nostalgia but an inventive, questing contemporary work. Mr. Zimerman played the difficult—sometimes extravagantly difficult—piano part fancifully, rapturously, with great delicacy and great strength.

At a November Philharmonic concert, he had been a poetic soloist in Leonard Bernstein's Second Symphony, "The Age of Anxiety," for piano and orchestra. The program, conducted by Bernstein, brought the American première of David Del Tredici's "Tattoo," which was composed in 1986 to a commission from a Dutch banking house and was first played by the Concertgebouw Orchestra. It's a noisy, undisciplined, contrapuntally overexuberant, sonically crushing piece. Del Tredici says in a program note, "A recurrent image during composition was that of a juggernaut."

A WEEK later, Bernstein and the Philharmonic, with Gidon Kremer as the soloist, gave the New York première of Ned Rorem's Violin Concerto (which was commissioned by the Springfield Symphony and was first done in 1985). A few days earlier, Mr. Kremer had played the work in Chicago. These were among the many events that marked Rorem's sixty-fifth birthday. I missed with regret some concerts containing songs and choral pieces that represent the best, perhaps, of this fluent but uneven composer. In a program note for the new concerto he writes, "It's been ages since I've tried, in the academic sense, to 'develop' my material," and "I conceive all nonsung pieces as though they were songs—like settings of words that aren't there." Yet there are two earlier orchestra pieces, "Eagles" (1958) and "Lions" (1963), that I remember with pleasure as being orchestrally conceived, strong, and vivid. (The St. Louis Symphony revived "Lions" this month, and the Charleston Symphony revives "Eagles" next month.) The Violin Concerto, a set of six brief movements, scored for a small orchestra, and lasting about twenty-four minutes, seemed to me somewhat flimsy in invention, though perfectly agreeable.

In Merkin Hall last month, the Mendelssohn String Quartet and guest artists gave the New York premières of three pieces written for the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival: Rorem's "Scenes from Childhood" (1985), Tobias Picker's "New Memories" (1987), and Stephen Paulus's "Letters from Colette" (1986). All three set out to please. Rorem's did so most successfully. It is a suite of eleven short character pieces, scored for oboe, horn, string quartet, and piano in varying combinations. They are deft, slight, natural, and unpretentious, in his "Gallic" vein. Rorem was being himself. No doubt the younger men (Picker was born in 1954, Paulus in 1949) were, too, but they seemed to have set their sights rather too deliberately on audiences resistant to any unfamiliar challenge. "New Memories," a six-movement string quartet, was written to honor the memory of Georgia O'Keeffe. Picker says in a program note, "While I composed, her attitudes on life and art penetrated my thoughts and I sensed her presence, uncompromising, undying," but "uncompromising" is hardly a word one could apply to the facile score. "Letters from Colette," for soprano, string quartet, piano, and percussion, is a cycle along the lines of Dominick Argento's "From the Diary of Virginia Woolf" and his "Casa Guidi." The Woolf cycle was composed for Janet Baker, the Elizabeth Barrett Browning cycle for Frederica von Stade. Paulus's was composed for Evelyn Lear, who in Merkin gave a piquant, if slightly mannered and vocally peculiar, account of it. (Stern friends told me I was responding through ears conditioned by having heard Miss Lear often in her gleaming prime: as the heroine of Krenek's "Jonny," Marschner's "Vampyr," and Werner Egk's "Verlobung in San Domingo," as Lulu, Donna Elvira, and much else. I own it—and continue to admire Miss Lear's ready way with words.) The Colette texts—in English translation—are cannily and effectively chosen; they include a letter to Ravel about "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." The setting does little more than trickily color them. This is "effects" music—unlike Argento's.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
G.

THE Met's new "Aida" was a dull, undramatic affair. Placido Domingo, the Radamès, made one sit up at times, attentive to noble, bravely voiced phrases—to great singing—in duets with Aida and with Amneris. Leona Mitchell, the Aida, produced rich-velvet sound. She had evidently worked hard to get the role into her voice, but as an interpreter she was tame. Fiorenza Cossotto, the Amneris—who made her début some thirty years ago and her Met début, as Amneris, twenty-one years ago, and who has never hesitated to push her voice to its limits—was still loud, but her timbre was strident and disagreeable. Sherrill Milnes was an impressive Amonasro, with stage presence and forceful phrasing; he made sense of the words. James Levine's conducting began well, with a supple, meticulously phrased, beautifully played prelude. But he lacks Verdian naturalness. As the evening progressed, he seemed often to get in the way of the music, now pushing, now dragging.

Sonja Frisell's stage direction is the merest blocking. Gianni Quaranta's fairly standard décor and Dada Saligeri's costumes make pictures of white and gold against sandstone, with a touch of color provided by Amneris' green fan; Aida and Radamès gain colored costumes in Act III. The Met stage lifts come into play in Act II, when Amneris' boudoir sinks to reveal a triumph scene behind (and the audience applauds loudly), and again in Act IV, when the temple floor rises to reveal the dungeon beneath. A new production by Franco Zeffirelli had been planned, but it was abandoned, as being too costly. Why those who run the Met, with the world to choose from, should then have settled on this dowdy, undistinguished staging (derived from a Rio de Janeiro production) is a mystery. If they wanted an old-fashioned, non-dynamic, routine "Aida," they might have re-created the painted-canvas décor of the 1908 Met production, which looks handsome in photographs; or of the amply documented Scala première, of 1872, which Verdi supervised; or of the famous 1880 Opéra production, when Verdi at last won the unqualified Paris triumph that had for so long eluded him. Any of those would at least have historical interest—as a kind of scenic analogue of an authentic-instrument performance.

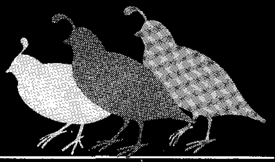
The Met has been getting a bad press this season, especially for its casting. After a "Barbiere" revival, the *Times* suggested that the management would have done better to call out on the Broadway sidewalk "Any Rossini tenors around?" than to import the Almaviva it did, since at any hour it would be sure to find at least three passing Americans more talented. On the other hand, "Sold Out" stickers appear on placard after placard outside the opera house. In 1952, Virgil Thomson, who had been the *Herald Tribune* critic for twelve years, declared that the Met was "not a part of New York's intellectual life." In Gatti-Casazza's day, I think, it probably was. The annals suggest it. Gatti-Casazza was keen in pursuit of new works from the world's leading composers. We wait now to learn who the Met's next general manager, successor to Bruce Crawford, will be. He or she faces an impossible task. The company has locked itself into a routine of shovelling on seven grand-opera performances a week in a disastrously large house, inimical to dramatic immediacy, in a jet-flight age when good singers and conductors don't settle in New York for the whole season. There is competition for them from American regional companies that did not exist in Gatti-Casazza's day: towns that once enjoyed Met and Chicago tours, with starry international casts, now have their local companies, many of which offer higher fees than the Met can afford. Meanwhile, European houses that once had stable home companies—Paris, Munich, Hamburg—go star-seeking, too, offering high fees; and that makes the Met's life harder still. It's a mess. Easy to grow cynical: to wish the Met well in purveying third-rate tourist entertainment so that—albeit at vast expense, with millions in the form of private and (through tax deductions) public subsidy—a New York grand-opera machine survives able to mount a few things that do matter, like the forthcoming "Ring."

"Aida" is the opera the Met has done most often. ("La Bohème" comes next, then "Carmen.") Since 1886, it has been heard most seasons. The first night of the new production was billed as the company's six-hundred-and-fifty-second performance, and that figure does not include two hundred and sixty-four on tour. The latest release in the series Great Operas at the Met is "Aida." On two compact disks, it includes clutches of recordings from 1908 to 1930 and from 1952 to 1974. The earliest track is Caruso's 1908 "Celeste Aida," and the latest an Act II duet by Montserrat Caballé and Cossotto, from 1974. The very first Met performers—Therese Herbert-Förster (Victor Herbert's wife) as Aida, Marianne Brandt (one of Wagner's Kundrys) as Amneris—left no records. They sang the opera in German; from 1884 to 1891, all Met operas were sung in German. And Lilli Lehmann, the Met's first Aida in Italian, recorded nothing from the opera. The album—depending on one's beliefs, this can be either disconcerting or reassuring—affords no consistent evidence that "Aida" was once better interpreted than it is today. Caruso's "Celeste Aida," though splendidly voiced, is bluntly uttered. Claudia Muzio's "Ritorna vincitor," though urgent, lacks breadth of phrasing. Caballé, like Celestina Boninsegna (in a 1909 "O patria mia"), floats magical high notes, but she is rhythmically inert. Zinka Milanov is splendid in many ways, but her flustered interjections in the Nile duet with Amonasro sound almost comic. Birgit Nilsson in the final duet is delicate. (Not surprisingly so: her "Salome" recording is delicate, too. It was a coarse public that valued most the power she commanded.) But among the Aidas only

Mobil Travel Guide

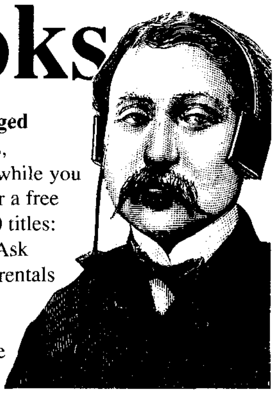
THE ONLY MOBIL 5-STAR RESORT BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO & LOS ANGELES

Elegant country atmosphere minutes from town. Fine dining in our Covey restaurant. Golf and tennis. Member Preferred Hotels. Write or call Val Bishop for color brochure, 8205 Valley Greens Dr., Carmel, CA 93923. (408) 624-1581. For reservations in Ca. (800) 682-9303. Other states (800) 538-9516.



QUAIL LODGE
CARMEL
CALIFORNIA

Recorded Books



Listen to **unabridged** bestsellers, classics, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc.
POB 409, Charlotte Hall, MD 20622

Ruffino's Tuscan Experience

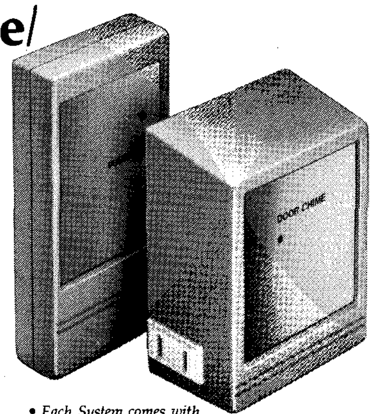
COOKING, DEMONSTRATIONS,
GALA DINNERS, WINE TASTINGS,
ART, HISTORY, CULTURE
in
TUSCANY, FLORENCE, LUCCA

For detailed brochure contact:
The Annemarie Victory Organization Inc.
136 East 64th Street New York, N.Y. 10021 212-486-0353

Never miss another caller; be in touch with your family, with…

Remote Door Chime/ Pager System
only $29.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *Each System comes with one Ringer and one Chime. You can get extra Chimes for just $19.95 each, or three for the price of two. The System runs on one 9V battery (not included). UL listed.*

It's happened to all of us: You are in your workroom, in the backyard, or in the living room with the TV going full blast. Somebody calls—an important delivery perhaps—and you can't hear the doorbell. Our wireless *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* takes care of the problem. Attach the pushbutton ringer switch on or near any door. Plug the Chime into any electrical outlet in your home. When somebody calls you hear the Chime wherever you are in your home, because you can carry the Chime with you and plug it into any outlet. There is no wiring at all—it's all done by FM radio transmission. And the System has another very useful application: It's a pager for home and office. Carry the ringer switch with you, give the plug-in chime(s) to your child(ren) and round them up when you need them. And it's a godsend of course when you have a sick child at home or anybody who might need to page you.

We are the foremost importers of the *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* in the United States. We are able to bring you this breakthrough product for just $29.95 per set. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Never miss another caller, another delivery, and another call from the sickroom. Get your wireless *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1670 E854** for the *Remote Door Chime/Pager System*, and for the *Extra Chime*, give order **#1671 E854.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Remote Door Chime/Pager System*, $6.95 for three, $2.95 for one *Extra Chime*, $4.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

For all the pleasures
of a Vermont vacation,
The Equinox
knows no equal.

THE EQUINOX
Hotel, Resort & Spa
Manchester Village, Vt. 05254
1 800 362-4747

Design at Harvard
Career Discovery in

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Planning and Design

June 26–August 4, 1989

For people considering career
choices or changes

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street,
Cambridge, MA 02138
617.495.9340

CORMORANT
BEACH CLUB

"The Best Small Hotel
In The American Virgin Islands."
—Andrew Harper's Hideaway Report

A perfect balance between seclusion and accessibility.
Deluxe beachfront accommodations.
Superlative cuisine. Simple and sophisticated.

St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands

Represented by David B. Mitchell & Co., Inc.
(800) 372-1323 or (212) 696-1323

OARSMANSHIP
The perfect sport. At America's premier sculling school in Palm Beach county. Instruction at all levels. Come to find your stroke or perfect it. Call or write for a free brochure.

THE FLORIDA ROWING CENTER
1140 Fifth Avenue N.Y., NY 10128 (212) 996-1196

BOSTON BOUND?
Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

Johanna Gadski (in 1913) and Rosa Ponselle (in 1926) merit praise well-nigh unqualified. Among the Amnerises one hears true, solid contraltos in the early days—Louise Kirkby-Lunn, Louise Homer—instead of today's more emotional mezzos. There are fine tenors: Giacomo Lauri-Volpi fiery and forward, Giovanni Martinelli a model of noble declamation in the thirty-two B's that open the tomb scene, Jon Vickers heroic, Carlo Bergonzi lyrical. (It is odd to learn, from David Hamilton's program essay, that Jean de Reszke, Radamès to Lehmann's Aida, simply omitted "Celeste Aida," as being too taxing an aria that early in the evening.) Pasquale Amato and Giuseppe De Luca are notable Amonasros. What is evident is that voices were once better "composed"—evener through all the range, steadier, readier to strike notes dead center, more concerned with "flow" than with "push" and "force"—than many of today's voices are. If "Aida" is not necessarily better interpreted here, except by a few of the singers, it is certainly better *sung*. That leads to difficult realms where vocal prowess must be balanced against dramatic communicativeness. Elisabeth Rethberg was obviously a more reliable singer than Maria Callas, but Callas was the most exciting Aida I have heard and seen. Mr. Domingo, by some of his singing, and Mr. Milnes, by his declamation, provided the only moments of excitement in the Met's latest "Aida."

A HIGH point of the opera season has been the Manhattan School of Music's double bill, last month, of Busoni's "Arlecchino" and Stravinsky's "The Nightingale": two exquisitely fashioned, captivating operas that need—and here received—finely detailed performances in an intimate theatre. Some of Busoni's American friends suggested, in 1915, that he should present his forthcoming "Arlecchino" to the Met. He replied, in mixed French and English (to Harriet Lanier, the president of the Society of the Friends of Music), "*L'action, très rapide et hors de l'ordinaire, laisse le spectateur* 'at a loss.' It would represent a failure combined with astonishment." A protagonist who is "a grim friend of disagreeable truths" and the parodying of opera's stock situations—"*donnée en trois quarts d'heure dans une forme étrange et avec une musique*

BRAVO!

Lincoln Center applauds 465 Consolidated Corporate Fund Supporters

Stars

$150,000 and over
The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A.
General Foods Corporation
Philip Morris Companies Inc.
Real Estate and Construction Council

$100,000 and over
The Bristol-Myers Fund
CBS Inc.
Chemical Bank
Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc.
Gulf+Western Inc.
William Randolph Hearst Foundation
IBM Corporation
New York Telephone
NYNEX Foundation
The New York Times Company Foundation, Inc.
The Starr Foundation

Leading Roles

$75,000 and over
Citicorp/Citibank
Drexel Burnham Lambert
Exxon Corporation

$50,000 and over
American Express Foundation
AT&T Foundation
The Bankers Trust Company Foundation
Capital Cities/ABC, Inc.
The Continental Corporation Foundation
Manufacturers Hanover Trust
Merrill Lynch & Co., Inc.
J.P. Morgan & Co., Incorporated
The Pfizer Foundation
Union Pacific Foundation

Major Supporting Roles

$25,000 and over
Allied-Signal Inc.
Bloomingdale's
The BOC Group, Inc.
Leo Burnett Company, Inc.
The Coca-Cola Company
The Equitable Foundation
General Motors Foundation
GTE Foundation
Hoechst Celanese Corporation
The Home Group, Inc.
ITT Corporation
Macy*s
Marsh & McLennan Companies
McGraw-Hill Foundation, Inc.
Metropolitan Life Foundation
Mobil Foundation, Inc.
Morgan Stanley & Co., Inc.
Nabisco Brands, Inc.
Peat Marwick Main & Co.
The Prudential Foundation
Reliance Group Holdings, Inc.
Revlon Foundation, Inc.
Rockefeller Group, Inc.
The Salomon Foundation
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Sulka
SYMS Corp.
Texaco Inc.
Time Inc.
Times Mirror Company
Xerox Corporation

$10,000 and over
Abitibi-Price Sales Corporation
Aetna Life & Casualty Company
Agvar Chemicals Inc.
American Cyanamid Company
American Home Products
American Re-Insurance Company
American Standard Inc.
Arthur Andersen & Co.
Avnet, Inc.
Backer Spielvogel Bates Worldwide
The Bank of New York
Block Drug Company Inc.
Booz-Allen & Hamilton Inc.
Bunge Corporation
Cahill, Gordon & Reindel
Carter-Wallace, Inc.
Champion International
The Chubb Corp. Charitable Trust
Ciba-Geigy Corporation
Cleary Gottlieb Steen & Hamilton
Colt Industries Inc.
Commodity Exchange (COMEX)
Coopers & Lybrand
Deloitte Haskins & Sells
Ernst & Whinney
The First Boston Foundation Trust
Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Jacobson Fund
General Electric Company
Goldman, Sachs & Co.
Guardian Life Insurance Company
Hartz Mountain Industries, Inc.
Hoffmann-La Roche Foundation
Irving One Wall Street Foundation
Jaros, Baum & Bolles
Johnson & Higgins
Johnson & Johnson
Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Co.
Kraft, Inc.
Lazard Freres & Co.
Thomas J. Lipton Foundation, Inc.
Lord, Day & Lord, Barrett Smith
Marine Midland Bank
McKinsey & Company, Inc.
The Merck Company Foundation
Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy
Mitsui & Co. (U.S.A.), Inc.
National Westminster Bank USA
New York Life Foundation
Newmont Mining Corporation
Newsweek, Inc.
PaineWebber Group Inc.
J.C. Penney Company, Inc.
Richard A. Plehn, Inc.
Price Waterhouse
Primerica Foundation
Quantum Chemical Corporation
The Riese Organization
Rockwell International
Rogers & Wells
Saks Fifth Avenue
Schering-Plough Foundation, Inc.
Sears, Roebuck/Dean Witter Reynolds Inc.
Martin E. Segal Company
Sony Corporation of America
Sterling Drug Inc.
J. Walter Thompson Company
Union Bank of Switzerland
Universal Leaf Tobacco Company
E.M. Warburg, Pincus & Co., Inc.
The Warner-Lambert Foundation
Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc.
Wertheim Schroder & Co., Inc.
Westinghouse Broadcasting Company
Wien, Malkin & Bettex

$5,000 and over
A.B.D. Securities Corporation
American Electric Power Co., Inc.
The M.L. Annenberg Foundation
Arnhold and S. Bleichroeder, Inc.
Atlantic Mutual Companies
Atlantic Richfield Company
Avon Products Foundation, Inc.
NW Ayer Incorporated
Banca Nazionale del Lavoro
Barclays Bank
Benenson Capital Company
Bertelsmann, Inc.
Bill Blass Ltd.
Broadcast Music, Inc.
Brown & Wood
Calderon Belts and Bags, Inc.
Caldor
CBS Records Inc.
Carol Management Corporation
The Chevron Fund
Liz Claiborne Foundation
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
The Coach Dairy Goat Farm
Colgate-Palmolive Company
Cowles Communications, Inc.
Cushman & Wakefield, Inc.
D'Arcy Masius Benton & Bowles
Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company
The Dun & Bradstreet Corporation
Eastman Kodak
Edison Parking Corporation
The Fisher Brothers Foundation
Ford Motor Company
General Dynamics Corporation
General Mills Foundation
General Reinsurance Corporation
Mark Goodson
Great Northern Nekoosa Corp.
Grey Advertising Inc.
L. Jay Grossman, Jr. Foundation
Grumman Corporation
Hallmark Corporate Foundation
Helmsley-Spear, Inc.
The Henley Group, Inc.
Richard H. Holzer Memorial Found.
Home Life Insurance Company
George Hyman Construction Co.
International Paper Company
The Peter S. Kalikow Foundation
William Kaufman Organization
Kidder, Peabody & Co. Inc.
The Calvin Klein Foundation
Lehrer McGovern Bovis, Inc.
The Leslie Fay Companies, Inc.
Loews Corporation
Lord & Taylor
Harry Macklowe Real Estate Co.
MCA/Universal
The Donald C. McGraw Foundation
Melville Corporation
The Mendik Company
Mercedes-Benz of North America
William M. Mercer-Meidinger-Hansen, Inc.
Milliken & Company
Monsanto Fund
The New York Stock Exchange
Ogden Corporation
Ogilvy & Mather Inc.
Evelyn Paige, Inc.
Park Summit Realty Corp.
Party Rental Ltd.
Procter & Gamble Fund
Proskauer Rose Goetz & Mendelsohn
Prudential-Bache Securities Inc.
Republic National Bank of NY
Jack Resnick & Sons, Inc.
Restaurant Associates Industries
Rose Associates, Inc.
Sara Lee Corporation
SBK Entertainment World
M.A. Schapiro & Co., Inc.
Shell Oil Company Foundation
Silverstein Properties, Inc.
Simpson Thacher & Bartlett
Solow Building Company
Squibb Corporation
Sterling National Bank & Trust
The Stillman Group
Subaru of America Foundation
Swig, Weiler & Arnow
Thacher Proffitt & Wood
Time Equities, Inc.
Touche Ross & Company
U.S. Trust Company of New York
Louis Vuitton U.S.A., Inc.
Warner Communications Inc.
Washington Street Cafe Caterers
Weil, Gotshal & Manges
Westvaco Corporation
Arthur Young & Company
Young & Rubicam Inc.

and 251 contributors under $5,000

Your company can play a role at Lincoln Center by joining the Consolidated Corporate Fund which benefits all of Lincoln Center's ten performing arts companies. For information, call George Weissman, Chairman of Lincoln Center, at 877-1800. A copy of the last annual report may be obtained upon request by writing to N.Y. State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, N.Y. 11231 or Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc., 140 West 65th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts

Metropolitan Opera · New York Philharmonic · The Juilliard School · New York City Ballet · New York City Opera · Film Society of Lincoln Center · Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center · Lincoln Center Theater · School of American Ballet · Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc. ·

School of American Ballet student performance: Merrill Ashley. Copyright: Martha Swope, 1967.

Thanks to the Library, American dance has taken great leaps forward.

American dance is more popular than ever, and one of the reasons is The New York Public Library's Dance Collection.

Choreographer Eliot Feld says the Library at Lincoln Center is "as vital a workroom as my studio." Agnes de Mille says, "the revival of any work is dependent on access to the Library's Dance Collection."

And they're not the only ones. For dancers and choreographers everywhere, over 37,000 volumes, 250,000 photographs, and an enormous film archive have been essential elements in the renaissance of American dance.

That's just one way The New York Public Library's resources serve us. The Library offers plays and puppet shows for children, programs for the elderly and disabled, extensive foreign language and ethnic collections, and scientific journals vital to the business community.

Again and again, the Library enriches our lives.

The New York Public Library
WHERE THE FUTURE IS
AN OPEN BOOK

'éloignée' "—made the work something that neither Commendatore Gatti-Casazza nor "*un public qui ne me connaît pas*" would care about. The letter begins with a defense of élitism: an artist addresses himself in imagination to "a small circle of intimate and chosen people, with whom he has mutual intellectual interests, whose capacity, culture, and inclinations are in sympathy with his own intentions and aspirations." Liszt, Busoni continues, made his "historical reputation" in the Salle Érard, before audiences of about two hundred and fifty which were "composed of people who knew one another, belonging to the best society, whether by birth or talent." An artist needs money—but not an excess of it—"to be able to avoid popularity."

Busoni's masterpiece, "Doktor Faust," proves a success with the public whenever it is done, but it is not done often. His music has successfully avoided popularity. Occasional performances are perhaps all we can hope for. There was "Doktor Faust" in Bloomington in 1974, and "Turandot" in Stamford in 1986. The Cleveland Orchestra brings the Piano Concerto to Carnegie Hall later this month. There have been scattered "Arlecchino" productions across the country in recent decades—at the Manhattan School in 1971, in Bloomington in 1980—but not so many that each encounter is not a rediscovery, almost, of this high-spirited, highly intelligent, quicksilver, elusive opera. Parody, jests, lyricism, and glitter are mingled. The matter is serious, the manner protean, the touch light. The new Manhattan production, directed by Linda Brovsky, designed by Robert Perdziola, and conducted by David Gilbert, caught the tone admirably. It didn't try to "explain" things but presented them in poised, polished fashion. Miss Brovsky had taught her young cast to take the stage securely, to move freely and well. Michael Orzechowski, in the (mainly spoken) title role, was particularly able. The singing was, for the most part, clear and sure.

"The Nightingale" is often staged in the form of a ballet or—as at the Met—a semi-ballet. (There Anthony Dowell and Philip Creech doubled as the Fisherman, Natalia Makarova and Gwendolyn Bradley as the Nightingale.) It is more affecting and direct when treated as an opera. In the Manhattan production, Jason Oby was a mellifluous Fisherman, Leigh Adoff a sweet, true Nightingale. Miss Brovsky's staging and Mr. Perdziola's scenery and costumes were again ideal in tone, moving, with Stravinsky's music, between mysterious, lovely nature and jewelled ceremony. In both operas, Mr. Gilbert drew some keenly molded playing from the instrumentalists of the Manhattan Philharmonia.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

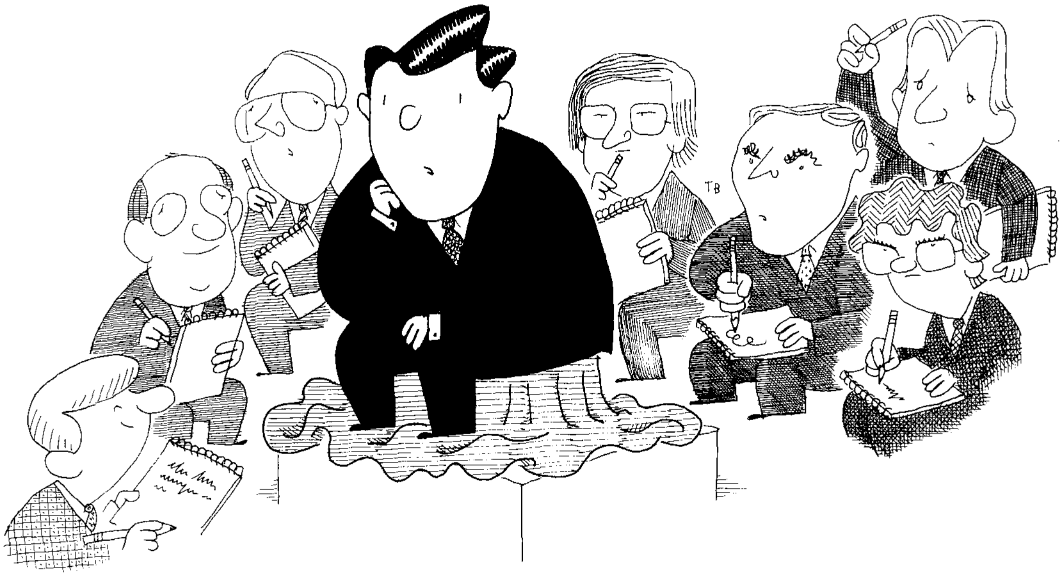
SAVANNAH

Not quite diaphanous, not Spanish,
not a moss, weft after weft
depends from chambered
rafterings of live oak,
green square leading
to green square, from
opening to opening, as
in a courtship—at whose
discovered center leaps
this rose-leaf
relinquishment,
this falling.
                    Yes.
To fall. To ripen
and then wither.
That is all.
                    Oh, not all
at all. The bed-curtained,
quickening and ripening
dream of the body,
of fair women, torn
by an obelisk
to the Confederate dead:
the ramparts breached,
the powder magazine's
uproar, the maimed,
sullen giving way,
inform these
mansionings.
                    A stillness
out there, past thicketings
of juniper, bull brier
and yaupon, flailed
thrashings of palmetto,
out past the hiss
of cord grass:
enveloping
the drop-sleeve
creak of shrimp boats,
a dim, large,
smothering,
incessant
shrug.

—AMY CLAMPITT

A CRITIC AT LARGE

MEMOIRS OF THE REAGAN ERA



RONALD REAGAN is not the only President to have been written about by former staff members, and not even the only one to have been written about by staff members while he was still in office. But he is certainly the only sitting President to have had books written about him by three Cabinet secretaries (one of whom was also a White House chief of staff), a director of the Office of Management and Budget, a deputy chief of staff, the chief White House press spokesman, and a senior economic-policy adviser, among others. Two of the books have been widely talked about—Donald Regan's "For the Record," because of the news that Nancy Reagan consulted an astrologer, and Larry Speakes' "Speaking Out," for the quite innocent admission that he made up quotations for the President. Two others—"Behind the Scenes," by Michael Deaver, and "The Triumph of Politics," by David Stockman—are well known, though perhaps not as widely read. Least well known are the books by Alexander Haig; Terrel Bell, Reagan's first Secretary of Education; and Martin Anderson, a campaign aide and until 1982 a White House staff member.

This outpouring of books is extraordinary. Yet since the publication of the ones by Deaver, Speakes, and Regan, the tendency among reviewers, if not the public at large, has been to dismiss all the books as trivial and self-serving, and to brand the phenomenon as nothing more than the crass exploitation of a popular President. This is understandable but unfortunate, because the books contain a good deal that is not otherwise on the record, and to read them all closely is to observe that the phenomenon is much more interesting than it appears on the surface.

These seven books, it is true, are not bound to rank among the great memoirs of statesmen, and only one of them, David Stockman's, is a substantial and important piece of reporting. All the same, there is much to be gathered from them, even concerning matters of policy. In fact, not only Stockman's book but three of the others—the three least well known—deal principally with policy. Haig's book, "Caveat," is in the main a discussion of foreign-policy initiatives vis-à-vis Central America, Poland, China, the Falklands, and the Middle East. Bell's book, "The Thirteenth Man," is a sprightly account of battles with Edwin Meese III and the "movement conservatives" over federal aid to education, civil rights, and education reform. In "Revolution," Martin Anderson, who is now a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, has a great deal to say about Reaganomics, Star Wars, and other issues. Stockman's book is, of course, concerned entirely with the making of fiscal and budgetary policy during Reagan's first term.

It is only the books by the White House insiders that could be accused of frivolity. Certainly they fall short of our expectations for the genre. In the past, Washington insiders—whether officials or journalists—have told us how Presidents made historic decisions or confronted political crises: they have told us how John F. Kennedy dealt with the Cuban missile crisis, how Lyndon Johnson paced the situation room at three in the morning during the battle of Khesanh, and what Richard Nixon said to Mao Zedong and what he said about the Italian lira when the Watergate scandal was breaking. There is none of that here. Instead, what we get from those closest to Reagan is anecdotes of the sort usually told by English nannies at the court of Sikkim or Bhutan. But, then, by all accounts there was a courtlike atmosphere in the White House, and Reagan's life in the Oval Office was peculiarly serene.

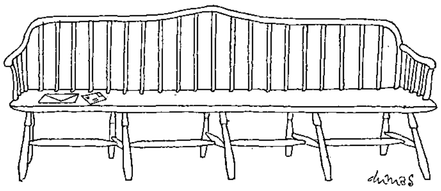
While the books have been attacked for being self-serving, this is no novelty in the genre—and, indeed, the books may be more trustworthy than most, since their authors do a rather poor job of defending themselves. Here Stockman and Bell are exceptions, in that their defenses are disarming—Stockman's because he offers a confession as well as an exposé, and Bell's because he presents himself as the Stuart Little of the Administration. The other books, being less sophisticated, are also less seamless versions of reality. Haig and Regan tell extraordinary stories on themselves; Speakes, with remarks like "When all was said and done, the controversy over the President's nose cancer made my last year and a half on the job a lot easier," reveals his own preoccupations. And the import of some of the stories Deaver tells seems to be quite different from what he says it is. That may reflect slyness on his part. But two of these books were ghostwritten, and two were written with the assistance of the novelist Charles McCarry, and it is just possible that the ghosts were being true to their material in a way their employers did not entirely recognize. Anderson does not have the same excuse, for he wrote his self-revealing book himself.

Read one by one, most of these books will disappoint a reader; read together, however, they create a fascinating new picture of the Reagan Administration. As it happens, the authors are by background fairly representative of Reagan's top officials. Haig and Bell had considerable experience in government, and both had served in the Nixon Administration. Stockman and Anderson were conservative intellectuals, who liked ideas a good deal more than they liked politics. Deaver and Speakes were professional political-staff men—Speakes having served with Senator James Eastland, Richard Nixon, Senator Robert Dole, and Gerald Ford before coming to Reagan, and Deaver having worked for Reagan all of his political life. Regan, for his part, was a Wall Street financier—a newcomer to politics and to government. These men inhabited different areas of the Administration, and some of them detested each other. Yet, unreliable or contradictory as they sometimes are in detail, they are clearly describing the same thing; namely, one of the oddest Administrations in American history.

To the Cabinet officers, looking in from the outside, the White House was a maze and a hall of mirrors. To the others, inside the White House, the puzzle was Ronald Reagan himself. The President whom most Americans assumed they knew the most intimately was not at all what he seemed to be. Ultimately, Reagan shut even the closest of his staffers out. As a result, all these powerful men write as observers rather than as participants. They write as if they had no responsibility for what the Administration did, for better or worse. They write as if they had been wandering around in a dream world for some indefinite length of time and were now wondering what had happened to them.

ACCORDING to Martin Anderson, who had served on Richard Nixon's transition team, the Reagan transition was far better managed than Nixon's—and, indeed, was perhaps the most efficient transition in history. In the spring before the election, Edwin Meese, then the campaign chief of staff, had brought in an executive recruiter, E. Pendleton James, to write job descriptions for all major positions in the federal government and to draw up lists of candidates with detailed résumés. During the transition, Meese set up an elaborate three-stage briefing procedure, which Anderson described as "basically an indoctrination course," to educate appointees on the "hundreds of specific policy positions" that Reagan had taken during the campaign. Though each agency had its own transition team, the White House, Anderson says, exercised tight control over sub-Cabinet appointments and briefings, so that no mistakes would be made. Nevertheless, the transition left at least three Cabinet secretaries—Haig, Bell, and Regan—wondering why they had been appointed and what Reagan wanted of them.

It was not until December 11, 1980, just six weeks before the Inauguration, that Alexander Haig got a call from the President-elect inviting him to be Secretary of State. Haig, who had served as White House chief of staff during the Nixon Administration and subsequently as commander of North Atlantic Treaty Organization forces in Europe, was mildly surprised. He had had little contact with Reagan over the years. In fact, he could remember only three occasions on which he had spoken with him alone. He had dined with the Reagans once, but that evening Reagan had talked only about Edgar Bergen, whose funeral he had just come from. At the beginning of the 1980 campaign, Reagan had invited Haig to his California ranch, and the two had talked domestic and foreign policy for an hour and a half. But the talk was incidental, for the purpose of the invitation was to discover whether Haig would be running for President and, if not, whether he would support Reagan. Then, after the election, Reagan's foreign-policy adviser, Richard Allen, had called Haig to sound him out about becoming Secretary of Defense. Haig had had to explain that the law prohibited military officers from taking that job for a period of ten years after they left active service. He had thought no more about a Cabinet post, but then Caspar Weinberger had been given the Pentagon job, and George Shultz had apparently been passed over, and Haig was being offered State. Though puzzled by the lack of courtship, he wasted little time in accepting. He thought there would be time to get to know Reagan in Washington.



On Inauguration Day, Terrel Bell, filled with foreboding about what lay ahead, found himself speeding to the parade-reviewing stand in a white Cadillac. His appointment made no sense to him. A professional educator who had served as Commissioner of Education in the Nixon Administration and subsequently as Utah's state commissioner of higher education, he was not unqualified for the job. In a sense, he was too well qualified for it. During the campaign, Reagan had vowed to abolish the Department of Education, which had been created by Congress just two years earlier; Meese had called it "a great bureaucratic joke," and had promised that the Administration would cut federal aid for education to the bone. But Bell had helped initiate a number of federal-aid programs under Nixon, and had testified for the bill to create the Department. He had therefore been much surprised to get a call one day from Pendleton James asking him to meet with Anderson, Meese, and James himself.

The meeting was scheduled to take place in the Admirals' Club at the San Diego airport, but since no one had made a reservation it took place in an airport restaurant. Already furious at himself for coming, Bell could not contain his anger when Meese and Anderson spoke scornfully about education programs that they assumed were Carter's but were in fact Nixon's. He curtly corrected them and then flew home to Salt Lake City. That was on

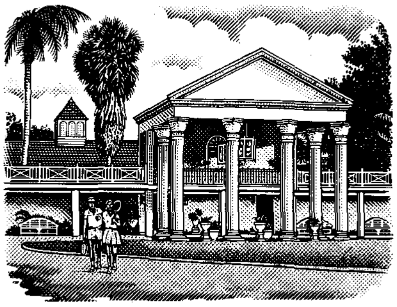
WHAT'S ON THE MIND OF AMERICA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS WELCOME
THE MORE IT SNOWS, TIDDELY POM...
NEVER STIFF. NEVER GREASY.
VROOM! VROOM!
DID I LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT?
HOLD THE MAYO!

January 2nd. Four days later, Reagan called and invited him to come and meet with him at Blair House. Bell supposed that Weinberger, whom he had known in the Nixon Administration, had suggested him, but later became uncertain of this. In any event, he went, and found a courteous, affable man who listened intently to his views. When Bell had finished explaining that he believed in federal aid to education but would be willing to consider replacing the department with an agency of lesser status, Reagan gaily said, "Well, O.K., let's go for it!" And that was that.

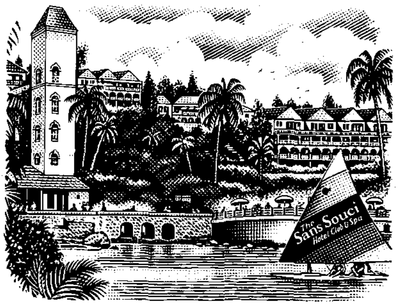
The choice of Donald Regan for Secretary of the Treasury was not a last-minute decision, but it was an unlikely one. The chairman of the board of Merrill Lynch, Regan had spent his entire thirty-five-year career at the brokerage house, making his way up from a sales job to chief executive officer. He had no experience in government and no background, or record of interest, in public policy beyond his limited field. His political involvement, he tells us, consisted in being a lifelong Republican, in knowing William Rogers, who had served as attorney general under President Eisenhower and as Secretary of State under President Nixon, and William Casey, who had been chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission in the Nixon Administration, and in organizing the occasional fund-raising event. But in 1980, he writes, he was in his tenth year as chairman of the board and had begun to think of service to the nation as an alternative to early retirement. On the advice of Rogers and Casey, he had organized two fund-raisers for Ronald Reagan, and on one of those occasions he had managed to stand around with the candidate long enough to deliver himself of a few remarks about the dangers of inflation and high interest rates. The candidate, not surprisingly, seemed to agree with him. Then, just before the election, someone with connections to Reagan's kitchen cabinet informed Regan that he was on the short list for the Treasury. He was startled by this. William Casey, he later discovered, had put his name forward, and when William Simon, who had been Treasury Secretary in the Nixon Administration, withdrew himself from consideration Regan's name came to the top. Regan lunched with Meese and James, who questioned him about his economic philosophy, his management ideas, and his opinion of Reagan, and afterward the President-elect called him to deliver the invitation. He accepted on the spot. Reagan said thank you very much, someone will call you, I'll see you in Washington. He hung up, and Regan did not speak with him again until Inauguration Day.

Why Haig, Bell, and Regan—three virtual strangers to Ronald Reagan—were chosen for Cabinet posts remains something of a mystery in these books. But one or two things are clear. In the first place, Reagan did not know very many people with public-policy credentials or Washington experience. (He had, after all, been running against government his entire political career.) The exceptions were Weinberger, who had worked for him in Sacramento; Schultz, whom he had met in 1978; and William Casey, who had joined the Reagan campaign in early 1980 and had eventually succeeded John Sears as its campaign manager. Shultz, as Haig was told, was Reagan's first choice for State. But when Reagan called Shultz to sound him out about a Cabinet post he had not made himself understood, and Shultz, thinking the offer was for the Treasury, had declined. William Casey had badly wanted State or Defense but had been rejected for both, because he mumbled and was not telegenic enough. Appearances counted with the Reagans. (According to Speakes, Nancy Reagan had refused to have Lyn Nofziger, one of Reagan's oldest and most trusted aides, made White House press secretary, because his clothes were rumpled and he was not young or handsome enough.) Haig, of course, had the proper credentials, and he looked like a Secretary of State. Don Regan, silver-haired and distinguished-looking, was known at least to Casey and Simon, and since he was the head of a large brokerage firm his appointment could be counted upon to reassure a jumpy stock market. What he thought about economic policy does not seem to have been seriously considered; Meese and James lacked the expertise to find out. As for Terrel Bell, his appointment is not discussed by the other writers, but what he

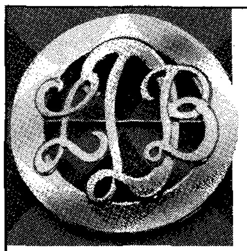
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club



Enjoy Two of
The Elegant Resorts of Jamaica.
Call your travel agent
or 800-237-3237 or 305-666-3566.


The Sans Souci Hotel, Club & Spa

The Sans Souci
Hotel, Club & Spa



Three script initials bring grace and charm to this 1½" brooch. In sterling silver or 14Kt yellow gold it adds the right touch to dress or suit. Add this to your Leonore Doskow collection. Underline initial of last name.

Sterling silver: **$60.** • 14Kt yellow gold **$495.**

Send your check or money order to:

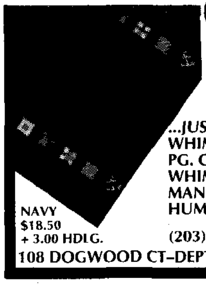
N.Y. residents add sales tax

Croton Crafts

Prices include shipping & handling

P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521
Telephone 914-271-5981

alynn NECKWEAR



S-E-X-Y
CODE FLAGS

...JUST ONE OF OVER 100 WHIMSICAL TIES IN OUR 16 PG. COLOR CATALOGUE OF WHIMSICAL GIFTS FOR THE MAN WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR. $3 (FREE W/ORDER)

NAVY
$18.50
+ 3.00 HDLG.

(203) 322-5160 (800) 252-5966

108 DOGWOOD CT-DEPT N-STAMFORD, CT 06903

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 56 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234

Room C178

AUDIO-FORUM®

Guilford, CT 06437

thought was clearly of no interest to Meese. Bell was a Mormon from Utah, he had the credentials to pass muster, and his job would soon be swept out from under him.

Bell grew up, he tells us, in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, the seventh of nine children. His mother, who was widowed when he was eight, brought up the family in a four-room house with no indoor plumbing and only a wood stove for heat. A cow given to him by the local Mormon bishop was the family's source of milk, and the schoolhouse in the town was Bell's refuge. He did well in school, but when he graduated from high school there was no money to send him to college. He worked his way through a local teacher-training institute, existing on odd jobs and a parcel of food his mother sent him each week. He served in the Marines during the Second World War, and afterward became a schoolteacher. To be chosen as Secretary of Education was the fulfillment of his career, and more than he ever could have hoped for.

A few weeks later, Bell was in his official Lincoln Continental being driven up to Capitol Hill for the President's State of the Union address and "looking forward to sitting up front with the rest of the Cabinet." Just after he asked what the car telephone was for, it rang. James Baker III, the White House chief of staff, was calling, with apologies, to say that the law did not permit all those in the constitutional line for the Presidency to be in one place at the same time; therefore, Bell, the thirteenth member of the Cabinet, could not attend the speech. Crestfallen, he went home to watch it on TV. At that point—so he tells us—it came home to him that he was the odd man out in every possible way. He had no friends in the Administration; his department was about to be abolished; in attempting to recruit competent people to run its programs he would be about as persuasive as the captain of the Titanic would have been if the ship's fate had been foreseen. In practice, no one in the Administration seemed to be paying any attention to him except David Stockman, who was figuring out how much of his budget could be cut, and Ed Meese, who was trying to fill his department with people who wanted to abolish it.

At his first Cabinet meeting, Bell noted further ominous portents. His chair—with his title engraved on it—was placed at the far end of the table from the President's, and was so large and bulky that Bell, who is five feet five, found that his feet did not touch the ground. While he squirmed, the President passed around a jar of jelly beans. Bell did not take one—he hated jelly beans—but then saw that he was the only person to refuse. Looking about him, he observed that Reagan, as was customary, had changed the Presidential portraits in the Cabinet room. Now the two most prominently displayed were those of Calvin Coolidge and William Howard Taft. Bell thought that the President conducted the meeting well, but education was not discussed and the budget was. Over the coming months, Bell would hear a great deal about the budget but not a word about education from any Administration official.

At the Treasury, Secretary Regan found himself left more or less to his own devices. He saw the President at official ceremonies and at Cabinet meetings, but never to speak to alone. For the first two months, he went to the White House every day for a meeting of the Economic Policy Coördinating Committee, whose objective, he thought, was to deliver an economic-policy statement to Congress. The meetings were wholly dominated by David Stockman, the thirty-four-year-old director of the Office of Management and Budget. Stockman, who had been working on an economic strategy for the Administration since the previous summer, already had a full staff churning out paper at a furious rate. His actual objective—quite lost on Regan—was to set the Administration's fiscal and budgetary policy for the next five years and force the whole program through Congress while the new President still had the initiative. He was now down to cutting budget line items, such as veterans' pension programs, and travel expenses for federal agents. Regan, lost in the daily blizzard of statistics, would from time to time make plaintive noises or try to throw meetings off the track with interpolations such as "Why don't we discuss monetary policy?" On those occasions, Stockman and his staffers would look at him "in condescension and disbelief" and then rush onward, leaving him "in the backwash."

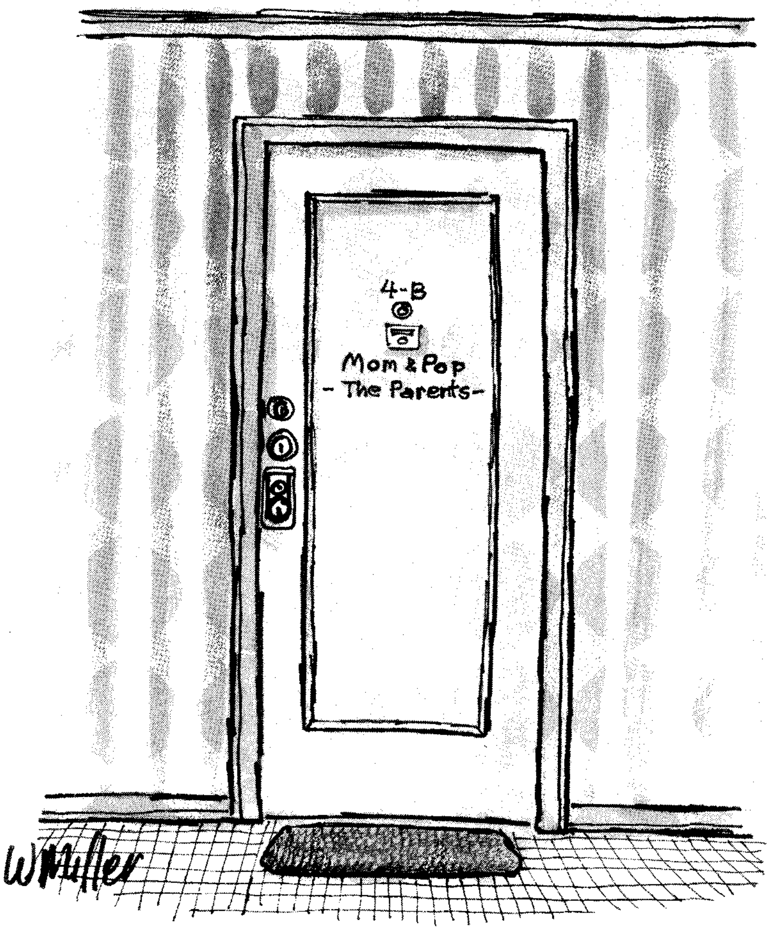
Regan fumed. He had come to Washington, he tells us, without any agenda except to serve the President by translating his economic ideas into policies and programs. But what were the President's ideas? He thought they must differ quite considerably from Stockman's, but he could not say how, since he could never get near enough to the President to ask him. Finally, in desperation, he ordered up all of Reagan's campaign speeches and interviews on economic policy and started reading them as if they were runes.

Alexander Haig, for his part, found the transition remarkably smooth. At the beginning, he had worried that this President, whom he did not know, would want to concentrate the making of foreign policy in the White House, and so put him in the same unhappy position that Nixon's first Secretary of State, William Rogers, had found himself in. But in December Reagan assured Haig that he would be the sole foreign-policy spokesman and that Richard Allen, now his national-security adviser, would act merely as a staff man. In January, Reagan repeated this assurance and gave Haig leave to draw up the initial National Security Decision Document (N.S.D.D.-1), establishing the bureaucratic lines of authority between State, Defense, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the other agencies involved in foreign policy. Reassured, Haig went about staffing his department. He found that the transition team had drawn up an excellent list of candidates and that the White House never questioned any of the choices he made. As Deputy Secretary of State he chose Judge William Clark, a California rancher, who, as he himself frankly admitted, knew nothing about foreign policy but who was an old friend of Reagan's and so, Haig thought, could translate for him. Robert McFarlane, a "trusted acquaintance," became counsellor of the department and soon began work on a draft of N.S.D.D.-1. Richard Allen proved helpful and friendly. By Inauguration Day, the document had been finished and approved by the heads of all the agencies concerned. Haig took it to the White House and gave it to Meese for the President to sign.

But then strange things began to happen that made Haig feel quite uneasy about this new White House. At the first Cabinet meeting, Haig says, two of the President's staff members, Baker and Meese, in an extraordinary breach of protocol and tradition, took seats at the table. Meese, whose title was counsellor to the President, played the part usually played by the President, formulating issues, leading discussions, and summarizing remarks. Michael K. Deaver, the deputy chief of staff, subsequently sat at the table with Baker and Meese, and the three passed notes back and forth to one another like schoolboys. The President said little, and what he thought about foreign-policy issues was difficult to discern. At a meeting in the Oval Office following the first National Security Council meeting, it was suggested that the Administration abrogate the agreement that President Carter had made with Iran for the release of the Embassy hostages. The President did not seem surprised by this extraordinary suggestion, and more than one of his staff members actually seemed to favor it. On the other hand, he nodded in apparent agreement when Haig bluntly explained that no incoming Administration could simply renege on an international agreement binding on the United States.

From that day on, mysterious little obstacles began to spring up in Haig's path. There were delays in the confirmation of some of his appointees. White House staff members—mainly Baker and Meese—would make foreign-policy statements without consulting him, and sometimes in direct contradiction of what he had said. Then remarks he made at N.S.C. meetings began to appear verbatim in the press. When he complained about these things to the President, Reagan would say, "Al, I'm with you. Al, you're my man." But the contradictory statements and the leaks continued.

Haig soon found out that Baker, Deaver, and Meese controlled every avenue leading to the Oval Office. Richard Allen had no direct access to the President, and had to pass even the most urgent of messages through the triumvirate. Haig's request to meet with the President on a regular basis went unanswered, and his N.S.D.D.-1 went unsigned. Allen said that the copy that had been given to Meese had been lost and could not be found. To Haig the White House was "as mysterious as a ghost ship; you heard the creak of the rigging and the groan of the timbers and sometimes even glimpsed the crew on deck." He added, "But which of the



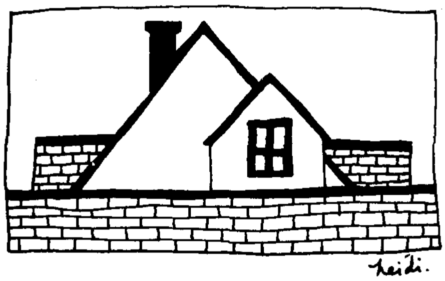
crew had the helm? . . . It was impossible to know for sure."

During the first few months of the Administration, Terrel Bell watched Haig's travails with close attention, for he knew very well that his survival depended on his figuring out the mysteries of the White House. He discovered that, while Meese had begun as the dominant figure, Baker, who had belatedly come to Reagan from George Bush's Presidential campaign, was gaining the ascendancy, with the help of Deaver. Meese, a disorganized man, whose desk was always overflowing with papers, spent his time attending policy meetings and making up organizational charts that put him at the top of every policy hierarchy. But it was Baker and Deaver who controlled access to the President, and Baker who had the political savvy and the real organizational skills. This was good news for Bell, because Baker and Deaver seemed more sympathetic than Meese.

With no expectation of having access to the President, Bell went about cultivating allies on the White House staff and defending his budget and his departmental appointments as best he could. At the same time, keeping his promise to the President, he prepared a bill for Congress that would reduce his department to the status of a national foundation. In the end, he was proud of his bill, for, after protracted bureaucratic struggles, he managed to retain most of the extant federal education programs within the foundation. But, as it turned out, all his efforts were in vain. The Republican leaders in Congress refused even to look at his bill: Congress had just created the Department of Education, and it was not now going to turn around and fight all the same battles in reverse. Polling the Senate, Bell found no more than nineteen votes for his bill. He also found that the White House, which, supported by the entire Cabinet, had been prepared to fight for his bill, backed away from it once the votes were counted. This left him as the only exponent of a bill that was almost universally disliked and that even he did not really believe in.

Though the demise of the bill was a victory for the federal role in education, it left Bell in a weakened position. And he soon had another fight on his hands—this one with Meese and Justice Department officials, who wished to narrow the application and weaken the enforcement of the civil-rights and equal-opportunity laws. Bell was a conservative, but he did not believe that the Administration could or should disregard the laws on the books, as Meese and Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds seemed to want to do. He did not believe in discrimination, either, having been poor himself, and he did not think that the President did. Yet in this arena he had no help from anyone in the White House. Here Meese and the right-wingers around him held sway. The "movement conservatives," as they called themselves, wore Adam Smith ties and cufflinks and seemed to act like members of a secret society. They held weekly meetings, promoted one another's careers, and spoke in arcane language. One day, Meese looked down at a college tie that Bell was wearing and jokingly asked if the red figures on it were hammers and sickles. It was no secret that Meese and his friends now wanted Bell fired.

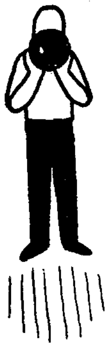
But then Bell, who was, after all, an experienced bureaucrat, performed an amazing feat of political judo. Early in 1981, he had proposed that the White House create a Presidential commission to appraise what he thought was the disastrous decline in educational standards in the country, and to rally Americans around a movement for educational reform. His proposal inspired no enthusiasm at all in the White House, so he formed his own commission and went through all the battles necessary to get a distinguished group of citizens appointed to it. The commission went to work, and its report, called "A Nation at Risk: The Imperative for Educational Reform," appeared in April of 1983. Concise and well-written, it was a thoroughly damning indictment of the condition of American education. One sentence read, "If an unfriendly foreign power had attempted to impose on America the mediocre educational performance that exists today, we might well have viewed it as an act of war."



A stirring call to action on education was the last thing that most people in the White House wanted, yet the report was far too explosive to ignore. The Baker and Meese factions battled over its presentation, and in the end the President read a text to the press that praised the work of the commission and then went on to discuss the unrelated movement-conservative agenda of tuition tax credits and prayer in the schools. The report nevertheless received extensive press coverage, and the public response was enormously favorable. Bell became an instant celebrity. A year later, the President's strategists seized upon educational reform as an issue for the 1984 campaign. Suddenly a political asset to the President, Bell was pressed into service to make campaign speeches and travel around the country with him. On these trips, Reagan affirmed a commitment to improving the nation's schools, promised federal aid for schools in poor communities and for handicapped students, and pledged to continue the program of loans for college students. The Republican platform pledged support for the Department of Education. And then, as David Stockman tells us, in some awe, the education budget that Bell proposed for 1985 was larger than any previous one—though it was no more than the Congress had voted for education in 1984. Clearly, no one had expected any of this from the diminutive "thirteenth man."

But once the election was over White House staff members again geared up to make deep cuts in the education budget and, despite the platform pledge, to make another attempt to abolish the Department. The initiatives came from Meese and Stockman, but when Baker told Bell that his job would be to support the cutbacks Bell felt he had no choice but to resign. He had failed to make any impression on the President, and all he had fought for would soon be negated or abandoned. Sickened by the about-face, he sent his letter of resignation to the White House. He heard nothing—not a phone call, not a word from anyone. Three days later, the President announced to the press that Bell was resigning "for personal reasons."

ALEXANDER HAIG did not, of course, last as long as Bell did. Ideology was not the problem; it was a matter of temperament. He acted upon the White House like fingernails on a blackboard. Of his Senate confirmation hearings he writes, "I seemed somewhat impatient, somewhat driven," and, by the fourth day, "overtaken by exasperation." This seems to indicate some measure of self-knowledge, but he never quite understood what he did to alienate the President and his staff. The answer is, however, in his book.

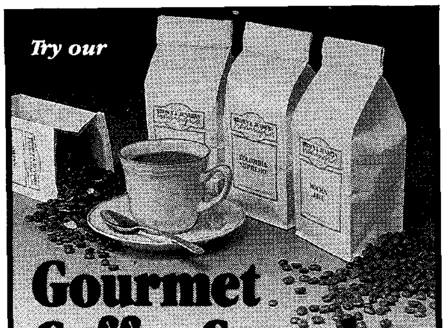


In 1981, Haig tells us, the United States faced "a worldwide climate of uncertainty . . . dangerous in the extreme." The Soviet Union "had been seduced by the weakness of the American will and [had] extended itself far beyond the natural limits of its own apparent interests and influence," and "the whole balance of the world was disturbed." Crises were looming everywhere: the Persian Gulf was threatened; Africa was threatened; the Chinese were wondering about the value of the American relationship; propaganda against NATO was circulating in Europe; the "fires of insurrection," fed by the Soviets and the Cubans, were spreading unchecked in Central America. In Haig's view, strong signals were needed, lines had to be drawn, and decisive actions had to be taken. In the first two months of the Administration, Haig sent military advisers to El Salvador and drew up contingency plans for a military confrontation with Cuba.

Haig's actions generally accorded with Reagan's campaign rhetoric. The difficulty was that White House staffers had decided that the Administration could launch only one important initiative at a time, and 1981 was to be the year of the Reagan economic revolution. Therefore, everything Haig did that caught press attention was seen by staff members as a distraction from the White House agenda, and even as an act of disloyalty. Though staff members warned him about this through press leaks, Haig never seemed to catch on. Indeed, he kept making matters worse by pestering the President about his own authority over foreign affairs. So jumpy was he about control of his turf that White House staffers began to call him CINCWORLD—Commander-in-Chief of the World. Just two months into the Administration, White House staff people ran what seems to have been an exploratory test on Haig's reflexes.

On March 22nd, Haig writes, the Washington *Post* ran a story saying that the White House had decided to put Vice-President George Bush in charge of "a new structure for national security crisis management" as a means of bringing "harmony to the Reagan high command." Haig called the White House to complain. Both Meese and the President assured him that this "structure" was a mere formality, and that there was no truth to any of the stories suggesting that the White House was unhappy with Haig. But later in the day the White House press spokesman confirmed the President's decision to create a "crisis-management team." The words acted on Haig like a toreador's cape, and the next day he went clattering and snorting into the President's office and threatened to resign. Again the President reassured him, but Haig refused to be mollified until the President stated once again, and publicly, that Haig was his foreign-policy chief. Eventually, Haig realized that the "crisis-management team" was a fiction invented by someone in the White House. What he apparently did not realize was that he had responded perfectly to the test, and now White House staff members knew how to make him resign.

A week later, the President was shot, and Haig rushed into the White House pressroom, breathing hard, to announce to a bewildered nation, "As of now, I am in control." Actually, as Haig, Regan, and Speakes all tell us, there was a great deal more commotion on this occasion than met the public eye. Haig's outburst was at least in part the result of an altercation taking place downstairs in the Situation Room. The shooting had occurred just an hour and a half before. At that time, the National Security Council officers and a number of White House staff members had begun to gather in the windowless Situation Room, which Haig calls "the nerve center of the government." Because the Vice-President was in Texas, there was initially something of a scramble for places and for telephones—a scramble somewhat muted by thoughts of how gestures and utterances might be seen in the light of history. Weinberger and Casey arrived



Try our

Gourmet Coffee Sampler

and get an After Dinner Coffee FREE...

If you love a good cup of coffee, we want to be your source of truly **great** coffees—40 delicious coffees, fresh-roasted daily! Let us send you our Introductory Sampler at **special savings.** 12 oz. each of:

Colombia Supremo. A rich, full-flavored coffee from Colombia's most highly-prized beans.

Mocha Java. Genuine Ethiopian Mocha and Indonesian Java, skillfully blended for a smooth, creamy-rich taste.

Brown & Jenkins Special Blend. A delightful combination of medium & dark roasts. At breakfast, it'll make your day.

FREE if we hear from you now: 1/4 lb. of Vanilla Hazelnut Coffee.

BROWN & JENKINS Trading Co.
431 Pine St., Dept. 482, P.O.Box 1570, Burlington, VT 05402
—For new customers only—

YES, send me the FREE After Dinner Coffee along with:
☐ **Gourmet Coffee Sampler $10.95 plus $2 p/h.**
☐ **Decaf Coffee Sampler $12.95 plus $2 p/h.**
I've enclosed check or Visa/MC No. & exp. date.
I prefer: ☐ **Whole Bean** ☐ **Filter Grind**

Phone Orders: 1 800 456-JAVA

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
______________________ Zip __________

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND.

Found: a beautiful necklace
of seven beaches around
a hideaway peninsula on
St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands.
Caneel Bay. A Rockresort.
A handsome reward at this
time of year. Call your
travel agent or 800-223-7637.

Britain
& Pacific NW
Countryside Walks

Guided tours along medieval footpaths, prehistoric and Roman tracks. Through quaint villages and lovely scenery. Relaxed pace (up to 7½ miles/day) . . . Country inns . . . England, Scotland, Wales and Pacific N.W. . . .

Please send me further information:
Name: ______________________
Address: ______________________

Country Walking Holidays Ltd. (604) 921-8304
1122-Y Fir Avenue, Blaine, Washington 98230

last—about an hour after the shooting. As if to apologize for his lateness, Weinberger announced that he had stepped up the alert status of American forces. "Cap, what do you mean?" Haig asked. "Have you changed the Defcon?"

Haig was shocked. Any change in the American defense condition would be picked up by the Soviets; in response, the Soviets might raise their own alert status, and this could cause a further escalation on the American side. The Soviets might conclude that the United States, in a burst of paranoia, considered them responsible for the assassination attempt—and then what would the United States do? The consequences, Haig thought, were "incalculable."

Weinberger did not answer Haig directly; he seemed, Haig says, to be quibbling over the use of the term "Defcon." Haig said, "This is important, Cap. Will you please tell us exactly what you've done?"

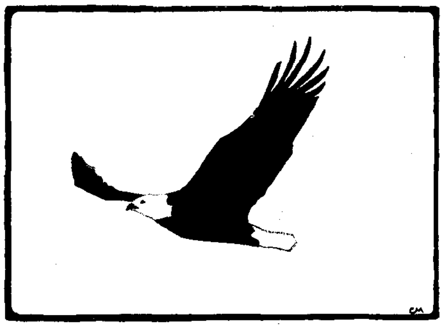
Haig admits that this was not all he said—that, in fact, he might have used other technical terms that Weinberger, only ninety days into office, might not have been familiar with. Weinberger finally said that he had ordered pilots of the Strategic Air Command to their bases. "Then you've raised the Defcon," Haig concluded.

No, he hadn't, Weinberger replied, and the argument grew heated. Haig began to suspect at this point that Weinberger did not know what the Defcon was or whether he had raised it. He pressed him further to explain exactly what he had done. Weinberger said he would have to find out, and left the room to look for a private telephone.

Ten minutes later, according to Haig, Weinberger came back and said unequivocally that he had not raised the alert status—he had merely informed field commanders officially of the situation in Washington. (Regan, who was in the room, does not remember this.)

Just at this time, Haig heard Larry Speakes on television telling the press that he wasn't aware of any change in the alert status and could not say whether or not Bush had become the acting President. Haig rushed up to the pressroom to reassure the nation that someone was in control, and that the alert status had not been raised. When he returned, with Speakes, to the Situation Room, however, Weinberger, according to Haig, "expressed displeasure" at Haig's statement about the alert status of the American forces and began to talk about Soviet submarines off the coasts of the United States. Speakes remembers this, and so does Regan, and both are of the opinion that Weinberger did indeed raise the alert status. Haig seems not to have resolved this question, because he and Weinberger became involved in an argument over who was actually in control, constitutionally, militarily, and otherwise. A few hours later, Bush arrived and calmed everyone down. But it is not clear from any of the three accounts—Haig's, Speakes', and Regan's—whether anyone remembered to call the Soviets and explain.

Haig never really recovered from his moments of command hysteria. Publicly, Baker and Meese insisted on his "competence" and his "steadiness," but Haig feels that they overdid the job and drew undue attention to his blunder. The irony was that Haig actually did serve as a steadying force on the Administration in certain important areas of foreign policy. He managed to dissuade the White House from breaking the commitment Carter had made to Iran for the release of the hostages; he protested when Richard Allen and others around the President received Taiwanese officials at the White House, thereby threatening to wreck the American relationship with China; he tempered the American response to the rebellion in Poland in 1981; and he managed to avoid a rift with American allies in Europe. The trouble was that Haig lived on a psychological edge. Eternally choleric, always on the verge of a tantrum, he raised tempers even when he was warning against overreaction and urging cautious diplomacy. He annoyed the President's staff even when he saved the President from diplomatic disaster, as he did during the Falklands conflict.



In April of 1982, when the Argentinian junta invaded the Falkland Islands and tore down the British flag, only Haig and United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick saw a crisis for the United States ahead. State Department staff members, according to Haig, regarded the operation as a squabble over a sheep pasture—a Gilbert and Sullivan war. The White House staff was unconcerned. Kirkpatrick argued that the United States should support Argentina—in part because the junta was training the first Nicaraguan Contras—and thereafter did what she could to sabotage any other policy. Haig and Weinberger were the only N.S.C. members to argue for the importance of the American relationship with Britain and for the rule of law. Haig's view, which eventually prevailed, was that the United States should maintain neutrality for the purpose of attempting to negotiate a settlement, and that if that did not work the United States should back Britain. From the beginning, he foresaw that the conflict was so important to both countries that if there was no settlement one of the two governments would fall. He thought that Britain would win if it came to war. But the thought did not comfort him, for in his view the fall of the Argentinian junta would lead to a Communist takeover and "yet another dangerous strategic incursion by the Soviet Union into South America." Already, the crisis was creating a rift between Latin-American nations and Western Europe. The war, which involved "the whole of the West," had to be stopped, and he was the only one who could stop it.

In early April, Haig, with the President's backing, flew to London and then to Buenos Aires to try to negotiate a peaceful settlement to the conflict. He found Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in a Churchillian mode and the junta in a high state of excitement and nerves. The Argentinian officers gave Haig an unpleasant time, alternately staging bellicose demonstrations for his benefit and claiming that their intentions were peaceful. At one point, General Leopoldo Galtieri, the head of the Argentinian junta, slyly suggested that the Cubans were offering his government planes and munitions. Haig thought that this was probably the case, yet he still believed that the junta represented the only hope of stopping

Cuban and Soviet penetration of South America. (When he wrote his book, two years later, this was, unaccountably, still his view.) As war fever mounted, he shuttled frantically between the two capitals, holding meetings and revising proposals at all hours of the day and night. But the governments could not reach agreement. War broke out, and eventually the junta fell, to be replaced by a democratic government.

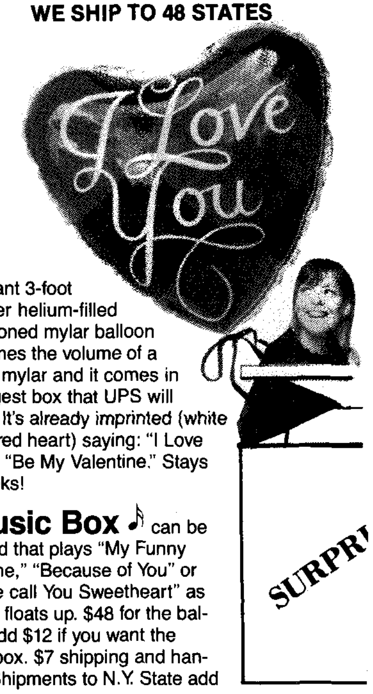
Haig had failed to stop the war, but he had done the right thing, and his efforts paid off diplomatically. His attempt to prevent the bloodshed was generally appreciated, and, thanks to his good-faith negotiations, Cuba could not successfully charge the United States with promoting British imperialism in Latin America. The White House, however, was not at all grateful. Haig's shuttling between London and Buenos Aires had coincided with one of the President's rare trips abroad. In early April, Reagan went to Barbados, for what was billed as a "summit meeting" with Caribbean leaders, and while there he spent a couple of days at the beach house of his old friend Claudette Colbert. But the Falklands crisis took first place on the network news, and White House staff members accused Haig through the press of "grandstanding" and of having "stolen the limelight from President Reagan." Haig believes that his attempt to stop the Falklands war was what finally cost him his job as Secretary of State. Whether or not this was so, he was forced to resign only three months later.

DONALD REGAN, of course, lasted a good deal longer in the Administration than Haig or Bell. As Secretary of the Treasury, he managed to penetrate the inner sanctum of the White House, and after four years became the White House chief of staff, replacing not only James Baker but, in effect, Meese and Deaver as well. He and the President got along famously. As Regan explains it, the two developed an "easy rapport" based on the President's interest in the similarity of their names and in the fact that Regan, like so many of the President's friends, was a self-made millionaire. Actually, the two had a lot else in common, including a liking for each other's jokes. In his book Regan spends little time on the issues. This may be good marketing strategy. On the other hand, no one who attended the first summit meeting of President Reagan and General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev would portray himself as preoccupied with where he sat and how he was photographed if that were not in fact the case.

Still, Regan has a few interesting things to say about the making of economic policy during Reagan's first term. He does not—for some reason—mention the fiscal disaster that left the United States government a trillion and a half dollars deeper in debt by the end of 1988. But his observations are useful addenda to David Stockman's extraordinary blow-by-blow account of how this debt came to be. Also, they fit together with Martin Anderson's description of how Reagan's economic policy was formulated during the 1980 campaign. Regan and Anderson speak extremely ill of Stockman, yet, surprisingly, all three of their books supplement rather than contradict one another in matters of fact, and together provide a coherent account of the first major debacle of the Administration and the role the President played in it. Even more surprisingly, Regan confirms what Stockman says about him.

What was "Reaganomics"? These three books provide all the definition that historians will ever need. After studying Reagan's campaign speeches and "the economic theories on which the President's remarks were said to have been based," Regan came to the conclusion that the President was both a Friedmanite and a supply-sider, and that "a mixture of the two, with some other elements added in, was what the press called 'Reaganomics.'" From the two other books it is easy to see how he could have come to this conclusion. According to Anderson, Reagan had a large and distinguished group of mainstream conservative economists advising him during his campaign, but the one who most influenced his thinking was Milton Friedman. According to Stockman, however, Representative Jack Kemp, the point man for the supply-siders, was "the chief policy theoretician in the Reagan camp." Regan maintains that "a certain tension, but no essential conflict" existed between advocates of the two schools of thought, and in principle he is perfectly correct. Friedman, a free-market economist formerly at the University of Chicago, was then best known for his

GIANT 3-FOOT VALENTINE
Balloon-in-A-Box
WE SHIP TO 48 STATES



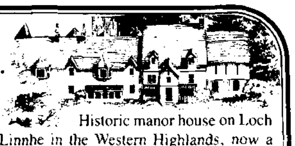
This giant 3-foot diameter helium-filled be-ribboned mylar balloon is 10 times the volume of a regular mylar and it comes in the largest box that UPS will deliver. It's already imprinted (white on the red heart) saying: "I Love You" or "Be My Valentine." Stays up weeks!

♪ Music Box ♪ can be included that plays "My Funny Valentine," "Because of You" or "Let me call You Sweetheart" as balloon floats up. $48 for the balloon. Add $12 if you want the music box. $7 shipping and handling. Shipments to N.Y. State add sales tax.

A/E, M/C, VISA
Robert D. Grimm Marketing, Inc., Dept. 635
P.O. Box 20094 (212) 490-5776
Dag Hammarskjold Convenience Center,
N.Y. N.Y. 10017

EASTERN'S
SUITE-ESCAPE TO KEY WEST
4 DAYS/ 3 NIGHTS from $559* Including Round Trip Airfare
INCLUDES: Round trip air via Eastern departing daily from New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh or Boston† to Key West; luxurious 1-bedroom suite with Jacuzzi and kitchen.
*Per person, double occupancy, eff. to 4/15/89. Prices based on mid-week departure. Weekend travel slightly higher. Package operated by Flyfaire Vacations. IT8EA1FIRM †Boston departures add $20.
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL 800-322-TRIP
OCEAN KEY HOUSE
A SUITE RESORT & MARINA
The Perfect Setting.
Zero Duval Street, Key West, Florida 33040
800-328-9815, Fax 305-292-7685, Represented by LRI.

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House



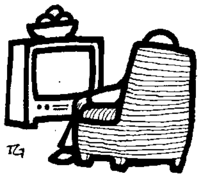
Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland, Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

N. Y. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
NEEDS VOLUNTEERS
Development Department
Typing/Clerical
(212) 633-9300 Ext.6979

work on monetary policy, and for his belief that the Federal Reserve should commit itself to a fixed rate of growth in the money supply. The supply-siders, for their part, were primarily interested in fiscal policy. In their view, cutting taxes would stimulate the economy, create economic growth, and provide larger government revenues. The famous Laffer curve described their view of the relationship between tax rates and revenues. But in practice the supply-siders saw themselves as revolutionaries, who would overturn the cramped old conservatism of penny-pinching, green-eyeshade establishment economists with their fetish about balanced budgets. And in practice the Republican-establishment economists looked upon the supply-siders as wild-eyed, religious sectarians. For this reason, Anderson goes to great lengths to demonstrate that "Reaganomics came directly out of the heart of the Republican economic establishment."

Since Anderson was Reagan's only full-time economic adviser, and since he wrote many of Reagan's key economic speeches and position papers during the campaign, his account should be authoritative. Also, it was Anderson who pressed these speeches on members of the Administration who he thought did not fully appreciate Reagan's policies—Stockman, for one, and, presumably, Regan, for another. Yet Regan's textual analysis not only convinced him that Reagan was a supply-sider but also persuaded him to become a convert to the faith. The explanation may be that he had talked over Reaganomics with his new deputies, Norman Ture and Paul Craig Roberts—two supply-siders who had been brought into the Treasury by the head of the economic-policy transition team, Annelise Anderson, who was an economist and was also Martin Anderson's wife.

Actually, of course, it mattered little what Reaganomics was in theory, for while Regan was reading speeches—"the scrolls," Stockman called them—Stockman was making policy, or what he hoped would be policy. He was, in fact, the only one in the Administration with an economic plan. A two-term representative from Michigan, Stockman had come to the O.M.B. with an extraordinary vision. In his view, the greatest good for the greatest number could be achieved only by freeing capitalism from all the shackles that had been placed upon it by politicians for half a century. His plan was, on the one hand, to cut taxes drastically via the supply-sider tax bill, known as Kemp-Roth, and, on the other hand, to cut government spending just as drastically in every area except defense, so that what remained was a "minimalist government . . . a spare and stingy creature, which offered evenhanded public justice, but no more." What this meant was cutting back or actually eliminating every nonmilitary program, from foreign aid to farm subsidies, from Social Security to oil-depletion allowances. He believed that this policy would "hurt millions of people in the short run," because it entailed "abruptly severing the umbilical cords of dependency that ran from Washington to every nook and cranny of the nation," but that in the long run it would create prosperity for all. Stockman was—as he freely admits in "The Triumph of Politics"—an ideologue. As a child, he had idealized his fundamentalist grandfather; as a college student, he had been a Marxist; and now he saw another light—that government was not just inefficient but actually evil, except in its military role.



How Stockman had got himself elected to Congress is now difficult to imagine. Yet, for all his unconsciousness of the world outside himself, he was formidably intelligent and intellectually rigorous. Though his current state of enthusiasm came in large part from his close association with Kemp and the other supply-siders, he had by the time of the Republican Convention in 1980 figured out that the Laffer curve would not describe reality if the rate of inflation dropped. And inflation was in the process of declining, thanks in large part to Paul Volcker, President Carter's appointee as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. Not long after the Inauguration, Stockman's computations showed that the Kemp-Roth tax bill would result in a sharp decline in government revenues for the next several years, even given the most optimistic scenarios for economic growth and no further decline in inflation. By any realistic scenario, Kemp-Roth would require budget cuts of more than a hundred billion dollars per year, or staggering deficits would result. Stockman was thus cutting budget allocations in desperate haste when Regan ambled upon the scene.

Even on paper, Stockman's task was not easy. In the first place, defense expenditures had to go up. During the campaign, Reagan had promised a real increase of five per cent, which later escalated to eight or nine per cent. Partly as a result of his own miscalculations, Stockman ended up promising Weinberger one trillion four hundred and sixty billion dollars over five years, or a real increase of ten per cent for each of the five years. When Stockman pointed out his error, however, Weinberger refused to budge from the figure, and subsequently described all Stockman's proposed modifications as "cuts" in the vital defense budget. The President always agreed with Weinberger. Stockman thus concentrated his attention on the domestic side of the budget. But when he raised the subject of the entitlement programs—Social Security, Medicare, and the like—it was decided that cutting them would be too expensive politically. Thus, with defense spending on the rise and more than fifty per cent of the budget fenced off for entitlements, Stockman went to work on the remainder: aid to education, subsidies to synfuel plants, money for low-income housing, mass transit, and so on.

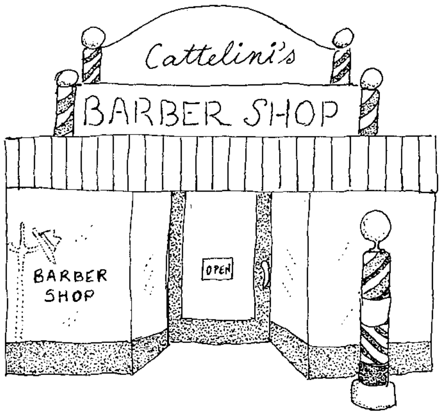
But when Stockman's budget saw the light of day the cuts proved far too radical for anyone in Washington to accept. Each Cabinet officer fought to save what he could of his budget. The Democrats in Congress balked, as expected, but so did the Republicans. Even the President refused to accept certain of Stockman's cuts—for example, the oil-depletion allowances. The supply-siders mocked the cuts, calling them "root canal." By June, Stockman realized that he would never get anything like a hundred billion dollars out of the budget, yet the Kemp-Roth bill was headed for passage. The President had backed it enthusiastically, and Congress, which was bent on a tax cut anyway, could not deny him this victory. Stockman was watching a slow-motion collision that would spell defeat for what was now being called "the Reagan revolution."

Both Regan and Anderson write that they knew at the time that the budget cuts Stockman proposed were politically unrealistic. Anderson also tells us that the President never believed that the budget could be cut; he thought that the rate of increase in federal spending could merely be slowed. As proof, Anderson cites a policy memorandum that he wrote in 1979. In "Revolution," Anderson has harsh words for Stockman ("Profoundly pessimistic by nature . . . a driven man, haunted by the idea that only perfection was success") and for his book ("a self-righteous work with the tone of a screeching bluejay" which "deceived most by the crucial parts of the story left out"). But he admits that the senior White House staff members encouraged Stockman in his budget-cutting enterprise. He does not tell us, however, that the reason for it was simply that, whatever the President did or did not believe in, Kemp-Roth meant either budget cutting or deficits. The exercise now had little to do with Stockman's ideology; it had to do with a desperate need for funds.

By July, Stockman had come to realize that Reagan would not fight for the difficult budget cuts but would do whatever had to be done to pass Kemp-Roth. He had staked his Presidency on it. The difficulty was that Congress had no great enthusiasm for the bill. After years of inflation and bracket creep, sentiment was overwhelmingly for a tax cut, but the members of Congress wanted to make the cuts themselves, for the benefit of particular constituencies. To pass Kemp-Roth that spring, the Administration had to engage in a complicated log-rolling process among congressional coalitions. It ended by sponsoring what amounted to three separate tax bills: Kemp-Roth; a bill put together by a pro-business coalition; and a package of what Stockman called "Christmas-tree ornaments," added by members of both parties. Later, Stockman calculated that the Kemp-Roth bill would cost the government a trillion dollars by the end of the decade, and the two other bills would cost it eight hundred million dollars more. For two months, confusion masked the fiscal disaster, but by the fall economic forecasters for the Treasury, for Congress, and for the O.M.B. were all predicting cumulative deficits of four hundred billion dollars by the end of 1984. It had become clear to most people in Washington that something had to be done.

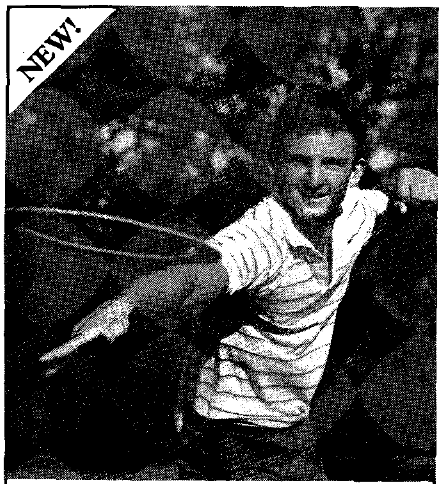
Stockman, who had by then learned his political lesson, realized that Congress would not make more domestic spending cuts unless the Administration reciprocated in some fashion. One way was to scale down the real yearly increases in the defense budget; another was to delay or modify Kemp-Roth or to raise revenues by other means. A compromise package was prepared for the President in September, another one in November, and a third in December; new packages were put together in 1982, 1983, and 1984. But the President refused to endorse any of them. He was adamant that the defense budget not be touched, and he refused to raise taxes. The tax increases that were passed had to be negotiated by the Republican leaders in Congress.

By 1985, a number of prominent Democrats, notably Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, had become convinced that Ronald Reagan was deliberately creating yearly deficits in order to force Congress to cut entitlements and other domestic programs in the long run. The President, after all, made speech after speech on the need for spending cuts, and what could explain his refusal to compromise except such a strategy? Stockman, however, had another explanation, and the Anderson and Regan books go a long way toward confirming it. What he had discovered, he writes, was that, however the President might castigate Congress for not cutting the budget, he himself had no intention of making the necessary cuts. Any lingering doubts that Stockman may have had about this discovery were eliminated in November of 1982, when the economy was in deep recession and the fiscal situation "an utter, mind-numbing catastrophe." At that point, he gave the President a quiz. Laying out the entire budget for him in fifty components, he asked Reagan to reduce the deficit by making cuts in the various spending categories. The President loved the quiz, but after days of working at it—with the human and political consequences of each cut spelled out for him—he failed it miserably: he still had a deficit of eight hundred billion dollars after five years.



Similarly, Stockman found, there was nothing Machiavellian about the President's refusal to fill in the other side of the equation. Not scaling back the defense budget and not raising taxes were simply articles of faith for Ronald Reagan. They were not relative to anything or conditional upon anything. "Defense is not a budget issue," he once told Stockman. "You spend what you need." Stockman could argue forever about the duplication of weapons systems and waste in the Pentagon; the President was interested not in weapons systems but in what Weinberger said that the defense budget should be. By the same token, he refused to raise taxes no matter how much revenue was needed or how much he had already cut them. When Stockman suggested a delay in the Kemp-Roth tax cut, the President exploded, saying, "Damn it, Dave, we came here to attack *deficit spending*, not put more taxes on the people." That the purpose of the delay was to attack deficit spending was something that Stockman could not make him see. When Reagan had to violate his principle to the extent of signing a large tax increase negotiated by Senator Robert Dole, he managed to convince himself that he was doing nothing of the sort. "This bill only collects taxes we are owed already," he told a number of puzzled Republican congressmen. For four years, Reagan managed to hold to this principle in the face of "a rising clamor for new taxes as the only antidote to fiscal disaster." The phrase is Donald Regan's, and for four years the Secretary of the Treasury was the "lonely voice" agreeing with the President.

By November of 1981, Donald Regan was out of the backwash. Over the summer, he had helped to push the tax bills through Congress, and now he was able to persuade Meese to schedule economic briefing sessions for the President every six weeks with "the smallest possible number of people," and with him as the main briefer. His purpose in establishing the briefing sessions was not to give the President his views but "to hear the President's ideas



NEW!

"It's the single most stunning thing I've ever thrown."
—Jim Banbury
News Reporter

Aerobie Models, A-13" A-10"

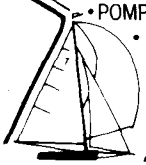
Ages 10-100

Discover the World's Greatest Game of Catch, with AEROBIE, The Astonishing Flying Ring.

2 sizes of Aerobie
only $14.95 plus $3 shipping:
(CA residents add sales tax)

1-800-345-9111

MC, Visa, Check or Money Order.
No C.O.D.
or by Mail:
TechSport P.O. Box 2030
Cameron Park, CA 95682
100% Money Back Guarantee

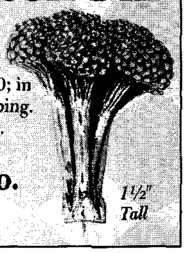


THE BERMUDA COLLECTION

The island's finest cottage colonies and small hotels. There's no better way to experience Bermuda.

- CAMBRIDGE BEACHES • GLENCOE
- NEWSTEAD • LANTANA COLONY CLUB
- POMPANO BEACH CLUB • THE REEFS
- STONINGTON BEACH

For reservations call your travel agent or for free brochure 1-800-872-0872.
In Mass. 1-800-872-0871.



Silver Broccoli Pin

Newport silversmith James Breakell cooks up a deliciously detailed stalk to pin on lapel or apron. Hand cast in sterling $30; in 14K gold $360. Add $3.50 shipping. VISA/MC/AMEX 401-849-3522. Catalog upon request.

J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill Street, Dept. NYBR
Newport, Rhode Island 02840

1½" Tall

LIVE THE LITCHFIELD LIFE.
Magnificient Golf. Tennis. Luxurious suites and villas. And an unspoiled, uncrowded beach.
Call 1-800-845-1897
In SC, 1-800-922-6348
Litchfield
BY·THE·SEA

at first hand" and "to judge his state of mind and the state of his knowledge," so as to "provide policy options that expressed the President's convictions." What he learned was that the President had "strong ideas and even stronger instincts" on economics—instincts that he himself shared. The President was, for example, "deeply suspicious" of Keynesian theory. His suspicion was rooted in the fact that he had once been in a ninety-one-percent tax bracket. Regan had been there, too, so "we talked about the frustration each of us had felt in being penalized for success." Finally, in March of 1982, Regan was able to speak to the President alone, in a telephone conversation arranged by Mrs. Reagan. "Our views were remarkably similar on nearly every point, and every coincidence seemed to buoy Reagan up," Regan reports. "I had the impression that he did not often talk to anyone who gave him facts and figures that supported the policies he believed to be right."

On occasion, Regan must have found it quite difficult to agree with the President's views. The President had majored in economics at college, and he often reminded his advisers of this, but he had attended Eureka College, and he had graduated in 1932 with a row of C's. According to Regan, he would often ask very basic questions—even startlingly basic questions. Regan does not tell us what they were. (He tells us that he would reassure his boss that the President of the United States is not supposed to know everything.) But Martin Anderson tells us that the first time Reagan went to see Paul Volcker he stunned the chairman of the Federal Reserve by asking why the Fed was necessary. Stockman found that the President did not grasp the difference between constant dollars and current (or inflated) dollars, and that on occasion he could not see the link between the tax structure and the budget. When the subject of budget cutting came up, he invariably told a story about bureaucrats in Sacramento wasting endless man-hours trying to file pieces of paper that were twice the width of the filing-cabinet drawers. (Regan and Stockman appear to have heard different versions of that story. In one, the solution was to halve the size of the paper, in the other to double the size of the filing cabinets.) Yet Regan accommodated himself to "the Presidential mind"—as he once put it—as Stockman did not.

One of the President's favorite stories, Stockman writes, was about two boys, one a pessimist, the other an optimist, getting their Christmas presents. The pessimist finds a roomful of toys but is miserable because he is sure there must be some catch involved. The optimist finds a roomful of horse manure but is delighted—he digs around in it for hours—because he is sure that, with all that manure, there *must be a pony*. In this story, the optimist is just as far out of touch with reality as the pessimist. But the President was not making this point. As Stockman writes in answer to Moynihan's argument, the President, far from regarding the deficits as part of a strategy to force Congress to cut the domestic budget, never really acknowledged their existence. For four years, he kept looking for the pony in the fiscal mess, and even after two years of deep recession "there was nothing anyone could say that would shake his absolute faith that the deficits were just going to vanish."

Possibly Reagan could have sustained this faith all by himself, but he didn't need to: Donald Regan was always around to hold out a straw of hope. In the beginning, it was the supply-side doctrine that tax cuts would raise revenues. When the 1982 recession blighted this prospect, Regan pointed to interest rates, maintaining that if only Volcker would lower interest rates the economy would take off and the Republicans might hold the Senate. A year later, at the very moment when Stockman, Baker, and the Republican congressional leaders felt sure that they had the President cornered on the need for new taxes, Regan found another way out for him. One day, he asked Reagan what was the most he had made in a given year before becoming President and how much of that he had paid in taxes. When the President named a figure that amounted to about half his earnings, Regan said "Sucker!" and told him about the existence of tax shelters for the rich. The two of them galloped off in pursuit of tax reform, the problem of raising revenues forgotten behind them.

The following year, just after the 1984 election and just after the passage of a tax-reform bill, Regan suggested to James Baker that the two of them exchange jobs. Baker, apparently exhausted by his four years in the White House, agreed. When they went to the Oval Office with this rather unusual proposal, the President was not at all taken aback. Seeming "equable, relaxed, almost incurious," he listened to Regan talk about what he would do as chief of staff and then agreed to the change without question or comment. Regan was surprised at his passivity, particularly since he was a "virtual stranger" and, with Meese and Deaver leaving the White House, the President was losing all his old friends. But by then, of course, Regan had thoroughly ingratiated himself with the President.

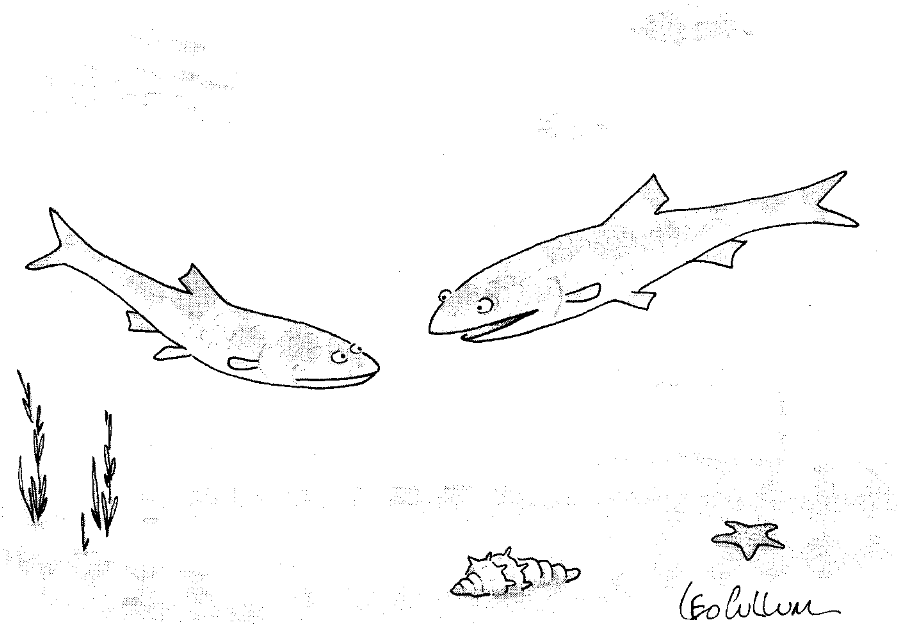
WHILE Donald Regan was in the White House, he had the reputation of being a dictatorial chief of staff: arrogant, fiercely jealous of his power and prerogatives, and possessed of a bad temper. Possibly because of this reputation, the Tower Commission assigned him considerable responsibility for the Iran-Contra affair. Its report, issued February 26, 1987, said of him:

> More than any other Chief of Staff in recent memory [Regan] asserted personal control over the White House staff and sought to extend this control to the National Security Adviser. He was personally active in national security affairs and attended almost all of the relevant meetings regarding the Iran initiative. He, as much as anyone, should have insisted that an orderly process be observed.

In his memoir, however, Regan expresses amazement that anyone could have considered him responsible for anything that occurred within the N.S.C. staff. Somehow, he writes, the press had got the idea that the national-security adviser reported to him. But nothing could be further from the truth. His subordinates assigned the N.S.C. staff members offices and parking places but otherwise had nothing to do with them; he did not even know what their budget was or how many of them there were. Of course, he did go to the national-security briefings each morning, but these were only fifteen minutes long, and a lot of things were discussed. McFarlane, the national-security adviser, never showed him the national-intelligence documents in the President's briefing book, and, besides, he had a great deal else to think about, such as two budgets and the 1986 campaign.

Here Regan is protesting too much. He did, as he acknowledges, attend the important meetings on the Iran initiative, and at one of them, which he does not record here, he came out in favor of an arms-for-hostages deal. Still, he remained remarkably uninformed about the enterprise, and did not ask about the outcome of any of the transactions—not even after Shultz begged him to find out what was happening. And, unfortunately for history, he remembers very little about what may or may not have been the first meeting at which McFarlane presented the initiative to Reagan, after the President's operation for colon cancer. He does remember in extraordinary detail, however, the fight he was having with Nancy Reagan at the time. The control that Regan asserted was clearly not over substance. What concerns him in the book is not how the Iran-Contra affair could have happened on his watch but, rather, how badly the Reagans treated him in the aftermath.

Of course, at the beginning of 1985, when Regan took over his new job, he could have been forgiven for not understanding the weight of responsibility that fell upon a chief of staff to Ronald Reagan. At the Treasury, he had had much the same vision of the White House that Haig had had from State. Having never seen the President alone in four years, he believed that White House staff members were—to put it mildly—overprotective of the President. Moreover, they seemed to believe that the President's ideas were unfashionable, and that it was necessary to prevent him from following his own instincts. Though clearly devoted to him, they seemed, like his liberal enemies, to regard him as "a sort of supreme anchorman whose public persona was the most important element of the Presidency." They did all in their power to avoid controversy and to see to it that every Presidential action had a "positive public effect"—and that meant tailoring policies to what played well in the press. Regan tells us that he was "shocked by the extent to which the press determined the everyday activities, and even the philosophical tenor, of the Presidency," and shocked by the way Baker, Meese, and Deaver had leaked "the innermost secrets of the Administration" in order to curry favor with selected journalists. To Regan, the White House was, as Haig puts it in his book, "a system which had at its heart an evidently irresistible desire to save the President's popularity even if this meant



"Some will love you, son, and some will hate you. It's always been that way with anchovies."

• •

Dartmouth/Lake Sunapee Area

GRAY LEDGES

On a clear day you can see forever.

A home at Gray Ledges gives you tranquility in a breathtaking environment. The architecture is reminiscent of the grand summer home era with graceful porches that overlook alpine meadows, a pond and the surrounding mountains. This private hilltop setting offers the conveniences of condominium ownership. The Dartmouth/Lake Sunapee/New London area provides outstanding cultural, educational, and recreational activities. Boston is only two hours away. Please call for more information.

Gray Ledges
P.O. Box 600, Dunbar Hill Road, Grantham, NH 03753
603-863-7888

Registration of this project with the New Hampshire Attorney General's Office is currently pending. Only non-binding reservations will be accepted.

LIKE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL?

Spend SPRING IN PROVENCE in America's modernized centrally heated Provençal farmhouse with tiled swimming pool & 4 dbl bedrooms on 16 idyllic acres of olives, figs, cherries, wisteria, grapes, oleander, 7 minutes walk from enchanting village. Tennis, sailing, gliding available locally. 25 miles from Cannes and the Mediterranean, one hour from Nice airport. Illustrated in *Gourmet* March '79. Washing machine, complete furnishings, caretaker, gardener, electricity and heating included at following rates: $2200 per month from October through March, $3000 for April or September, $3400 for May or June, $4200 for July or August. Stone guest house (Le *Cabanon), under the fig tree next to the brook, sleeps 4 at half the above* rates. TWO NEW CONNECTING STUDIO APTS RENOVATED SUMMER '88: ON GROUND FLOOR OF LE MAS, IDEAL FOR 2 COUPLES, AT SAME RATE AS LE CABANON. M. CUNLIFFE, 200 Central Park South, New York, NY 10019 Apt 31-B, Phone (212) 246-3777 (Send $5 for illustrated brochure).

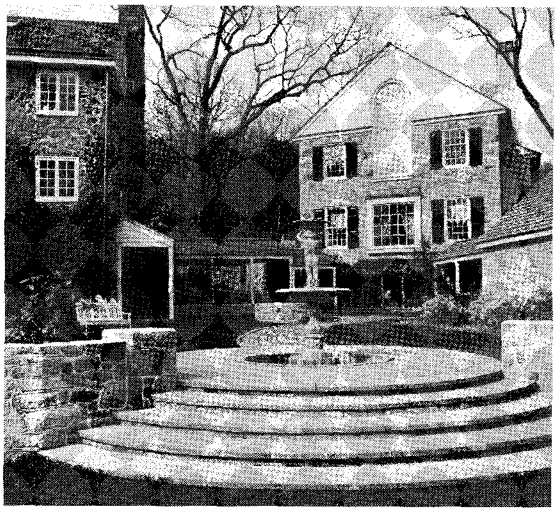
HOMES & ESTATES

is a biweekly feature in

THE NEW YORKER

For more information on advertising in this section, please call Laura Baumstein at (212) 536-5463

SOTHEBY'S
INTERNATIONAL REALTY



BUCKS COUNTY ESTATE
New Hope, Pennsylvania

10 rolling wooded acres with walking paths interwoven with beautiful stone walls. 10-room residence, 6-bedroom guest house, pool house, Jacuzzi.
$3,500,000 (additional acreage available)
Brochure #NK0630018

Exclusive Local Affiliate
ROACH BROTHERS REALTORS 215/628-0530

3201 New Mexico Avenue NW, Suite 210
Washington, D.C. 20016. 202/363-3990

QUECHEE LAKES, VERMONT

Custom homes and golf course townhouses in a resort setting with 36 holes of championship golf, tennis, swimming, and skiing. For a free copy of our brochure and video presentation, please call or write:

Quechee Lakes Real Estate Center
Box 85, U.S. Rte 4,
Quechee, Vermont 05059
802-295-7525

Quechee Lakes
Vermont's Finest Four Season Community

"MY DEAR, THE HOLIDAY WAS SIMPLY DIVINE. OF COURSE WE ARE USING WILLIAMS & COMPANY AGAIN."

Visit Britain this year.
Visit Europe this year.
Visit Jamaica this year.

Stay in your own rental house (with or without staff): Select from charming small cottages, grand Georgian manors, Scottish Castles, Portuguese Quintas, Jamaican beachhouses and villas. Play golf, tennis, ride, swim, shoot grouse, catch a play in London, do the whisky trail in Scotland, wine tasting in the Douro or just watch the sun go down in the West Indies.

For more information contact: Williams & Co., International Properties, 202-328-1353 or 2841 29th St NW. Washington, DC 20008.

Majestic Homesites Above Lake Sunapee

Each of the limited number of parcels at Browns Hill Farm presents a different view of the lake as it weaves its way around and between the bordering mountains. With prices ranging from $150,000 to $260,000, each hilltop homesite includes undivided ownership in 90 + acres of conservation land and use of the private boathouse, beach, pool and tennis courts. Please call or write for a descriptive brochure today.

BROWNS HILL F·A·R·M

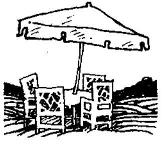
603/526-2020
P.O. Box 1113
Main Street
New London, NH 03257

This offering is not registered in the state of New York and is not available to New York State residents. Equal Housing Opportunity

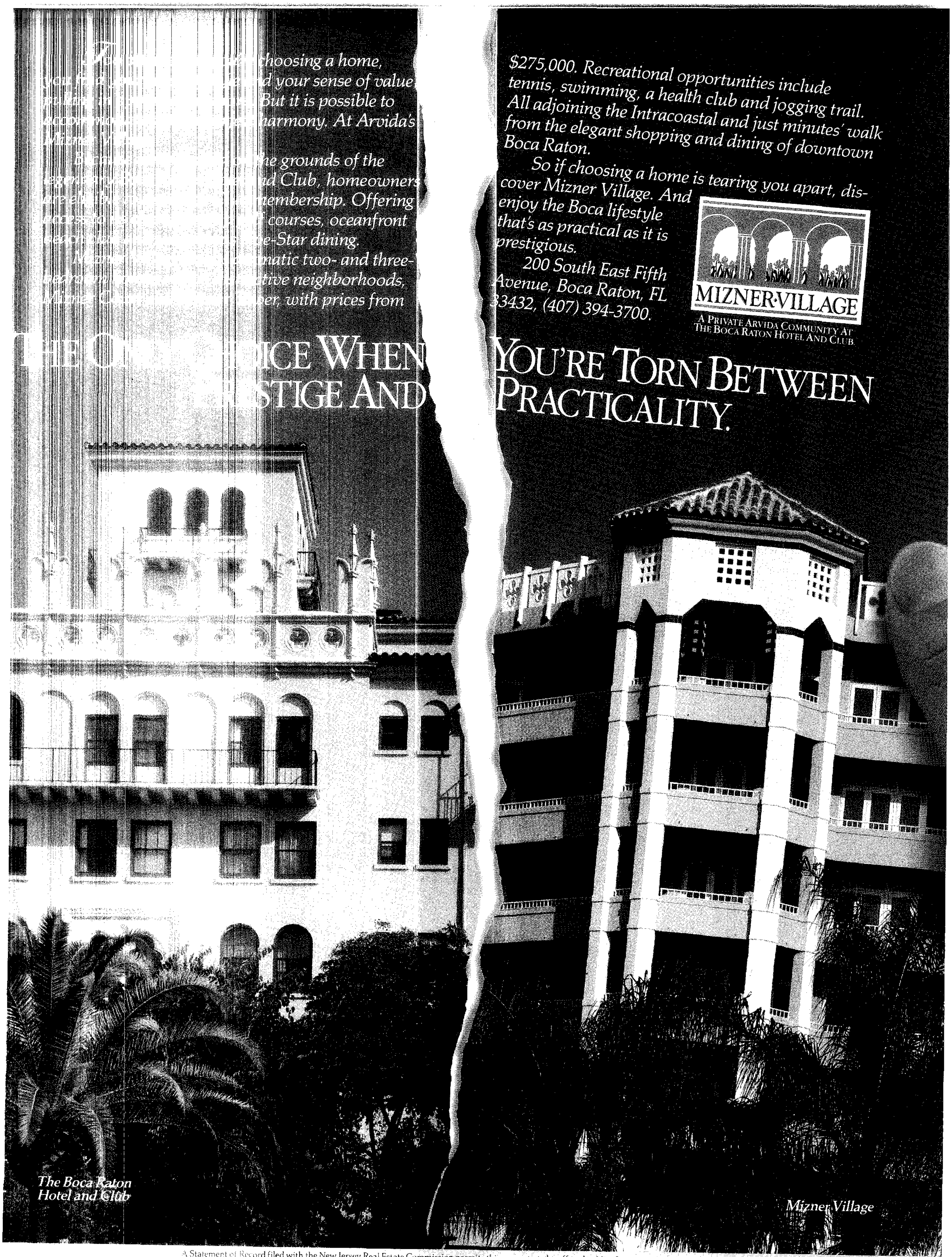
---

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to the Village of Fearrington



Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.



T[illegible] choosing a home, you [illegible] and your sense of value [illegible] But it is possible to [illegible] harmony. At Arvida's Mi[illegible]

B[illegible] the grounds of the [illegible] and Club, homeowners [illegible] membership. Offering [illegible] courses, oceanfront [illegible]e-Star dining.

M[illegible] matic two- and three- [illegible] tive neighborhoods, [illegible] er, with prices from $275,000. Recreational opportunities include tennis, swimming, a health club and jogging trail. All adjoining the Intracoastal and just minutes' walk from the elegant shopping and dining of downtown Boca Raton.

So if choosing a home is tearing you apart, discover Mizner Village. And enjoy the Boca lifestyle that's as practical as it is prestigious.

200 South East Fifth Avenue, Boca Raton, FL 33432, (407) 394-3700.

MIZNER·VILLAGE
A PRIVATE ARVIDA COMMUNITY AT
THE BOCA RATON HOTEL AND CLUB

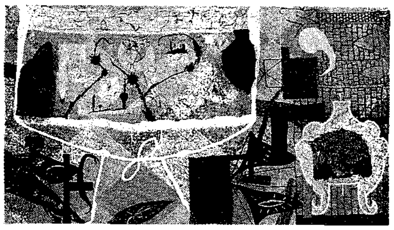
THE C[illegible]ICE WHEN YOU'RE TORN BETWEEN [illegible]STIGE AND PRACTICALITY.

The Boca Raton Hotel and Club

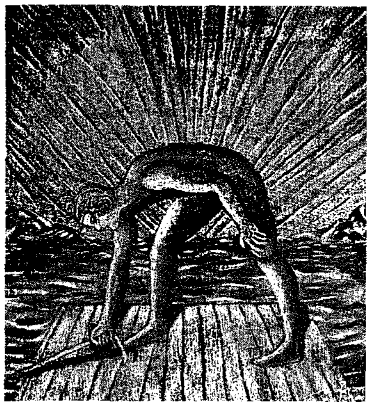
Mizner Village

A Statement of Record filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission permits this property to be offered to New Jersey residents but does not pass upon its merits or value. Obtain the New Jersey Public Offering Statement and read it before signing anything (NJA No. K0388058FL). Mizner Court: The complete offering terms are in an Offering Plan available from sponsor (CD85-0211). Mizner Tower: The complete offering terms are in an Offering Plan available from Sponsor (CD88-0259). Void in all states where prohibited by law. An Equal Housing Opportunity.

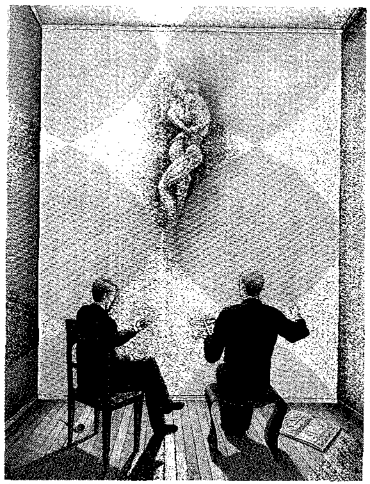
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



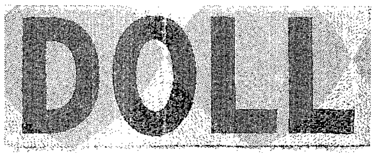
Nationalism
Lari Pittman / Rosamund Felsen Gallery



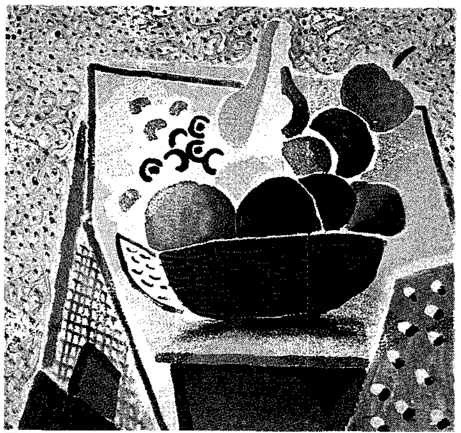
Raftsman
John Germain / Richard Green Gallery



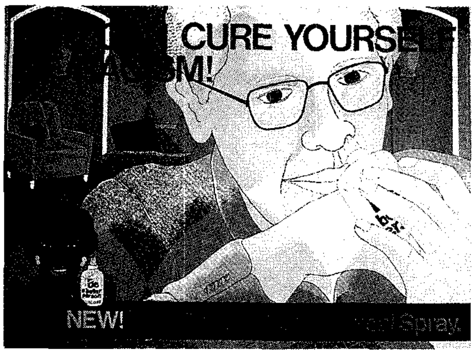
Wedel Jarlesberg and His Friend
Laura Lasworth / Asher/Faure



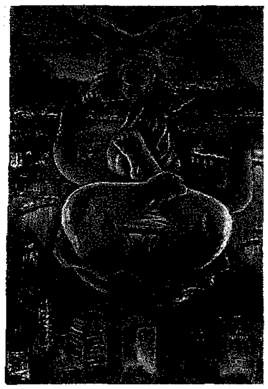
Doll
Maxwell Hendler/Asher/Faure



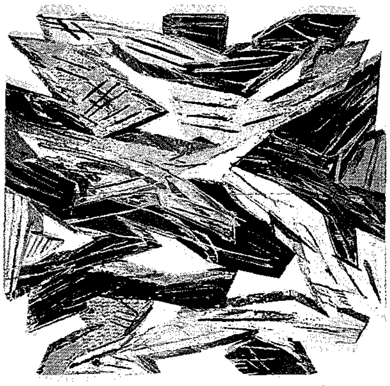
Fruit & Spotted Floor
David Hockney / Courtesy of David Hockney



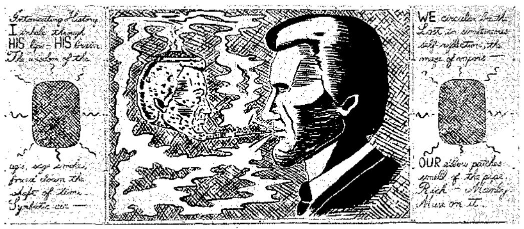
Cure Yourself of Racism
Erika Rothenburg / Rosamund Felsen Gallery



Untitled (RY-105)
Robert Yarber / Asher / Faure



Frostbite
Charles Arnoldi / James Corcoran Gallery



Self-Examination
Mike Kelley / Rosamund Felsen Gallery

Now art can prolong life as well as imitate it.

Last year, the New York art world banded together to create Art Against AIDS, a fund raising effort that raised over two million dollars for AIDS research.

This year, Art Against AIDS expands to a national campaign. The artists pictured above are part of Art Against AIDS/LA, a joint venture of AIDS Project Los Angeles and the American Foundation for AIDS Research.

With your help, there's no telling how much money can be raised. So if you can, please support this important sales effort. Or mail your tax-deductible contribution to AmFAR, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Second Floor, East Satellite, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5032.

Research has already found a way to prolong life. With your contributions, further research may find a way to save it.

ART
AGAINST
AIDS

Original logo design by Dan Friedman.

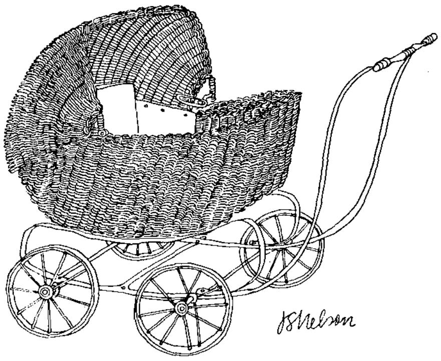
undermining the President's policies."

Regan determined to change all this: he would stop the leaks; he would organize the White House in a proper, businesslike fashion; he would open up the Oval Office; he would advise the President to follow his gut instincts and let Reagan be Reagan. Regan apparently did not stop to ask himself whether Baker, Meese, and Deaver—the last of whom had been with Reagan for almost two decades—might know something that he did not. He never did discover how certain features of their system, such as the press leaks, served the President. But as the weeks went by he learned a number of surprising things about Reagan and his "management style."

One of the first things he learned was that, while his own days were long and so frantic that he hardly had time to draw breath, the President's daily routine was far more leisurely. According to him and Larry Speakes, the President rose at seven or seven-thirty. Over breakfast, he read the daily White House news summary and glanced at the newspapers—the comics and the conservative columnists first. He went to the Oval Office at nine on the dot and fed the squirrels on the terrace before settling down to work. At nine-thirty was the N.S.C. briefing. From ten to eleven, the President had "personal time," in which he read or caught up with correspondence—often writing letters in longhand to citizens who wrote to him with "moving stories" or tokens of affection and support. At twelve, he had a light lunch; and at five o'clock he left the office for the residential quarters in the White House, taking a pile of papers to work on. He exercised for an hour or so, and then, if there was no state dinner, he and Mrs. Reagan would be in their pajamas and robes by six, reading or watching TV. He would be in bed by ten-thirty or eleven, and the next morning he would arrive at his office with all his work completed. The Reagans spent most of their weekends by themselves at Camp David, and their holidays by themselves at their ranch, north of Santa Barbara.

Michael Deaver stayed on for three months after Regan took over, and, watching him work, Regan was reminded of the court of Louis XIV. Under the rubric of scheduling, he and his aides did everything possible to make life easy for the Reagans: they arranged the details of their lives, anticipating problems, creating a pleasant, upbeat atmosphere, and generally insulating them from the "hubbub of life." Another of Deaver's jobs was the stage-managing of Reagan's public appearances: the daily photo opportunities; the two-minute spots for the evening news; the ceremonies in the Rose Garden or on the White House steps, in which "every moment . . . was scheduled, every word was scripted, every place where Reagan was expected to stand was chalked with toe marks." Regan was amazed at the time and the energy that went into all the preparations, and at the "practically superhuman good nature" with which the President performed his tasks. Eventually, Regan realized that it was not good nature so much as second nature: Reagan had, after all, been "learning his lines, composing his facial expression, hitting his toe marks for half a century."

Regan had expected to have heart-to-heart talks with the President on matters of policy and the philosophy of government, but these talks never seemed to take place. What the President wanted from his chief of staff was not a discussion of what was to be done but a daily schedule that told him what he had to do. Once he had the schedule, he followed it scrupulously. He was never late for an appointment; he never allowed any discussion to run beyond its allotted time; and in the evenings he never failed to deal with all the papers he took with him. But once he had completed an assignment he seemed to lose interest in it. Larry Speakes thought that the President was "too much of a good guy"; typically, he never complained about the schedule. "They tell me what to do," he said once, in Speakes' hearing. "Each morning I get a piece of paper that tells me what I do all day long." Speakes thought that by saying this Reagan belittled himself and the job. But Regan came to see that, given the habits of a lifetime, the President regarded the schedule as "something like a shooting script"—in which characters came and went and the plot was advanced one day at a time, though not necessarily in chronological order. He came to believe that the very discipline with which Reagan followed the schedule "gave his life a regularity and a tangible measure of accomplishment that evidently was deeply pleasing to him."



By August, Regan had put together a formal paper outlining a complete legislative and policy agenda for Reagan's second term. Written with the help of McFarlane and the other top Presidential advisers, the paper included recommendations for strategies to be pursued in all the high-priority areas: American-Soviet relations, arms control, trade, the economy, and so on. The President read the paper and handed it back to his chief of staff without comment. When Regan pressed him for a reaction, all he said was "It's good. It's really good, Don." Taken aback, Regan wondered what to do. Did the President really want him to proceed with this complex agenda after no more discussion than this? Regan decided that he did, since "always in the past, if he did not say no, the answer was yes."

Eventually, Regan came to the conclusion that the President "had very little to do with the invention and implementation" of policies:

> Reagan chose his aides and then followed their advice almost without question. He trusted his lieutenants to act on his intentions, rather than on his spoken instructions, and though he sometimes asked what some of his less visible Cabinet officers were doing with their departments, he seldom spontaneously called for a detailed status report. . . .
>
> Never did he issue a direct order, although I, at least, sometimes devoutly wished that he would. He listened, acquiesced, played his role, and waited for the next act to be written.

Apparently, no one had told Donald Regan this rather remarkable fact before he took over as chief of staff. What was in the minds of Baker, Deaver, and Meese when they left the White House—and left the President in the hands of a virtual stranger—must be the central mystery of the period.

At the time, of course, most of Washington was under the impression that Reagan was not a "hands-on" President, in the way that Carter and

Nixon had been—and that he was the more successful executive for concentrating on the grand outlines of policy. This must have been what Deaver, Meese, and Baker told the press. Yet, according to Martin Anderson, all those who worked closely with Reagan over the years knew what Regan had to discover for himself:

> Essentially he just responded to whatever was brought to his attention and said yes or no, or I'll think about it. At times he would just change the subject . . . and you would not find out what he thought about it, one way or the other. . . . Rarely did he ask searching questions and demand to know why someone had or had not done something. He just sat back in a supremely calm, relaxed manner and waited until important things were brought to him. And then he would act, quickly, decisively, and usually, very wisely.

Anderson characterizes this "distinctive personality trait" of Reagan's as "a small thing, an eccentricity that was dwarfed by his multiple, stunning qualities." But this trait, he admits, made Reagan very dependent on his staff. "The people President Reagan surrounded himself with in his presidential campaigns and during the early years of his presidency"—a time that Anderson was on his staff—"were critical to his success," he writes. "And the degree to which he trusted and depended on his advisers is probably the key to understanding the Iran-Contra affair." In fact, outstanding advisers were indispensable to Reagan, he adds, for "if any of his personal staff chooses to abuse his or her position and deliberately withholds key information or misleads him, Reagan is helpless—and disaster can strike."

Larry Speakes seems to concur with this judgment, for, in his own feckless fashion, he writes:

> Had John [Poindexter] gone to the President and said, "Mr. President, we want to take the profits from the Iranian arms sale and give them to the Contras," the President would have thought that was novel and ironic and a real comeuppance to the Ayatollah, and would have smiled and nodded and said, "Why not?" But, had Poindexter added, "Mr. President, we have some doubts about the legality of this," the President would have demanded a full investigation.

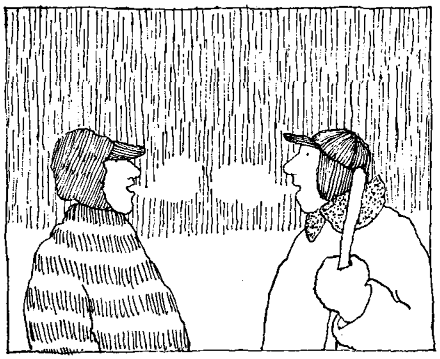
Apparently, the President depended on others even for the fulfillment of his oath of office.

What Reagan actually did in his role as Chief Executive is, in fact, impossible to discover from any of these books. Anderson tells us that he "delegated authority"; Regan says that he "chose his aides and then followed their advice almost without question." But the evidence of all these books is that he had little to do with appointing his aides. He had no more than a nodding acquaintance with Regan, Haig, and Bell when he made them Cabinet secretaries, and, of course, Regan nominated himself for chief of staff. Moreover, the President clearly did not pay a great deal of attention to his Cabinet appointments after they were made. This was Terrel Bell's impression; it was also Haig's and Regan's. Certainly this seems to have been the context in which the President sometimes asked Regan "what some of his less visible Cabinet officers were doing." Then, too, Reagan did not really "delegate authority" if, as Regan maintains, he never issued direct orders but "trusted his lieutenants to act on his intentions, rather than on his spoken instructions." This is just how Admiral Poindexter and Colonel North, testifying before the Select Committees, explained their decision to divert funds from the Iran arms sales: the President had not given them a direct order, but they knew what he wanted them to do.

According to Anderson, all Reagan's close associates knew about his passivity, but they talked about it only rarely among themselves, and never to outsiders:

> We kept it a secret.
>
> We just accepted Reagan as he was and adjusted ourselves to his manner. If that was the way he wanted to do things, fine. . . .
>
> So everyone overlooked and compensated for the fact that he made decisions like an ancient king or a Turkish pasha, passively letting his subjects serve him, selecting only those morsels of public policy that were especially tasty.

Yet Reagan apparently did not suffer from any sense of inadequacy. According to Regan, he loved his job; he seemed to enjoy everything about it. After all, Regan writes, he had a sunny office with many windows and pleasant views; a fire usually burned in the fireplace, and flowering plants brightened the room. He loved the mail that was given to him, and would often write letters in longhand to those who had written to share their troubles, or to other heads of state. No one interrupted him, but he could, if he wanted to, wander out into the halls to exchange a pleasant word or a joke. When someone in the West Wing had a birthday, he would present that person with a funny hat or a funny T-shirt, and if he had the wrong day no one would tell him. He loved his routine. According to Deaver, he also loved helicopters, parades, and all Presidential ceremonies except the annual presentation of the National Thanksgiving Turkey. He loved to salute. When, on his first Inauguration Day, Deaver told him that he was the Commander-in-Chief and could salute as he wanted, bareheaded or not, Reagan beamed and thereafter saluted everything that moved. Regan, for his part, could not imagine "anyone enjoying a job more than Ronald Reagan enjoyed being President of the United States."



Regan, from his description of the President toward the end of his book, seems to have come around to the view that Reagan actually was nothing more than a "supreme anchorman"—or, more precisely, an actor who happened to get the job of President thanks to his extraordinary communications skills. If this is in fact his conclusion—and it is not clear that it is, for he does not spell it out—then he made what, according to Deaver, was a fairly common mistake. It was a mistake that John Sears made during the 1980 race. According to Deaver, Sears later wrote that Reagan was "an endorser," not a leader—a man who as governor sat with the members of his California cabinet and emerged "as the spokesman, as the performer" after a decision was reached. The description was true as far as it went, Deaver writes, but what Sears did not see was that Reagan "emerged as whatever he wanted to be." The remark is wonderfully cryptic, and Deaver does not elaborate, but elsewhere he writes that people always underestimated Reagan, and that that was the real key to understanding the man. Certainly both Sears and Regan must have missed something, for Reagan survived the loss of the Iowa caucuses and the Iran-Contra affair, while they, to their enormous surprise, found themselves on the cutting-room floor.

Deaver, unfortunately, does not give us a detailed portrait of Ronald Reagan, yet even the sketches that he is willing to give us help fill in the blank at the center of the picture left by the other writers. Deaver knew Reagan better than any of them, and possibly better than he, Deaver, knew himself. ("I am Ronald Reagan," Deaver once told Anderson. "Where do you think he got most of those ideas over the years? Every morning after I get up I make believe I am him and ask what he should do and where should he go.") Until 1985, Deaver's entire career was Ronald Reagan. He had worked for him in the governor's office, and worked on all of his campaigns, travelling with him everywhere, as a scheduler and a confidant. On one of those trips, he saved Reagan's life with the Heimlich maneuver. In 1975, between campaigns, he and Peter Hannaford set up a small public-relations firm whose main client was Ronald Reagan.

Alexander Haig, like Regan before he became chief of staff, concluded that Reagan—or, rather, the "system" that surrounded him—would cynically abandon Reagan's policies for the sake of his popularity. But this was to make the same mistake that John Sears made in reverse. In reality, Reagan had little interest in policies and programs. As Deaver points out, he ran for reëlection as governor of California by campaigning against the government—as if he had never been a part of it. He could do this because he was a believer and because he was capable of creating, both for himself and for others, a sort of insulating vacuum between what he believed and what his Administration did. "He touched feelings in people about the bureaucracy, and about the size and role and cost of government," Deaver writes. "And very effectively, he would lay that beast at the feet of someone else." To Reagan, policies and programs were necessary and useful, and he would quite often defend them, but they were not *his* policies and programs. His Cabinet members had their jobs, and he had his, which was being Ronald Reagan and staying in tune with the public, as the public voice was measured by the precise standards of election results and opinion polls.

Reagan performed, but he was not acting, for in private, as in public, he was affable, charming, serene, optimistic, and innocent. He rarely lost his temper and rarely seemed discouraged or depressed, and although, according to Deaver, the White House hardened him, he held on to his innocence longer than most people in public life. But, as Deaver and Regan show us, he guarded this temperament of his quite ruthlessly. It was, after all, his star quality, his great appeal, and, like the voice of a diva or the skin of an ingénue, it required protection and care. He had his own defenses, but he needed the help of others, and somehow, despite his apparent passivity, he always found people to help him. He required insulation from the "hubbub of life." He needed friends who would not challenge him, and letters from citizens telling him about the America he believed in, and not some other, puzzling reality. He needed pleasant surroundings and he needed encouragement.

Unpleasantness was to be avoided at all costs. The disastrous Bitburg incident, when Reagan visited a German cemetery containing the graves of S.S. officers, came about in large part because Reagan had refused time after time to make the obligatory visit to the site of a concentration camp on his trips to Europe. "He meant no disrespect toward those who had died during the Holocaust," Larry Speakes writes. "It was simply that if you had a choice of places to go, a concentration camp to him was too horrible even to be reminded of." Negative thinking had to be held at bay; so did conflicts that could not be resolved to everyone's satisfaction—and, in particular, conflicts of a personal nature. If his Cabinet members disagreed, as they often did, Reagan would not adjudicate between them or make the difficult choice; thus, the conflict between Shultz and Weinberger over arms control went unresolved for years, the national-security advisers not being of the stature to deal with it. Then, too, Reagan refused to fire anyone himself. People thought of this as softheartedness until it happened to them, and they discovered from reading the press that they had resigned. In reality, this attitude was merely self-protective. Reagan's star quality had to be protected,

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

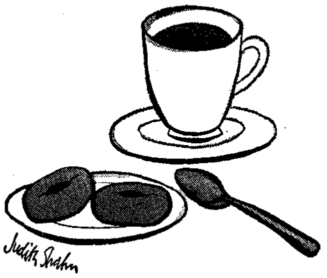
THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

SAVE $20 or more!
100% COTTON TERRY ROBE
for MEN & LADIES
WRAP YOURSELF in this dream robe and feel the luxury of super soft cotton thanks to special terry loops on both sides for greatest absorbency (not possible with lighter weight robes) & YEAR ROUND COMFORT
★★★★
STYLE & VALUE
• Shawl collar can be worn up or down • 3 Pockets
• Full Belt and Generous BELOW KNEE LENGTH
This beautiful robe is not an import—it's MADE in USA and we've seen similar quality selling at over $60.
COLOR CHOICE: Snow white or soft blue. SIZES: We make your size selection easy—just give your approx. height & wt. for each garment AND specify for MAN or LADY. We'll give special attention to select just the right size for each.
SPECIAL TIME LIMITED PRICE — Only $39.80
Postpaid on this 4 lb. shipment.
SAVE EVEN MORE—2 for $77.90
GREAT FOR HIS & HER GIFTING
Satisfaction Guaranteed—ORDER NOW, while prices include all postage/handling!
WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 334
Hobe Sound, FL 33475 (Ship. to FLA add 6% tax)
Natural Fiber Specialists Since 1955

The CHARLOTTE INN
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
Featured in
Country Inns and Back Roads
Mobil Travel Guide
Four Star Rating
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 · 508 627-4751

or it would become clouded and less perfectly itself.

Yet while it required protection it also required guarding against, for Reagan's optimism was, as Stockman observes, "terminal." Since Reagan would not choose between raising taxes and making difficult budget cuts, the deficits simply had to go away on their own. Once his national-security advisers had told him that there might be a way to get the American hostages back, he became certain he could get them back, and simply refused to listen to those who argued that selling arms for hostages would encourage the taking of more hostages. Deaver and Baker, among others, spent a certain amount of their time trying to restrain the President from following "gut instincts" of this sort. If they did not succeed in persuading him, they would plant stories in the press, for Reagan tended to believe what he read in the newspapers.



The press was an important constraint no matter who was advising the President. Martin Anderson, after telling us that Reagan was "helpless" if he had advisers who misled him, adds, "This is particularly true for matters where much of the information is secret and classified and there is no normal press coverage." Anderson's example is, of course, the Iran-Contra affair. But he tells another story that would suit just as well. It is in many ways the paradigm for the Iran-Contra affair, for in it the President manages to evade "the constraints of orderly process"—to use the Tower Commission's phrase—with help from a cabal of advisers acting in secret.

In the summer of 1979, Anderson accompanied Reagan on a visit to a missile base of the North American Aerospace Defense Command, near Colorado Springs, Colorado—a visit that had been arranged by a Hollywood-screenwriter friend of Reagan's. After a look at the radar display screens and a talk with the general in command, Reagan had a flash of enlightenment about deterrence. You mean, he said to the general, that if the Soviets launch a missile at one of our cities, there is nothing we can do to save the city—we can only launch a missile at one of their cities and risk total war? On the way home, Reagan reflected on the dilemma an American President would face if, for whatever reason, nuclear missiles were fired at the United States.

At the time, Reagan had no full-time defense or foreign-policy adviser, so Anderson, whose enlightenment seems to have been as sudden as Reagan's, took it upon himself to translate this insight into a memo proposing a "protective missile system" as an issue for Reagan's campaign. According to Anderson, Deaver and other top staffers liked his idea in principle but rejected it, on the ground that there was "no way Reagan could discuss radical changes in traditional nuclear weapons policy without leaving himself wide open to demagogic attacks from his Democratic opponent." This was admirable caution.

But of course the proposal did not die. It was merely shelved for the campaign, and Martin Anderson brought it up again after the Inauguration. Edwin Meese and Richard Allen thought it a wonderful idea, and the three soon recruited the President's new science adviser, George Keyworth, whom Anderson describes as "a relatively unknown scientist" who had been working at the Los Alamos lab when Edward Teller recommended him to the White House. Four members of Reagan's kitchen cabinet came in as advisers on the project; so did Edward Teller and Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, both of whom were promoters of space-based antiballistic-missile technologies. Such technologies had been on the drawing board for some time. The Pentagon had been financing A.B.M. research for years, but on a relatively low scale, and mainly as a precaution—in case the Soviets broke out of the A.B.M. treaty. No one knew what the technology could eventually do, but since A.B.M.s could be thought of as offensive as well as defensive weapons it was clear that a breakout would mean a new escalation of the arms race.

In January of 1982, the missile-defense advisory group met with Reagan and told him that a missile-defense system was technologically feasible and affordable. Exactly what kind of defensive system the group said was feasible Anderson does not tell us, but he says that the experts among them had already been talking about adding a defensive system to the existing offensive one. In any case, they persuaded the President to back their plan. The proposal was then shelved again—in part because Richard Allen had just had to resign, and his successor, William Clark, was something of a stranger to defense and foreign policy. In December, the President himself brought the subject up; at a meeting with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he asked whether it would not be possible to move from total reliance on offensive weapons to a greater reliance on defense. In February, the Joint Chiefs of Staff rather cautiously agreed. The President and his advisers decided that that was all the go-ahead they needed. And on March 23, 1983, the President made his stunning proposal—written by Clark's deputy, Robert McFarlane, with help from Keyworth—to end the threat of nuclear war forever by the development of an invulnerable missile shield. Apparently, the President had heard someone mention something like this as a distant possibility; now it was something he would do. Clark and McFarlane had consulted no one on the speech—not the Joint Chiefs, not Shultz, not Weinberger, and not Paul Nitze, the top arms-control negotiator. According to Anderson, all those involved with the project kept it a secret, so that it would not be "strangled in its crib." Thus was a great impossibility launched upon the nation. An embarrassed silence fell over Washington, to be succeeded by applause from arms-control hard-liners and from those in defense laboratories looking for a new source of funds.

TEMPERAMENTALLY, Nancy Reagan appears in all these books as the polar opposite of her husband. She is most often portrayed as on the telephone calling Deaver, and then an increasingly irritated Don Regan, to complain, fret, and warn of calamities to come. While Ronald Reagan, as Deaver writes, "glided through life," trusting and serene, Mrs. Reagan saw betrayals all around her, disasters at every turn: Deaver was overscheduling Ronnie and ruining his health; Senator X was not supporting him as he should, and Secretary Y was destroying his image. While the President saw only what pleased him, she seemed to see only the unpleasant facts of life: bad staff work, bad press, the only two protesters in the midst of a vast cheering crowd. According to Regan, "worry, irritation, and impatience . . . seemed to be her constant companions."

Regan, who fought with her constantly, thought her nothing but a brittle scold, but Deaver, while admitting that she was "very intense, sometimes brittle in her manner," found her a great deal more approachable and more flexible than her husband. He writes:

> At times, Ronald Reagan has been very much a puzzle to me. I had never known anyone so unable to deal with close personal conflict. When problems arose related to the family, or with the personnel in his office, Nancy had to carry the load. Literally, it was through working with Nancy that I came to know her husband.

According to Deaver, it was Mrs. Reagan who had friends outside the small Palm Springs circle—people at least as far outside as Truman Capote and Jerry Zipkin. She was the one who could lose herself in a serious book and the one who would pay attention to new ideas. People used to think she was the right-winger of the family, Deaver writes, but it was she who lobbied Reagan "to soften his line on the Soviet Union," and not to push Star Wars at the expense of programs for the poor.

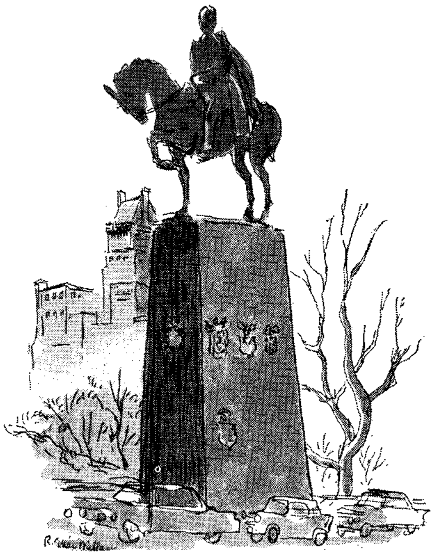
In all likelihood, ideology played a very small role in Mrs. Reagan's life. Her career was her husband, and her main goal in life was to maintain a charmed circle of peace and security about him. Her advice on Star Wars and the Soviet Union was only what political necessity seemed to require. Normally, she worked by indirection. Rather than argue with her husband—rather than confront him with a mistake in judgment or any other piece of unpleasantness—she would go to Deaver or Regan or others close to him. Or she would go to the press and create what Regan calls "a climate of exposé," and often the problem—particularly if it was in the shape of a person—would disappear on its own. Regan, who deeply resented her interference, had to admit that her judgments were sometimes correct; and Deaver, who thought that "few professionals [had] better public-relations antennae," admits that she would often react to a problem by simply trying to change the policy that caused her husband to be criticized, or else trying to do away with the person who created it. Firing people seems to have been her specialty: she engineered the removal of, among others, Raymond Donovan, James Watt, Margaret Heckler, and Donald Regan. She did, in other words, what Reagan would not do for himself, and he depended upon her absolutely. According to Deaver, Reagan had great difficulty sleeping when she was away on a trip, and said—at least once—that he could not imagine life without her. In fact, the Reagans seemed to have grown together in such a way as to add up to one person, not two.

The big news of Donald Regan's book was, of course, that Mrs. Reagan had an astrologer, by whom "virtually every major move and decision the Reagans made" had to be approved in advance. The revelation is not altogether startling, however. In the first place, if at least one of the Reagans did not believe in astrology the couple would be a statistical improbability in California. In the second place, journalists in Sacramento reported that the Reagans had apparently consulted an astrologer twenty years ago, when Reagan first took office as governor of California. (They had deduced this when Reagan set his swearing-in ceremony for the eccentric hour of ten minutes past midnight.) Deaver, who loyally omits mention of the astrologer, tells us that Ronald Reagan believed in all kinds of things, from UFOs to ghosts, but that the main thing he believed in was luck. He had a dog called Lucky, and he usually walked around with a pocketful of good-luck charms that people had sent him.

Deaver thinks it paradoxical that Reagan could believe so strongly in luck and fate and events beyond human control, and yet be so secure and so comfortable with himself. But it is hardly a paradox. Most people who depend on their own mysterious communications skills—actors, salesmen—believe in luck, for there is nothing much they can do about their ineffable "charm" or "magic," their ability to stay in tune with the public. And Reagan's magic was stronger than that of most performers. He could, for example, convince most Californians—and then most Americans—that he had cut back government spending, bureaucracy, and red tape when in fact he had done nothing of the sort. And he got many millions of Americans to believe in an invulnerable nuclear shield. He believed in these things, but he could not be entirely sure of himself unless other people believed in him. According to Regan, he was "subject to puzzlement and self-doubt in the absence of public approval." But since his luck always told him that he was doing the right thing, Mrs. Reagan had to have a counter to it.

After Regan's book came out, Mrs. Reagan's explanation to the press was that the attempt on her husband's life in 1981 had impelled her to seek astrological help. That was not the whole truth. (Deaver told Regan that her involvement with astrologers went back twenty years.) But it was "true" in the sense that the astrologer served mainly to ward off danger to the President. The astrologer gave Mrs. Reagan lists of good days as well as bad days for her husband, but without those lists White House staffers would have assumed that all days were good enough for the President to travel, make speeches, meet foreign dignitaries, and so on. Reagan had only positive magic; Mrs. Reagan had only protective, or negative, magic. It was a metaphor for all she did. And on at least one occasion it worked.

The Iran arms deal came to light in early November of 1986, and by the middle of the month it was clear to everyone that the President and the national-security staff had been trading arms for hostages. But the President refused to admit that they had done such a thing, and to this day he has not admitted it. According to Speakes, Dennis Thomas, Regan's chief aide, repeatedly wrote an apology for the arms deal into drafts of the President's



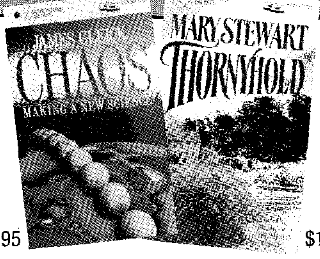
Special Care for Special People

Progressive education, home environment for the mentally handicapped child and adult. Opportunity for educational progress at any age. Year-round program. Multiple recreational and social activities — a full lifestyle among friends on a 600-acre bluegrass estate. Est. 1893.

Phone 502-875-4664 or write for brochure

THE STEWART HOME SCHOOL
Box 26, Frankfort, Ky. 40601

John P. Stewart, M.D., Resident Physician



DOVE BOOKS ON TAPE, INC.
THE BEST BOOKS ON AUDIO

JAMES GLEICK CHAOS MAKING A NEW SCIENCE $14.95
MARY STEWART THORNYHOLD $14.95

12711 Ventura Blvd. Studio City, CA 91604

★ Free Catalog ★ Over 100 Titles
800•345•9945

BOOK AUTHORS!

Join our authors in a complete, reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for *FREE* manuscript report & How To Publish Your Book.

FREE HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

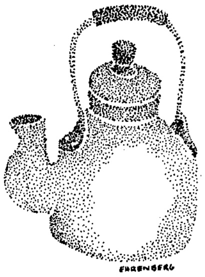
Carlton Press, Inc. Dept. NYA
11 West 32 Street · New York 10001

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

speeches, but the President always refused to utter it. Reagan finally agreed to say that "mistakes were made," but "he could never bring himself to say that he had made a mistake. It was just the makeup of the man," Speakes writes. "He did not think he had done anything wrong and was not about to concede that he had, as a matter of principle." But it was not really a matter of principle. Reagan could not admit to a serious failure of any sort. After his operation for cancer of the colon the previous summer, he had told a reporter, "I didn't have cancer. I had something inside of me that had cancer in it, and it was removed." To admit to failure would have been to admit that his luck had given out—that his magic had gone for good.



In November and December, Richard Wirthlin, the White House polltaker, seemed to be working overtime. (Regan, from the evidence of his book, seems to have spent more time analyzing polls than trying to find out what had occurred.) For a few weeks, the President's popularity held up fairly well, but it went into precipitate decline after his disastrous press conference and Meese's announcement, on November 25th, about the diversion of funds from the Iran arms sales to the Contras. According to Deaver, the President was "wounded less by the failure of the scheme than by the polls that showed that a majority of the American people thought he was lying about what he did or did not know." If they did not believe him, then his magic was gone.

In late December, Donald Regan spoke with Mrs. Reagan about the President's schedule. Reagan was to have treatment for an enlarged prostate in early January—an operation from which he might need some time to recuperate. Eager to have the President out before the public, Regan suggested that he hold a press conference on January 20th. To his surprise, Mrs. Reagan, her voice rising, said no—no press conferences for three months. Assuming that her astrologer had something to do with this, Regan, using the usual code, asked her for help with the schedule. Eventually, a calendar appeared with inauspicious days for the President virtually blanketing the first four months of 1987. Now, even though the operation had been a success, Mrs. Reagan seemed frantic about her husband's health—so frantic that Wirthlin decided she could not stand the strain of having her husband leave the White House to make speeches. As for the President, he appeared to Regan to be "in the grip of lassitude." He went to the Oval Office at nine in the morning, as usual, but returned to the family quarters just after lunch; he seldom emerged from his office, and showed little of his usual humor and political combativeness. He rarely mentioned the Iran-Contra affair. In talking with Mrs. Reagan, Regan gained the impression that she was worried not just about the President's health but about the possibility that if he should appear in public he might make a mistake that would bring the press down on him. Throughout January and February, Regan kept arguing that the President must get out, make speeches, apologize, if necessary, and put the scandal behind him—but in vain. What he did not understand was that the President had nothing to say.

On February 26th, the Tower Commission report came out, its conclusion absolving the President of all but negligence in regard to the mare's nest of covert operations carried out by the N.S.C. staff, and taking his "key advisers," notably Donald Regan, to task for their failure to compensate for the President's "management style." That afternoon, Vice-President George Bush called Regan into his office and, speaking for the President, asked him when he was going to resign. Regan blew his stack. For two months, Mrs. Reagan and her friends had been campaigning for his resignation through the press. But he had decided not to go until the Tower report came out and absolved him of responsibility for the whole affair; and the President had declined to fire him. But now the Tower report was out, and its conclusion was distinctly unfavorable to him. Regan told the Vice-President that he wanted to go the following week, so it would not appear that he was resigning because of the report. Bush seemed sympathetic to the request, and when Regan met with the President, as usual, the next morning his resignation was barely alluded to. But that afternoon's television news reported that Howard Baker was replacing him as chief of staff. Regan fired off a one-sentence note of resignation and stormed out of the White House.

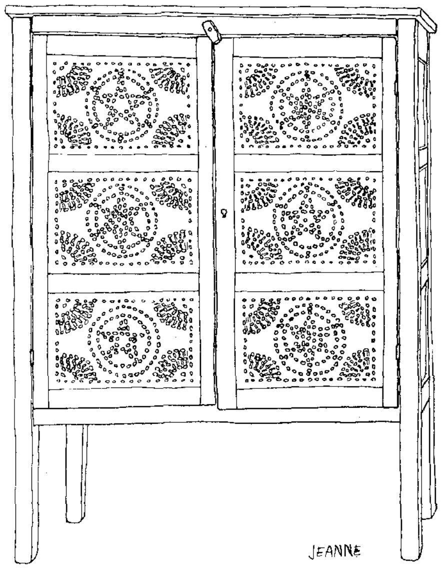
The President made virtually no comment on the Tower Commission report—and, indeed, never thereafter explained any aspect of the Iran-Contra affair. The crisis passed over nonetheless. His withdrawal from the public scene had given rise to speculation in Washington that he might be physically or mentally impaired, and incapable of governing. Leaks from Regan's staff may have fuelled this concern. In any case, the appointment of Howard Baker was greeted with relief and delight, for Washington trusted Baker as it did not now trust Regan. A few days later, Baker, after his first meeting with the President, reported that Reagan had seemed relaxed and animated—the same guy he had always been. Quite possibly, the Tower report and Regan's departure had done a great deal for his spirits. The press talked about a new beginning at the White House. The polls went up, and the President began making public appearances again, showing off all his old charm and good-humored combativeness. The magic had returned, and, like Tinker Bell, the President was himself again.

Donald Regan, of course, remained furious. "This was the bitterest event of my life," he writes of his forced resignation, "and it threw a shadow over all that I had accomplished. [It] caused anguish to my family and destroyed my friendship with the President." Regan does not acknowledge that by refusing to resign and by trying to push the President out before the public he was trying to dodge all responsibility for the scandal and was treating Reagan not much better than Mrs. Reagan was treating him. But he writes:

> I believed that this President, genial and kind and good at heart, and surely grateful for the six years of loyal service I had given him, would do me no harm in my last hours at his side.
>
> In that, I was very much mistaken.

Ronald Reagan certainly looked like the sort of man who would be kind, good at heart, and grateful, but there was nothing in Regan's experience to suggest that he was any of these things. Even Larry Speakes had observed that there was a "big difference" between the public man, who was "outgoing, friendly, personable," and the private one, who was affable and charming but "impersonal," and who seemed to have no emotional relationship to his children—or, indeed, to anyone except his wife. Regan had certainly noticed that when it came to gratitude Reagan could not even make the gesture of thanking the volunteers who handled his mail. Staff members who crossed him found their resignation slips in the press, and those who served him loyally were quickly forgotten after they left. Regan doubtless thought of himself as an exception, but Ronald Reagan made no exceptions—not even for Deaver.

"I was quite surprised when Deaver got into trouble less than a year after he left the White House," Larry Speakes remarks at one point in his book. Martin Anderson also confesses to surprise. But in a sense Deaver's troubles were not very surprising. By December of 1987, when he was convicted of lying to a congressional subcommittee that was investigating influence peddling, more than a hundred senior Reagan officials had been indicted or had had to resign or had been accused of illegal or unethical conduct. (Interestingly, not one of these seven books mentions that phenomenon.) Prominent among them were four White House staff members or former staff members: Richard Allen, Lyn Nofziger, Edwin Meese, and David Fischer. (Fischer, who was Reagan's personal assistant during the first term, had after leaving office charged private donors to the Contras a total of four hundred thousand dollars for arranging White House meetings.) The generic explanation was usually that, given the prevailing anti-government ideology in the Administration, some Administration officials saw no reason that they should not win their own personal victories for private enterprise. In Washington, it was said that "the Californians" had a particularly difficult time understanding the twin concepts of public service and conflict of interest. Reagan himself seemed completely indifferent to these ideas. He never spoke about them, and he never once rebuked a subordinate for betraying the public trust. According to Deaver, he once remarked on what a decent man Spiro Agnew was, and protested that he had been treated badly after he had been accused of taking bribes and resigned the Vice-Presidency. It was Deaver who had to tell him that what Agnew had done was wrong.



Deaver badly wanted to make some money when he left the White House. And he must have felt that the general indifference to conflict of interest around the White House gave him a kind of permission. In office, he had tried to sell a diet book, and only the press outcry had stopped him. Yet he had once fired an assistant for accepting a sweetheart loan to buy a house, so he must have understood why it was wrong to sell his access to high government officials and to the White House a month after leaving Reagan's employ. "Had I still been working in the study next to the Oval Office, I would have fired myself as a liability to the President," he writes. At least in Deaver's case, ignorance, or sheer sloppiness, does not seem to be the explanation.

In discussing Deaver's troubles, Martin Anderson points to an incident that Deaver describes in his own book. On Thanksgiving Day of 1979, Nancy Reagan called Deaver and asked him to come over to the house on the Pacific Palisades. Deaver went, and found the Reagans in a meeting with John Sears and two of his campaign associates. After waiting for twenty minutes in a bedroom, Deaver lost patience and walked into the meeting. Reagan said, "Mike, the fellows here have been telling me about the way you're running the fund-raising efforts, and we're losing money. As a matter of fact, they tell me I have to pay thirty thousand dollars a month to lease my space in your office building."

Deaver was stunned. Reagan was

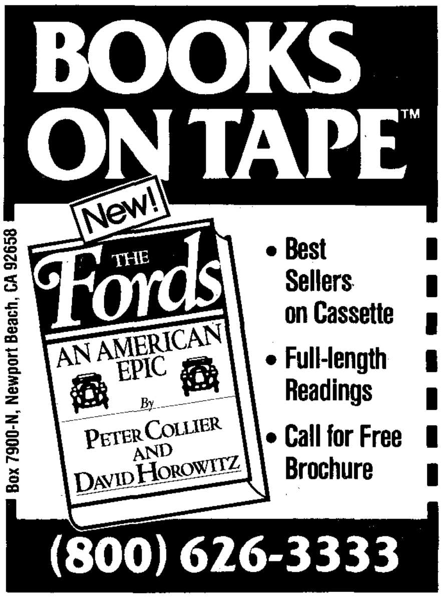
BRYN MAWR

Post-Baccalaureate Premedical Program

For men and women with Bachelor's degrees who are changing career goals.

5-Year Programs
Admitted applicants may also apply for provisional early admission to the following medical and dental programs:
- Brown
- Dartmouth
- Hahnemann
- Medical College of Pennsylvania
- University of Rochester
- University of Pennsylvania School of Dentistry

Division of Special Studies
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, PA 19010
(215) 526-7350


BOOKS ON TAPE™
New!
THE Fords
AN AMERICAN EPIC
By PETER COLLIER AND DAVID HOROWITZ
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
(800) 626-3333

Warm Your Feet!
WASHABLE AUSTRALIAN SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS

Write or Call
1-800-950-2668
for FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection 2811 N.E. Glisan Portland, OR 97232

paying four hundred dollars a month for office space, and his total bill for travel and other campaign expenses usually came to five or ten thousand a month. Rather than rebut this fantastic charge, Deaver simply walked out of the house. He quit the campaign and did not return until after Sears had been fired—and only then because Nancy Reagan asked him to come back.

In telling this story, Deaver says that the Reagans never took these charges seriously and that he was angry only at Sears and his staff members. Anderson, however, believes that the fact that Reagan gave credence to the charges against Deaver—who had then been with him for a dozen years—changed Deaver's whole attitude toward life. At that point, he stopped putting the Reagans' interests first and began looking out for his own; thereafter he became a suspicious and bitter man.

Whether or not this one incident was as critical as Anderson believes it to have been, it surely points in the right direction. Of his second leave-taking from the Reagans, Deaver writes:

> I knew I would miss the White House, especially the closeness to Ronald and Nancy Reagan. Giving up that relationship—if some thought I was a surrogate son I certainly never objected—was the hardest thing I have ever done.

At some time in his twenty years with Ronald Reagan, Deaver surely must have thought of himself as the surrogate son. For one thing, Reagan looked so much like someone who would be a perfect father that his own son, Michael, blamed himself for the fact that Reagan was not one to him. Deaver may even have felt that he deserved the relationship more than Reagan's rebellious children. And he had reason to believe that Reagan depended on him, for the President not only followed his stage directions and listened to his advice but also burdened him with his problems. Deaver ended up with a severe drinking problem and kidney failure. But Reagan never noticed this, any more than he noticed what his children were going through.

Near the end of his book, Deaver tells us that while he was dining with the Reagans at Christmastime in 1986 (he was then helping Mrs. Reagan with the Regan problem) he made a suggestion about possible candidates for the Medal of Freedom, and the President replied, "Mike, I've got competent people at the White House who make those decisions." It was, Deaver writes, as if his twenty years of service to Reagan "had vanished in the blink of an eye."

By that time, Deaver had done what Michael Reagan had done many times in the past: he had tried to cash in on a relationship that he alone knew did not exist. But rather than assert his independence he had thrown himself suicidally against the gates of the White House. Happily, however, he recovered, and, like so many others spurned by Reagan, went on to write his book.

ANDERSON speaks of Reagan as an "ancient king"; Stockman says he is like a "ceremonial monarch." In these books, however, he resembles not Louis XIV, as Regan imagines, or a "Turkish pasha," as Anderson does, but, rather, the elegant, slim-waisted boy-king Tutankhamun. In the friezes, Tutankhamun is depicted in his golden chair on the royal barge, his wife kneeling beside him in profile, her wide gaze fixed upon him. Dozens of servants file before him, some holding out wild ducks, others holding trays of fruit on their shoulders: a banquet is in the offing, and the service will be of alabaster, the cutlery of gold. Belowdecks, one imagines, a hundred slaves are rowing this eternal boy upstream; they are sweating, their sinews stand out like ropes, and occasionally they curse at him. But, of course, he cannot see them—he cannot turn his head—and he may even think that the barge moves against the current by itself. On the banks, the priests of Amon are waiting for him. Not long before, they were training the soldiers, collecting the taxes, and fighting among themselves. But now, their heads slightly bowed, they are preparing for the ritual of deference suggesting that they believe it is the boy-king who calls the sun up in the morning.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

●

CITADEL CLASS OF '28
TO HOLD 50TH REUNION

—*Charleston* (*S.C.*) *News & Courier/Evening Post.*

That was the year they dropped the math requirement.

When The Chairman Of Nestlé Travels On Business, Who Does He Turn To In A Crunch?

AT&T
311 555 4742
JAMES M. BIGGAR
ational
ber
1M 311 555 474

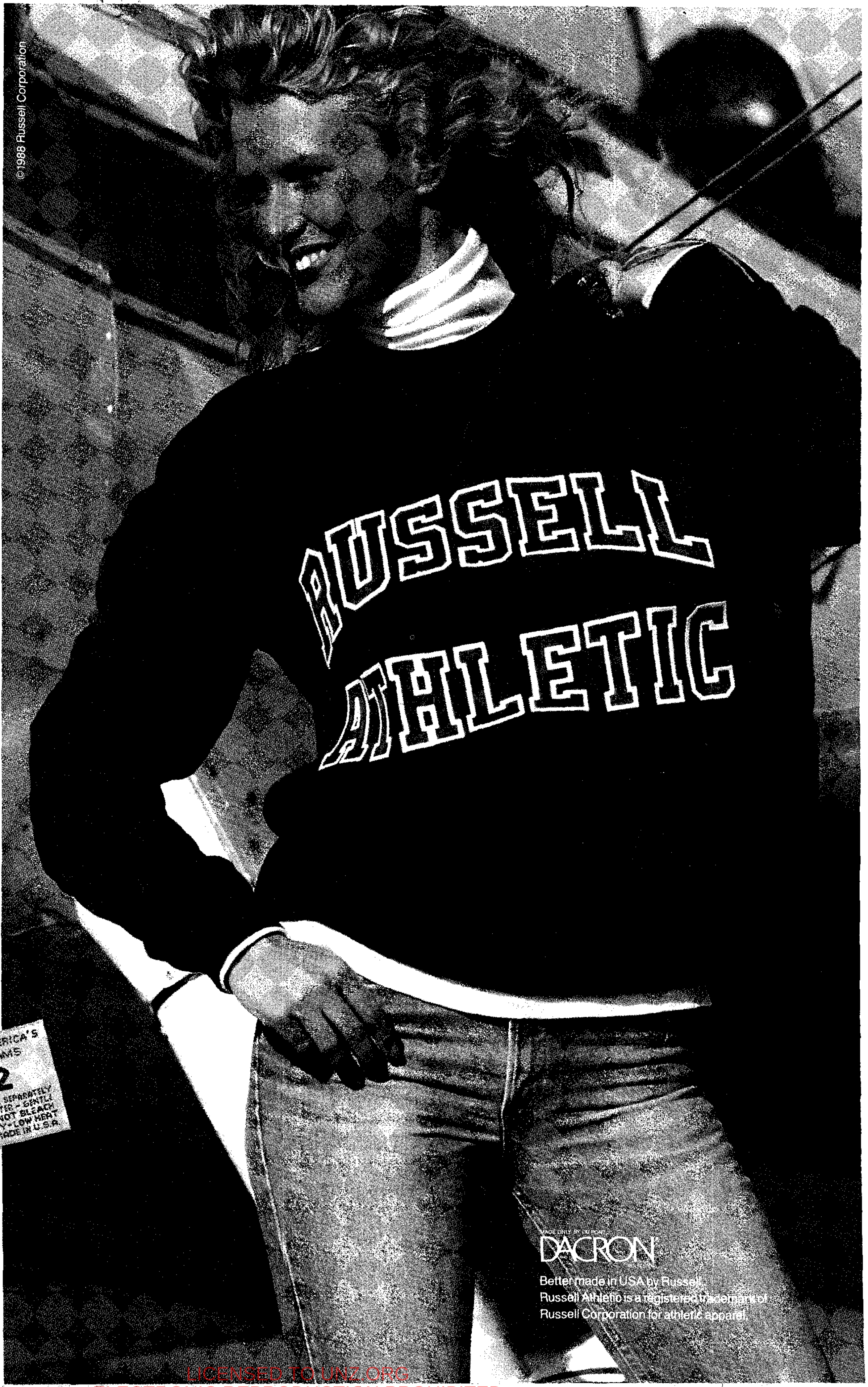
AT&T.

The long distance network that delivers the most reliable service on the road. Service that moves as fast as you do. Putting your long distance calls through instantly from more phones worldwide.

Which is why, no matter where you are, or where you have to be, you're never in a crunch when you turn to us.

AT&T
The right choice.

Live the Sporting Life.



©1988 Russell Corporation

MADE ONLY BY DU PONT
DACRON

Better made in USA by Russell.
Russell Athletic is a registered trademark of
Russell Corporation for athletic apparel.

Flying colors.
Russell Athletic®

Shades that soar.
The height
of comfort
and function.
Russell Athletic
above and
beyond the rest.

Russell Athletic®
Authentic
American Sport.

RUSSELL®
ATHLETIC
WORN BY AMERICA'S
TOP TEAMS
42
MACHINE WASH SEPARATELY
USE WARM WATER - GENTLE
CYCLE - DO NOT BLEACH
TUMBLE DRY - LOW HEAT
WPL 7222 MADE IN U.S.A.

For a nearby
Russell Athletic retailer,
call 1-800-526-5256
toll free 24 hours a day.
In New Jersey,
call 1-800-624-0470.